

PRESIDENT'S SECRETARIAT

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PUNCH

Vol. CLI.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1916.

Punch.



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PROCLAIMING THE VICTORY.

(A Study in Headings.)

THOUGH blessed with no excess of tin
I take three daily papers in;
I love to start the day with smiles
Due to the quaintly varied styles
In which my papers let me know
What damage we have caused the
foe.

The Chimes is circumspectly written
To suit the grave and cultured Briton;
Its dignity does not permit
Large headings to appear in it,
And you shall find on every page
The marked restraint that comes with
age.

One column's sober width will hold
The print, however clear and bold,
In which this autocratic sheet
Proclaims "THE GERMANS IN RETREAT."

A brisker, more insistent tone
Pervades *The Daily Telephone*;

It is, perhaps, too full of beans
For dons and bishops, dukes and deans;
And yet the photographic press
Could give it points in pushfulness.
In short, this journal seems to be
For middle-class society;
Its headings need a deal of space—
Three columns or at least a brace—
Nor do the genial owners shrink
From issuing great store of ink.
It frames the happy tidings thus:
"TEUTONS TURN TAIL. A WIN FOR
US."

A large and democratic class
Takes in *The Daily Looking-Glass*;
It holds extremely dashing views
About the way to handle news;
From page to page the headings boom,
Taking up nearly all the room;
And, splashed across a sheet or two
(To show what British type can do),
This caption hails our warrior sons—
"TRIUMPHANT THOMAS BOOTS
THE HUNS."

Dotheboys Hall, 1916.

"... Six or eight healthy pupils can be
fed at very little cost by the judicious use of
garden refuse, house scraps, bran, pollard, and
grain."—*Daily Paper*.

No doubt the cost of living is high.
Still we think the N.S.P.C.C. ought to
look into the matter.

"WHISTLERS FOR THE NATION."

The Observer.

We hope there is here no suggestion that
we need them to keep up our spirits.

"GENTLEMAN with pet Monkey desires
LODGINGS; children preferred."

Daily Paper.

Probably by the landlady too.

"FOREST OF DEAN.—LOCUM TENENS for
August. Offered: vicarage, garden produce
(except potatoes), plate, linen, moderate
use of pony trap, gardener for Sunday Duty
and one guinea a week rent."—*Church Times*.

With the gardener taking the Sunday
duty, it looks like a soft thing for the
locum tenens.

SICKLE AND SWORD.

[“If the current year were again to bring a bad harvest . . . we must not make the farmers responsible. Let us always bear that in mind.”—*Hamburger Fremdenblatt*.]

THEY did their possible: they steered the ploughs;
They sowed the grain with large bucolic hand;
The beaded exudations of their brows
Dripped in the furrows of the Fatherland;
They worked, at Duty's agricultural call,
Up to the limit of their human tether,
And wait the net result, which, after all,
Depends upon the weather.

For not by brute force or mechanic thrust
Is Nature broken to a scheduled plan
(Nature, whose lap supplied the pinch of dust
From which the KAISER grew to be a man);
And Mother Earth, so patient all these days,
Finds there are things that she must really shy at,
As when the WAR-LORD tells her, “We must raise
A record harvest! *Fiat!*”

And those who plough the land with shot and shell
And scatter seed of death for his delight—
What if—though, like the farmers, meaning well—
They see their math sustain a horrid blight?
Don't blame them. Even WILLIAM can't engage
To guarantee a crop for sword or sickle,
Or that the harvest-moon he hopes to stage
Won't turn from gold to nickel. O. S.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Professor BRUMMBERGER and his daughter AMALIE.*)

The Professor. Where is your mother?

Amalie. She has gone out with her bread-ticket and her meat-ticket and her butter-ticket, so that there may be something to eat in the house. There is always a great crowd waiting, and one has often to fight for a good place.

The Professor. Well, let us hope your mother will prove herself a good true-German fighter.

Amalie. Oh, yes, she will do what is necessary better than most others; but, as for me, I cannot understand why it is allowed that such things should be necessary. What is the All-Highest doing with all these victories if mamma has to stand like this for hours in the cold and rain?

The Professor. Hush, Amalie. You must not speak of the KAISER in that irresponsible way. If somebody should hear you, what do you think would happen to us?

Amalie. I do not care. Sometimes one must say what is in one's mind. I am tired of all this shouting about victories that never come to anything. What is the use of victories that never seem to win for us what we want?

The Professor. Silence, Amalie.

Amalie. Well, I have said what I wanted to say and I can now leave it alone. Only I know that the words of the KAISER have brought us nothing so far but bitter disappointments. Why does he keep on making speeches? If I am to be silent why should he not set me an example?

The Professor. Once for all, will you obey me and hold your tongue?

Amalie. Yes, Papa. I have already said that I would say no more. But it is too hard to have matters going on like this for months and months, with thousands and thousands of our soldiers killed and wounded every day, and peace no nearer than it was at the beginning. The

KAISER and the generals ought to have known better. That I will affirm, whatever may happen. You yourself, Papa, told us, two years ago, that the War would be short, that the enemy-nations would be defeated because, being degenerate, they could not withstand for more than a few weeks the hero-attacks of our brave soldiers, and that peace would come quickly. Well, here are nearly two years gone and where is your beautiful peace?

The Professor. Yes, I must admit it. I did not rightly judge the fighting power of those who are leagued against us, and sometimes even I am discouraged. The KAISER, perhaps, has not been well advised—

Amalie. No, that is true: the KAISER has not been well advised; he has been very ill advised; and when he says that he has not willed this War he speaks more truly than he thinks. It was a very different war that he willed—he and that poor old Austrian puppet whose strings he pulled so successfully. Now that they are in the War I hope they both like it.

The Professor. Let us have no more of this. I must now read through the lecture I have to deliver to-morrow.

Amalie. But will there be anybody to listen to it?

The Professor. There will be the one-armed Pechstein and his lame brother, and the blind Kugelfass—that makes only three; but the goodness of the lecture and the amount of my salary do not depend, thank Heaven, on the size of the audience. I shall prove to demonstration that Germany in order to be a World-Power must crush all other nations and establish herself on their fragments, and that our old German God—

Amalie. That is taken from the KAISER. You had better leave that out. How do you know what God means to decide?

The Professor. No, I will not leave that out. I do not much believe it, I admit, but if the KAISER hears of it he will take pleasure in it.

Amalie. Yes, and it would be a pity—wouldn't it?—not to give pleasure to the KAISER at such a time. But what is to become of your historical conscience if you talk like that?

The Professor. What do you know of historical conscience?

Amalie. Oh, I am only saying what I have often heard you say yourself. But here is Mamma, and of course she is all bruised and in rags.

[*Enter Mamma, bruised and in rags.*]

“Defendant said he was a conscientious objector, and that was an end of the matter.”—*Provincial Paper*.

It broke her heart, no doubt.

“The evening finished with the College Song by the Chorus Class, the girls giving immbti brmrmbmm their whole hearts, as indeed they were, were in it.”—*Egyptian Mail*.

To judge by the sample given, the hearts of the Chorus were in the right place.

“Lost from a motor-car, Sunday, June 18th, between Hyde Park and Shepperton, about twelve to two o'clock, a ladies' long sealskin coat, skunk collar and cuffs. A reward will be paid to anyone finding same returning to Scotland Yard.”—*Daily Telegraph*.

But why not wait until it had completed the journey?

“A shaft of moonlight, piercing the lacing of the foliage overhead, glinted on the long, curved blade which Dick gripped between his teeth. Valdez saw it, snarled silently, and, baring his teeth, cropt noiselessly forward on all-fours.”—*The Boys' Friend*.

Some of our boy friends would like to know how you do the silent snarl. They think it might be useful in class-time.



BENEVOLENT NEUTRALITY.

KAISER (*dictating*). "TO THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.—MY DEAR CARRANZA,—AS THE WELL-KNOWN CHAMPION OF THE SMALLER NATIONS, MY SYMPATHIES ARE WITH YOU. I CANNOT SEND YOU ACTIVE ASSISTANCE, AS MY NAVY IS AT PRESENT CRIPPLED BY ITS RECENT VICTORY. BUT YOU HAVE MY MORAL SUPPORT, AND I AM AT THIS MOMENT WEARING YOUR BEAUTIFUL NATIONAL COSTUME."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XLIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Our school-days were the happiest of our lives, were they not? Were we not always being told so at the time? Did not prosperous and rubicund uncles, their trouser-pockets bulging with cash and their vest pockets with expensive cigars, rise to their feet on state occasions to impress upon us how they envied the lot of us, the over-disciplined and the underfed? I had thought that that exquisite happiness was never to be repeated, until I found myself at war. Here we have it all again; school or war, both are devilish pleasant things—to get away from for a spell.

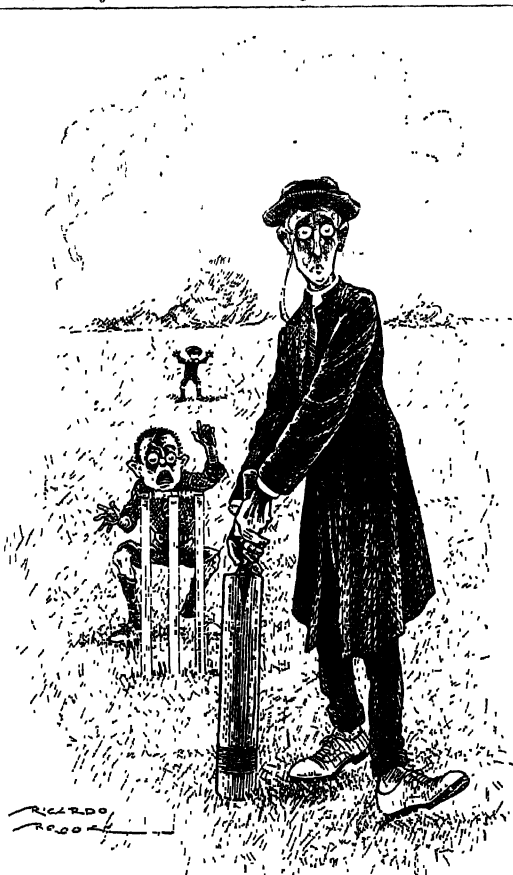
Men who two years ago were committed to all sorts and kinds of depressed and cynical philosophies are now become mere children in this matter. They plod through months of toil and trouble with but one single thought in their minds, their approaching holiday. As the day draws near they become less rational in their conduct and less coherent in their speech; on the day itself they "break-up" as of old, and, insanely happy, scramble for seats in that cautious and gradual crawler known as the Leave Train. Every carriage radiates with juvenile joy; there is the feeling that it is only the concentrated vitality of the passengers behind it which propels the engine. As at last you move away from railhead you feel instinctively for your pipe (as if it was a forbidden luxury) and start seeing life with a stealthy smoke. The conversation turns on the meals you are about to eat, the plays you are about to see and the unlawful and prohibited things you are about to do. You even discuss, frankly and fully, the gay socks, hats and coloured ties you are about to wear.

Arrived at the port of embarkation, all pull themselves together and adopt an air of exaggerated virtue on passing the M.L.O., as if their few days of freedom depended on the whim of that pedagogic officer. The French harbour, as you look back upon it from the deck, is a peculiarly beautiful sight; only the very calculating and morbid remind themselves and you that, approached from the other direction, this scene is one of the most repulsive views in nature.

I know of no more amusing spectacle than that of the mature and distinguished General trying to pretend to the public, as he comes up the gangway, that to him there is no ecstatic

joy in the mere act of embarking for England.

Charles, my lad, I invite your most profound and especial sympathy to my hard case. I know that your civil profession brings you daily in touch with the most poignant and complicated tragedies of humanity. Even so I think the bitterness of my lot is without parallel. I had passed through all the delirious stages of anticipation; I had even set foot in London and was just about to begin—when my



Wicket-keeper (to juvenile demon bowler). "DON'T PUT 'IM DOWN FUST BALL, 'ERB. REMEMBER IT'S 'IS TREAT AS MUCH AS OURN."

infernal insides collapsed and I was put straight away to bed, not unconscious, not even feverish, but just sufficiently indisposed to stay there. I made my feast off bismuth and chlorodyne and Somebody's Food for Infants; not only was I ill for the whole period of my leave, but I had the confounded bad luck to get well just at the end of it; and here I am back again in France, still in possession of all the wretched wealth I had accumulated, save only seven shillings and sixpence spent upon a hot-water bottle. Even now my brow gathers in an ugly frown and my teeth gnash automatically when I think of what was and of what was to have been.

One of the incidental pleasures of

leave is the temporary prestige you enjoy as the repository of enlightened views upon current affairs. In England they assume that you, having just arrived from France, *know*. When you return to France, it is assumed that you, having just arrived from England, *know*. For my part, I love to make knowing statements, with an air, on the duration of the War. No doubt whatever is entertained in either country that it must last at least another sixteen months. Every intelligent observer of affairs will tell you that. Everybody will tell you also that he has the feeling that it will be over next October. The Allies cannot discontinue till the enemy is permanently suppressed: the enemy cannot be suppressed before the early winter of 1917. This is known to all reasonable people. Something tells everybody, however, that peace will be declared in the autumn of 1916. I don't know what this "something" is, but it has been extraordinarily communicative: and what it has said everywhere is that the end cannot, but will, come soon.

My estimate that the War can't last very much longer is based on a considerable experience. Throughout the whole of it I have foreseen events and forecasted developments. Contemplating all logical considerations now patent, and allowing for all the illogical things which something tells me, I now foresee a long-continued struggle, lasting well into 1918. Hitherto I have always foreseen wrong; what reason is there for supposing that I now foresee right?

As I write events are in progress; as to their exact nature and whereabouts I am not in a position to inform you. My lips are sealed. In other words you (in London) know, and I (at A.H.Q.) don't.

In any case you won't mind my lips being sealed. We no longer thirst for first-hand information from absolutely reliable sources; better, we say, than the opinion of the highest grade Staff Officer at G.H.Q. are the views of old Jarge the gardener, or the whisperings of little birds. As to the one which has been saying all these alluring things about the coming autumn I have no alternative but to quote to you my own

LITTLE POEM TO A LITTLE BIRD.

Oh when you pledged your little word
'Twould finish in October.
No doubt you meant it, little bird;
But were you strictly sober?

Yours ever, HENRY.



PEOPLE WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE INTERNED.

"YOU SAY THE BULLET WENT IN AT THE FRONT OF YOUR SHOULDER AND CAME OUT AT THE BACK. NOW TELL ME—I DO SO WANT TO KNOW—WHICH DID YOU FEEL THE MOST—WHEN IT WAS GOING IN OR COMING OUT?"

CHARIVARIA.

MUCH relief is being felt in Athens, says a despatch, at the cessation of the recent heat wave, which on one day reached the unprecedented figure of 109° in the shade. It is only reasonable to add that the relief is partially due to the fact that a good deal less is now being done in the shade.

It is announced that the proposed scheme for establishing a return aeroplane service between Lille and Farnboro' has been abandoned by the Government as impracticable.

Firework factories, says a Government report, are now employed in filling grenades. This will come as a surprise to many who have been labouring under the impression that they were engaged in manufacturing cigars for our gallant fellows at the Front.

As a result of recent experiments the German food authorities have decided that coffee-grounds, when dried and powdered very fine, can be employed as fodder for cattle. With characteristic German thoroughness, further experiments are now being conducted to ascertain whether cows fed upon this

product can be induced to yield a marketable *café au lait*.

"We hold a better position in the War than our enemies, and therefore we are entitled to talk of peace first," says the German Socialist deputy, Herr SCHEIDERMANN. "But the CHANCELLOR must not tie his hands." In other words, he must be free to put them up and cry, "*Kamerad!*" at the psychological moment.

It is announced that Colonel ROOSEVELT has offered to command a division in the event of a war between the United States and Mexico. It will not, we are informed, be a division of the Republican party.

A Billingsgate fish-merchant, applying for the exemption of a salesman, stated that he was the only man in the market who understood the thirty-six different varieties of commercial haddock. His own speciality appears to have been cod.

Pomanders were offered for sale last week at the Red Cross Flower Sale at the Royal Horticultural Hall for the first time, it is said, since the reign of Charles the Second. Many persons

of taste will welcome a return to fashion of this delicious vegetable.

It is announced from Germany that official action has been taken to check the manufacture of Army boots of which the principal material is paper, and it is expected that this reform will be followed up by a popular demand for something more substantial than paper victories.

At the Bloomsbury Court the wife of a bootmaker said that their dwelling had been the scene of fourteen burglaries in five years. It is of course a nice steady connection like this that is the backbone of a really decent burgling business.

Grand Larceny.

"Ralph — was sent to prison for two months by the St. Helens magistrates, to-day, for stealing the 3rd South Lancashire Regiment."—*Liverpool Evening Express*.

"Dr. Macnamara at the Guildhall discovered a young man who earned £7 9s. 8d. in one week, working, it is true, no fewer than 170 hours for the cash."

Provincial Paper.

Even that seems a poor reward for a man who gets 170 working hours into a 168-hour week.



Conjurer (unconscious of the approach of hostile aircraft). "NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I WANT YOU TO WATCH ME CLOSELY."

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

(With acknowledgments to our Contemporaries.)

CONSIDERABLE comment has been made in the Press and elsewhere on women's adoption of men's work, but a reference to the Book of Ruth will convince any unlettered penman that there is nothing new in the idea. Women, in fact, often did the work of men in olden days. REBECCA surely was the forerunner of the modern turncock, and BOADICEA would have had no difficulty in obtaining a licence from a Tram or Motor Bus Company. Nerissa made an excellent clerk (if we may believe SHAKESPEARE, whose Tercentenary has recently been celebrated), and no male barber could hope to better the work of DELILAH.

A recent speech in the House contained the word "the" no fewer than 783 times. This has long been a favourite word with orators and poets. In JOHNSON'S *Rasselas* it occurs on 725,487 occasions, and it is made frequent use of in the works of Mr. BRIDGES and Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. OTWAY fell under its spell in 1661, and as far back as the Plantagenet era the word was in constant use.

Tarnopol, which has been mentioned a good deal in recent Russian and Austrian communiqués, is a quaint town with a quaint history. It is no less than 567 miles from Paris and 389 miles from Constantinople. PLINY refers to it in his *Natural History*, and Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS tells of a jolly little luncheon he had there in his old Bohemian days. The town is so called because of the hundreds of tiny lakes in the neighbourhood. As our readers well know, a small lake is known in Galicia as a "tarn."

By the publication of *Priscilla Among the Pots*, Mr. Bennold Arnett completes his 329th Pottery novel. What Mr. Arnett has done for Stoke and Burslem no one can fully appreciate who has not consumed the whole of the series, and yet the gifted novelist is a man of simple habits. At six in the morning he is hard at work, and completes three novels by lunch-time. Two more are rattled off before tea, and so the days roll on. What a man!

A correspondent at Golder's Green has made an unusual discovery. The other morning he noticed in his garden a lapwing with a blue-and-white tail. Any schoolboy knows that the lap-

wing's tail is invariably brown. We are grateful to our correspondent, not only for his interesting ornithological discovery, but mainly for the fact that he has supplied us with a gratuitous paragraph. We often wonder what we should do without our alert and generous correspondents.

Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING, whose vigorous speeches on the Air menace have caused so much delight and chagrin (according to the political view), is happily named. There is a *je ne sais quoi* about his Christian name, suggestive of the novel and sensational, and his surname always arouses tender reminiscences. Mr. BILLING has been unusually honoured in having a well-known district named after him—a tribute to his forceful oratory—and at Billingsgate to-day the phrase, "There's Air," is always associated with his life-work. Mr. BILLING is said to be very fond of winkles, which he eats with a gold pin that matches his wrist-watch.

At lunch-time yesterday an interesting discussion was raised as to which were the widest and narrowest thoroughfares in London. This writer plumped for Whitechapel Road and Hanging-Sword Alley respectively, but many



She. "E'S GOT TO GO UNDER AN OPERATION, SIR."

She. "'ARICOT BRAINS IN 'IS LEG, SIR."

She. "'IS ARE, SIR."

He. "REALLY! WHAT FOR?"

He. "BUT, MY GOOD WOMAN, OUR BRAINS ARE NOT IN OUR LEGS."

other claims were made by the clever company at the Cheshire Cheese. We leave the matter here, hoping that many of our esteemed correspondents may rush into the breach.

* * *

Just a hundred years ago to-day there died at Clacton-on-Sea Charles Parr, the inventor and originator of the modern paragraph. His passionate labours on behalf of journalism can never be fully appraised. His only stock-in-trade was a good reference library and the current newspaper; but what can be accomplished with these materials the present writer well knows. If space were allowed us—

(Space is not allowed you.—ED.)

THE TWO EXCLAMATIONS.

["Often when we hear that some novelist has a new story coming along we say, 'Oh, another!' Less often we say, 'Ah!' and that welcome is always at the order of —."]

The Observer.

HERE is a new classification that ought to be very useful. No longer the sheep and the goats, the sulphides and the bromides, but the Ah's and the Oh's. Why "Ah" should have so much more cordiality and welcome than "Oh,"

everyone may not at once see. "Oh, how delightful!" is a common expression of pleasure, and equally common an expression of disappointment is "Ah, what a pity!" Moreover, the Christian name of Mr. Sin, the versatile card-player in BRET HARTE'S poem, was "Ah," and not, as *The Observer* gossip would prefer, "Oh."

None the less here is the contrast set down for all time, and it is to be hoped that the reading public will adopt it. Thus: "You must read the new book by Ella Reeve. She's a famous 'Ah,' you know." And, "Of course you must add *The Poisoned Fountain Pen* to the list, if you insist. But I warn you that the author has been an 'Oh' for years."

And one can see new questions being added to the literary confession books, such as, "Name your three favourite 'Ah's.'" "Name your three pet aversions among the 'Oh's.'" "Which of your favourite 'Ah's' is in most danger of becoming an 'Oh'?"

Publishers, who must sometimes be put to it to find new adjectives and encomiastic devices for their forthcoming books (and it is a sign of the times that few, if any, books get as

high praises after publication as before), should be very glad of this "Ah." For instance:—

"A writer of literary notes has lately divided novelists into those whose promise of a new book is greeted with an 'Ah' of rapturous satisfaction or a frigid 'Oh.' Among those whose work always evokes a heartfelt 'Ah!' Mr. Seller Best stands high. Messrs. Badwine and Bush announce the speedy publication of his latest romance, *All in a Garden Foul*, which they confidently [here the old Adam breaks out again] believe to be his finest work and destined to immense popularity. Orders should be sent in at once to avoid disappointment, despair and possibly suicide."

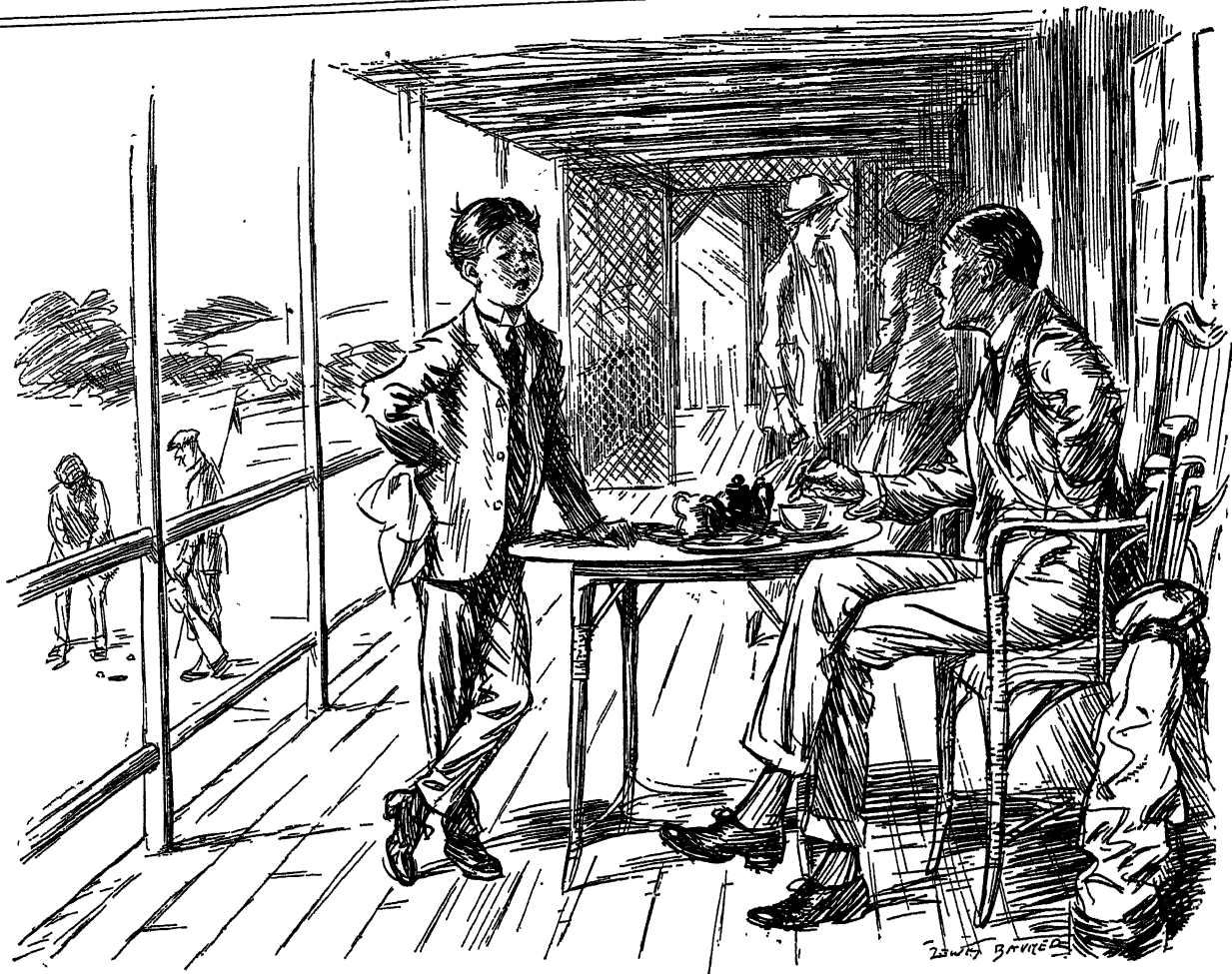
A provincial paper says of *Razzle-dazzle* at Drury Lane:—

"The razzle is a little on the low comedy side, but there is no mistake about the dazle." Yes, there is: one z short.

"Mr. S. Wilson, a passenger from Melbourne to Scotland, broke his journey in Colombo and entered hospital for treatment."

Ceylon Observer.

We trust the fracture has been repaired.



Ex-Caddie (to member of Golf Club on leave from the Front). "AH, SIR, WAR'S A RUMMY THING. IT'S MADE SOME CHANGES HERE. WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT, TWO YEARS AGO, WHEN ME AND YOU USED TO GO ROUND TOGETHER, THAT NOW YOU'D BE A CAPTAIN AND ME A 'EAD-WAITER?"

WAR'S SURPRISES.

THE SENSATIONAL SCIENTIST.

(By an Obscurantist.)

ALTHOUGH the teachers of my youth consistently decried The usefulness of science and of the "modern side," My faith in Greek and Latin—for I have an open mind—As an engine of efficiency had latterly declined.

In promoting the conversion of an ancient humanist No person played a larger part than Ebenezer Grist, Whose eminence in science is admitted ev'rywhere, While his works on solar physics have created quite a scare.

Of Ebenezer's intellect I always stood in awe, Backed as it was by wonderful activity of jaw; And in view of all the letters that accreted to his name His diatribes inspired me with a consciousness of shame.

Now Grist is full of physics as an egg is full of meat; In the higher mathematics he is very hard to beat; He is deeply versed in chemistry, and at the British Ass. He satisfies the expert and electrifies the mass.

The sense of my shortcomings, educationally viewed, Used to plunge me very often in a suicidal mood; But the War has turned the tables in an unexpected way And the diatribes of Grist no longer fill me with dismay.

For ever since the fateful hour when WILHELM ran amok, Grist's mental equilibrium has reeled beneath the shock; One day he's wildly optimist; the next he's in the blues; But always ready to endorse extreme or hectic views.

He swallows with avidity the marvellous reports From ladies—all anonymous—of life in German Courts, And still believes the Russians sent, from distant Arctic shores, Through England to the Western Front, at least six army corps.

Three writers in particular he's given to applaud. For strategy and tactics he relies on Colonel MAUDE; For prophecy he draws on WELLS; but far above these two He places the impeccable and accurate LE QUERRX.

O Science, you've provided us with benefits galore; You've multiplied a hundred-fold the frightfulness of War; But as a school for character or judging other men I'd back the old curriculum ten times in ev'ry ten.

I know it's wrong to frame a rule upon a single case; And I'll admit that science *may* regenerate the race; I only wish to state that in these times of storm and stress The greatest *gobe-mouche* that I know is Grist, an F.R.S.

"WANTED, girl to roll out baby and assist in housework; one used to children preferred."—*Irish Paper*.

You have to get hardened to the rolling-out process.





FLAG-DAY AT SHRIMPINGTON.



First Critic (in simple bathing-dress, remarking on elaborate costume of lady in foreground). "I CALL IT MOST UNPATRIOTIC."
 Second Critic. "YES, WORSE THAN THAT—IT'S BAD FORM."



AN ADAMLESS EDEN-ON-SEA.

THANKS TO A CUNNING ARRANGEMENT OF DUMMIES THE PROMENADE RETAINS SOMETHING OF ITS SPICE;



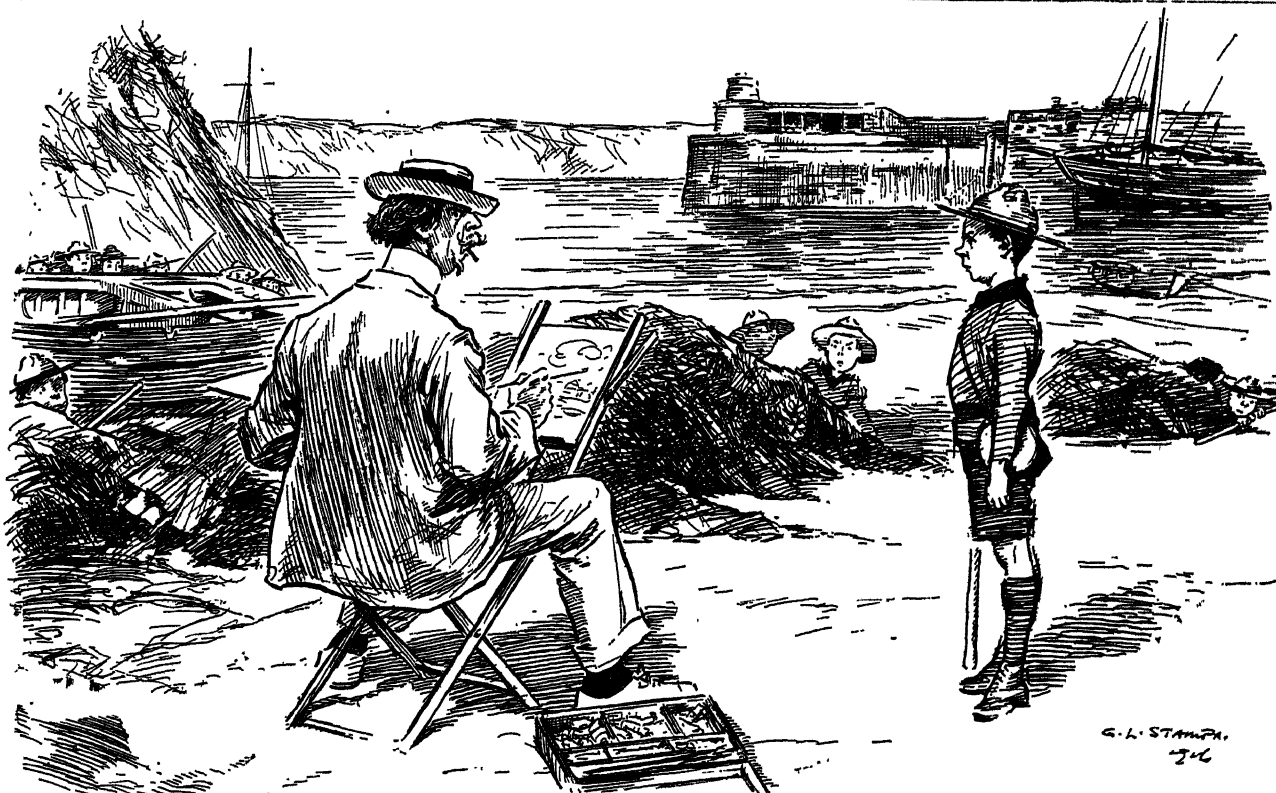
AND BY NOBLE ACTS OF SELF-SACRIFICE THE BEST TRADITIONS OF ITS MINSTRELSY ARE PRESERVED.



Sergeant-Major. "FALL OUT ANYONE THAT KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT MOTOR-CARS." (*Cadet falls out.*) "NOW THEN, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT 'EM?"

Cadet. "WELL, SIR, I OWN A ROLLS-ROYCE."

Sergeant-Major. "OH, DO YOU? WELL, GO AND CLEAN THE ADJUTANT'S MOTOR-CYCLE."



Boy Scout. "SKETCHING THE HARBOUR'S NOT ALLOWED."

Artist. "CONFOUND YOU! MY NAME'S CADMIUM BROWN, AND——"

Boy Scout. "CARRY ON, THEN. WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO TREAT YOU AS HARMLESS."



SPIRITUAL STARVATION.

"YUS, MUM, WE'VE ALL GOT TO CUT DOWN OUR PLEASURES IN WAR-TIME. WHY, FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR TWENTY YEARS WE AIN'T GOT NO PERFORMIN' FLEAS DOWN HERE."



THE CINEMA DANGER: DRASTIC HOLIDAY MEASURES.



BREAKING THE NEWS—OLD STYLE.



BREAKING THE NEWS—NEW STYLE.

BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY HORTICULTURE.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.



"THE FAGS AN' THAT ARE ALWAYS WELCOME; BUT WHAT WE REALLY NEED IS SOME GREEN-FLY KILLER FOR OUR ROSE."



"GARDENING IS SUPPOSED TO BE A GOOD FORM OF EXERCISE, BUT OUR MEN DON'T FIND IT SO VERY HEALTHY WHEN THE EVENING HATE IS ON."



"OUR PLATOON EASILY TOOK FIRST PRIZE IN THE TRENCH-GROWN VEGETABLE COMPETITION."



"WE TAKE BIG RISKS IN CONSOLIDATING THE EARLY MARROW-FATS WHERE THE ENEMY'S SHELLS HAVE STRAFED THEM."



OUR VERSATILE PREMIER

(Showing a few of the posts that he has not yet filled.)

THE WAR AFTER THE WAR.

DETAILS OF THE COMING GERMAN ATTACK. MR. PUNCH'S SOLEMN WARNINGS.



SUBTLE MEANS WILL BE USED TO RENDER OUR HEALTH-RESORTS UNPOPULAR, AND THUS DRIVE US TO HOMBURG AND OTHER GERMAN SPAS.



GOOD LINGUISTS (OF THE LEAST OBVIOUS TEUTONIC TYPE) WILL TRY TO GET INTO OUR PARLIAMENT.



F. H. LOWE 1916

SELF-CONSTITUTED BOSCH BODY-GUARDS WILL PROTECT OUR FREE-TRADE LEGISLATORS FROM THE PERILS OF THE STREETS.



ATTEMPTS WILL BE MADE TO UNDERMINE OUR NATIONAL PHYSIQUE BY THE LURE OF THE HEALTH-SAPPING WEED.

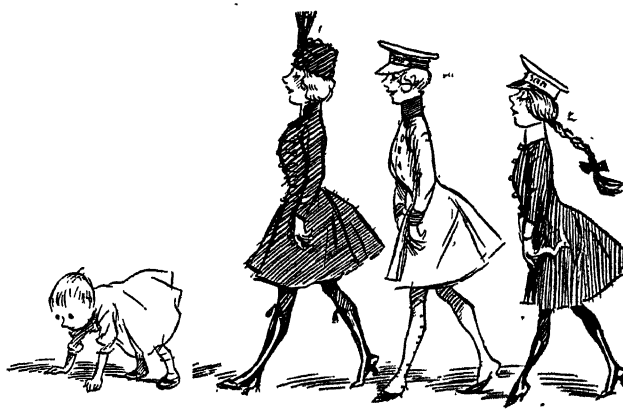
MR. PUNCH'S WAR-TIME REVUE.



EXTRA SPECIAL.



MEMBERS OF GROUP 501 AND—ONE OF 502.



CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRESSES.



A BASHFUL MAN.



TWO "SWISS" GENTLEMEN.

TWO GENTLEMEN WHO COULD END
THE WAR IN A WEEK.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.



MILITARY EXPERTS.



MEMBERS OF THE SMART SET.

MR. PUNCH'S WAR-TIME REVUE.



OPTIMIST.

PESSIMIST.

PLUTOCRAT.

AMAZONS.

RAW RECRUIT.

SLACKERS.



RUMOUR-MONGER.

DRESS ECONOMISTS.

PATRIOTIC HOLIDAY-MAKER.



FARMERS' BOYS.

SUPER-PATRIOT (U.S.A.).

SOCIAL PARIAH.

THE MAN THAT MATTERS.

COMPULSION ALL ROUND AS A MEANS OF HARDENING THE NATIONAL CHARACTER.

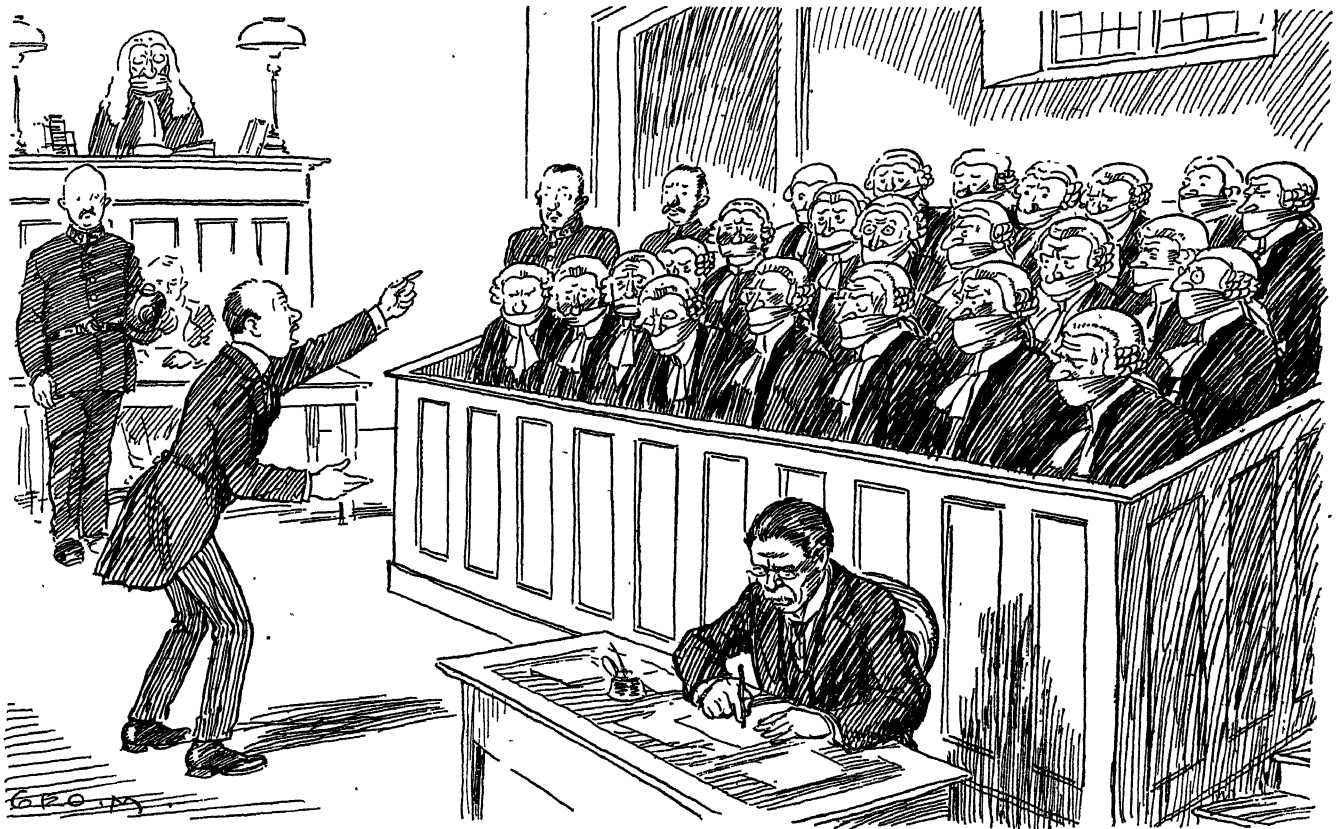


AN AGED ACADEMICIAN COMPELLED TO SIT FOR HIS PORTRAIT TO A CUBIST.

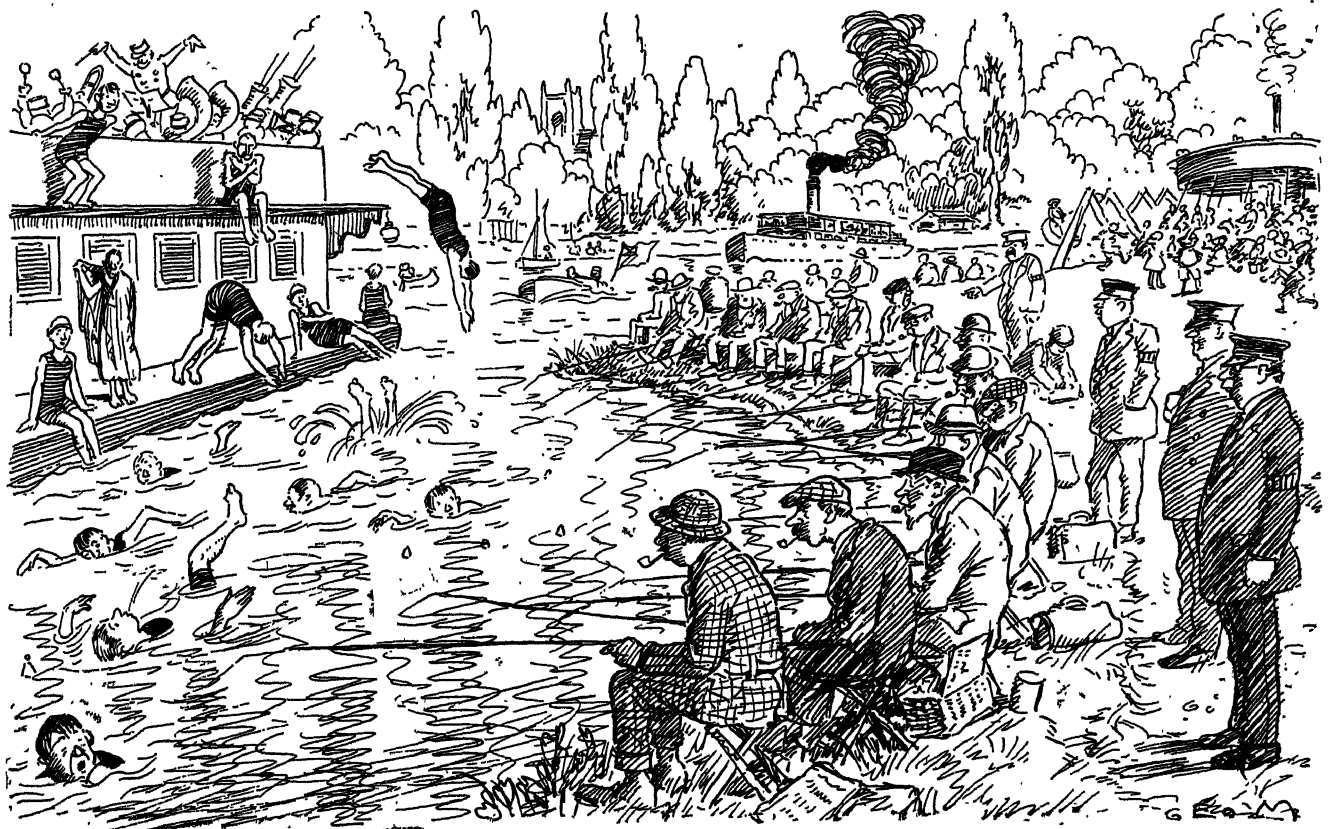


A BURNS CLUB CONSTRAINED TO ASSIST AT AN ENGLISHMAN'S READING OF A SELECTION FROM THE WORKS OF THE POET IN THE VERNACULAR.

COMPULSION ALL ROUND AS A MEANS OF HARDENING THE NATIONAL CHARACTER.



DISTINGUISHED K.C.s HAVING TO LISTEN TO AN AGGRIEVED WITNESS.



AN ANGLING CLUB FORCED TO HOLD ITS COMPETITION IN A DISTURBING ENVIRONMENT.



THE OPTIMISTS.



WAR AND PEACE.

Fond Mamma. "WHEREVER ARE THE CHILDREN, JANE?"

Jane. "SAFE IN THEIR DUG-OUTS, MUM. THEY BIN THERE ALL THE MORNIN' AS GOOD AS GOLD."



N.C.C.

First Conscientious Objector. "I WONDER WHY THEY'VE PUT US ON TO SHIFTING THIS INFERNAL MANURE-HEAP."

Second ditto. "I—I DID TELL THE SERGEANT AFTER DRILL YESTERDAY THAT I THOUGHT I'D BE BETTER EMPLOYED IN CULTIVATING MY GARDEN AT HOME."



OUR V.T.C.

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU SAW ANYBODY TAMPERING WITH THE LINE?"

"SHOOT HIM THREE TIMES AND THEN CHALLENGE HIM."

BETWEEN TWO DOSES OF TONIC.

A SUBALTERN'S DREAM.





“TWO HEADS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.”

FIRST HEAD. “WHAT PROSPECTS?”

SECOND HEAD. “ROTTEN.”

FIRST HEAD. “SAME HERE.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 26th.—Mr. TENNANT is growing weary of the constant badgering to which he is subjected by the champions of the so-called conscientious objector. Would Members, he plaintively asked, remember that we are in the middle of a great war and makesome kind of inquiries before putting down their questions?

This revolutionary suggestion dumbfounded the House. Almost the only privilege left to private Members is that of heckling the Treasury Bench. If that too is to be withdrawn, or so seriously interfered with as the acceptance of Mr. TENNANT's condition would imply, how are they to earn their salaries? Think, moreover, of the difficulties it would entail. If the Irish Member who has lately charged himself with the task of exposing the iniquities of British rule in Ceylon is not to be allowed to present the affidavits that he receives from the aggrieved Cingalese—an agreeable but imaginative race—until he has voyaged to Colombo to verify them, he might as well go back to Ireland at once.

Besides, a dull adherence to facts would take away much of the gaiety of the proceedings. Last week, for instance, the sprightly Mr. PRINGLE and his jocular friends made great play with a story that the Welsh authorities had seized, with other questionable documents, a pamphlet by the Bishop of OXFORD on The Sermon on the Mount and had refused to give it back until its blameless character should be established by the local constabulary. Had they made the preliminary inquiries suggested by Mr. TENNANT they would have learned—so the HOME SECRETARY said to-day—that the pamphlet had been handed to the police-inspector for didactic purposes, with a request that he would read it. But then there would have been no question, and no report interspersed with "laughter" and "much laughter."

If the German Government continues to starve the British prisoners at Ruhleben the British Government will have to "consider" the rationing of the Germans interned in this country—that was the gist of a long statement by Lord ROBERT CECIL, which evoked great cheering. Nobody doubts the justice of such reprisals. The only question is whether they would be effective. I am afraid the German Government's attitude is very like that of the absentee landlord who wrote to his agent, "Don't let the tenants

imagine that by shooting you they will intimidate me!"

Tuesday, June 27th.—There is much

Irish "Settlement." The only actual seceder, so far, is Lord SELBORNE, who explained to-day to his assembled peers his reasons for resigning his post as President of the Board of Agriculture. They were not, as he stated them, overwhelmingly convincing. He is in favour, it seems, of giving Home Rule a chance, and he was a party to sending out the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS as the Dove of Peace. But he never understood—being, I take it, the only man in England in this position—that a compromise would involve the immediate setting-up of an Irish Government, and when he did understand it he resigned. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, having a lot of spare time on his hands, is said to be contemplating a new edition of "The Natural History of SELBORNE," with up-to-date annotations.

Wednesday, June 28th.—The Cabinet has suffered no further diminution as yet. Lord ROBERT CECIL, one of the Ministers with whom rumour has been busy, was in his usual place to-day, and announced that the chief result of the Paris Conference was that the British and French Governments had decided to abandon altogether the Declaration of London. Nobody will mourn its loss except the enemy alien, abroad and at home.

Until a few years ago the unwritten law regarding references by one Member to another was strictly obeyed. A Member of one's own party was "my honourable (or right honourable) friend," a Member of another party was only "the honourable (or right honourable) gentleman." With the Parliament of 1906, which was responsible for so many innovations, the strictness of the convention was relaxed, and "friend" and "gentleman" began to be used indiscriminately; and since the Coalition came the distinction has almost entirely disappeared, though I notice that Sir FREDERICK BANBURY discourages undue familiarity on the part of a Radical ex-Minister who sits alongside of him on the Front Opposition Bench by punctiliously alluding to him as "the right honourable gentleman."

To Mr. GINNELL belongs the credit of having introduced a new term into Parliamentary nomenclature. His daily catechism brings him into collision with most Ministers in turn, but particularly with the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR, who is not sparing of allusions to "mare's-nests." So Mr. GINNELL, by way of showing, I suppose, that he regards Mr. TENNANT as neither a friend nor a gentleman, began a question to



THE CHIEF MOURNER.

talk in the Lobbies to-day of a new Ministerial crisis, and of several Unionist members of the Coalition who at the last moment cannot bring themselves to accept Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S



THE DOVE OF PEACE.

[Lord Curzon in the House of Lords admitted that the pilot of F.E.2.D., after crossing the Channel, appeared to have lost his way and descended in the enemy's lines. He could give no undertaking that such incidents would not recur.]

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (still hovering after recrossing the Irish Channel). "CHERRY FELLOW, THIS CHAIRMAN OF THE AIR BOARD!"



Hostess. "THIS IS MY YOUNGEST DAUGHTER. SHE MAKES MUNITIONS ALL DAY."

Visitor. "HOW NICE! ALL GIRLS SHOULD BE DOING SOMETHING FOR THE WAR. I DISAPPROVE OF SLACKERS. MY DEAR GIRL NEARLY KILLS HERSELF SELLING FLAGS."

him to-day in this form: "May I ask my right honourable enemy?"

I remember the late Lord GOSCHEN saying of Lord BEACONSFIELD's oratory, "There is no doubt that DRIZZY potted his epigrams," by which he meant, of course, that when he hit upon a happy turn of phrase he stored it away in a mental pigeon-hole for use on an appropriate occasion. I wondered to-day whether Mr. TENNANT is a student of DISRAELI's method. Mr. BYRNE was complaining of interference with the correspondence of Irish "prisoners of war" at Frongoch camp, and in proof of his complaint offered to show him an envelope which had been found open. "Well," said Mr. TENNANT, without a moment's hesitation, "that is not the only thing that has come ungummed in this war." It had all the spontaneity of an *impromptu*—but was it, I wonder?

Thursday, June 29th.—Some of the questions regarding the sufferings of conscientious objectors here and in France possibly have a real foundation in the natural antipathy between C.O.'s and "N.C.O.'s," but I suspect that the motive inspiring most of them is hatred of the Military Service Act rather than any particular regard for its victims.

As temporary head of the War Office and as author of the pledges alleged to have been broken, the PRIME MINISTER has a double responsibility. He shouldered it manfully to-day. The utmost pains, he said, would be used to sift out from the Army those men who had a really conscientious objection to military service, and on their undertaking to perform other work of national importance they would be transferred to the Reserve. The malcontents were visibly delighted at this apparent concession to their complaints. But when Mr. ASQUITH, amid general cheers, went on to say that the others—the men who added hypocrisy to their cowardice—would be treated with the utmost rigour their faces fell.

While Mr. WALTER LONG has been absent from the Treasury Bench during the whole week, Lord LANSDOWNE, another Minister whom rumour credited with impending resignation, has given no outward sign of disagreement with his colleagues. To-day he strongly backed Lord CREWE in deprecating the premature discussion of Irish affairs. Those who supposed that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's scheme represented the official policy of the Government were quite wrong, it seems. His consultations with the Irish leaders were authorised, of course,

but the results are still under discussion, and have not been finally accepted or rejected. Lord SELBORNE, sitting below the Gangway, was left wondering why he had resigned.

Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS and Sir RICHARD COOPER seized the opportunity furnished by the Home Office Vote to go "on the spy-trail," and accused the Government of allowing large numbers of dangerous enemy aliens to be at large in our midst. Mr. SAMUEL ridiculed the exaggerated fears indulged in by a section of the Press. In one case an alleged Austrian taxi-driver had turned out to be a harmless Scotsman with an impediment in his speech. Still he admitted that it might be advisable to re-examine the credentials of uninterned aliens. Having failed, we understand, to secure Mr. Punch's *Jimmy* and his bloodhound for this purpose he has enlisted the services of Col. SYKES, M.P., and his Great DANE.

"The British pursuing fleet left behind them another German battle-cruiser, the 'Hors-de-Combat,' and when they returned she was missing and must have sunk."

Natal Advertiser.

Her identity is still in doubt. There is reason to believe that the Germans possess several warships of the same description.

PUSH.

"THE bells are not ringing," said Petunia, as I was struggling into my greatcoat. "Will you send the plumber?"

The front door was open. The tonic sharpness of the morning sun flooded the hall. I had been doing rhythmic breathing—five in and five out. I was feeling fine.

"Plumber!" I cried in derision. "That's the sort of job a man does for himself in war-time. All you have to do is to get some— There, I must hurry."

"Perhaps you will bring some home with you?" said Petunia, in her smallest voice and with a look of pride.

I was half-way to the station before the exhilaration passed off and I recognised what I had let myself in for.

On the platform I saw Thompson. Thompson is a practical man. He has a workshop in his garden and is in the way of making bookcases and things for the fun of it. He even cuts his boy's hair. I travelled to town with him. Leaning towards me and tapping my knee at intervals, he told me all about it—where to buy the sal ammoniac, how to cleanse the jars, how to scrape the tongues. I took careful notes.

It may have been a fortnight later that I brought home the sal ammoniac in a brown paper bag, which I laid on the hall table. After dinner I had read the evening paper and was filling my third pipe when Petunia, who had left the room, re-entered, bearing the goodly parcel, somewhat ostentatiously, I thought.

"I was turning that little job over in my mind," I said calmly, but I hope with a touch of hauteur.

"I was anxious to help," she rejoined sweetly.

Then Winter came in with his wife from next door and we played bridge. It seemed to me that the brown paper bag on the sideboard looked something less than hospitable, and it took my mind off my game. I put it back on the hall table.

It was getting on towards midnight when I stood on the doorstep, calling out directions to Winter, who was piloting his wife down the garden path towards the gate with the help of an electric torch.

When I returned to the dining-room I started winding up my watch.

"What about getting upstairs?" I said cheerily, through a candid yawn.

"Oh, it's early yet," said Petunia, also cheerily but without looking up.

My eyes were roaming idly about the room. Suddenly I started. The

bag of sal ammoniac was ensconced again on the sideboard. I hastily withheld sight. A loud silence ensued.

"I meant to put these bells right to-night," I said.

I should have stopped there.

"You see, I must have hot water," I continued.

"I have lots," cried Petunia, still cheerily, leaping to her feet and seizing the parcel.

"Oh, well," I muttered, following her with dignity to the kitchen.

After a time I began to enjoy the job. The Leyden jars I made to shine as they had not shone since they left the factory. The solution was clear as water. I replaced the cleansed tongues. The porous pots glimmered whitely in their appointed places.

In my shirt sleeves, high on the steps behind the kitchen door, I called to Petunia—"Will you kindly depress the bell-push in the dining-room?"

I called this in even tones.

I waited to hear the brrr that would ring down the curtain on my labours.

After a time I called again, this time not so evenly.

"I'm pushing hard," cried Petunia. No further sound broke the silence.

"Try in the parlour," I commanded. The silence seemed more profound.

"Would you mind trying at the front-door?" I asked coldly.

All the earth held its breath.

I grew suddenly tired. The row of gleaming pots was a noisome thing. The silly indicator below with its fat red stars made me sick.

"Let's get to bed," I was saying when my fingers were caught in the loathly steps. . . .

I had kicked off my slippers and turned out the gas when the black still air was stabbed by the shrieking of a bell, a giant bell run amok. You realise that it was past midnight in a house loyally darkened in terms of the Lighting Regulations. With the first jarring of the bell there percolated through from the nursery the fractious whimper of my heir, and there was I, without slippers and in my pyjamas, searching feverishly for a match. This was War.

Bearing a lighted taper, I made the round of the house, depressing ivory discs. The bell shrieked on. I returned for consolation to Petunia. I found her in the nursery, singing silly songs to a robust child who moaned of Zeppelins. I found her unsympathetic to me. More in anger than in sorrow I jabbed the bell-push by the cot. A blissful silence fell on all the house.

"This is a man's job," I said.

* * *

Next morning I saw Thompson stalking up and down the platform in his

four-square, arrogant way that so gets on my nerves. In aloof tones, somewhat marred, it may be, by that appearance of intimacy which a recurrent sneeze imparts, I told him precisely what had occurred.

"Ah!" said Thompson. It was one of those long-drawn, cock-sure "ah's" that are accompanied by a pointing forefinger. "Ah!" he repeated, endeavouring to look like the picture in the advertisement of a Memory Training School, "I can explain it. When the bells were still out of operation someone in the nursery (possibly your son) depressed the bell-push which did not release itself. So when the sal ammoniac had had time to warm to its work, of course the bell rang."

I assured him coldly that I laid no blame to his charge.

MALBROUK—ET NOUS.

WHEN the great Duke MALBOROUGH took the field

The ladies waved and the belfries pealed,
The cottars shouted from roofs and ricks,
The drum-boys flourished their polished sticks,

The cymbals clashed and the trumpets played

A brazen, clarion fanfarade.
Behind the lumbering cannon paced
The scarlet infantry, frogged and laced;
In velvets, ruffles and crimped perukes
The noble gentlemen of the Duke's
Terrible cavalry jingled by,
With banners splendid against the sky.

War is not what it was of yore;
Our trumpets lie in the Depot store,
Our colours hang in the Depot mess,
We're not conspicuous in our dress.
Leather and khaki, drab and tan
Is the *dernier cri* for a fighting man;
But we like our noise, and we make a band

Of any old thing that comes to hand,
And we throw our chests and we shift our shins

To penny-whistles and biscuit tins.
Though we drum to War on a biscuit lid
We'll do as the great Duke MALBOROUGH did.

"GERMAN FOOD ECONOMIES. The German Federal Council has issued an order prohibiting the sale of the harvest in advance, and regulating the use of old boots."—*The Times*. For example, the custom of throwing an old shoe after the bride has been forbidden as being an inexcusable waste of potential foodstuff.

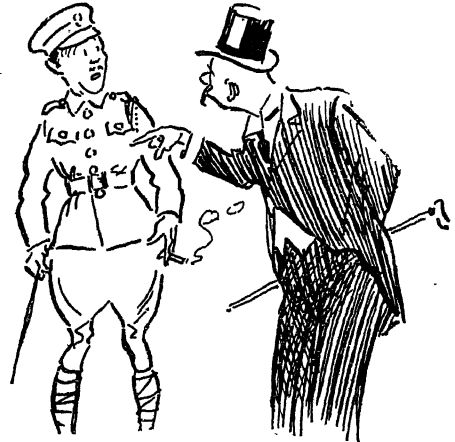
"In the meantime it can be said with truth that the deadlock all round is decidedly brighter than it was at the beginning of the week."—*Daily Paper*.

On the other hand the outlook is appreciably tighter.

WHEN IT'S ALL OVER. SOME COMING SHOCKS.



"IT WAS TWO-AND-NINEPENCE, MADAM, BUT OWING TO THE PEACE IT IS REDUCED TO THREEPENCE."



"YOUNG MAN, CAN'T YOU FIND SOMETHING USEFUL TO DO?"



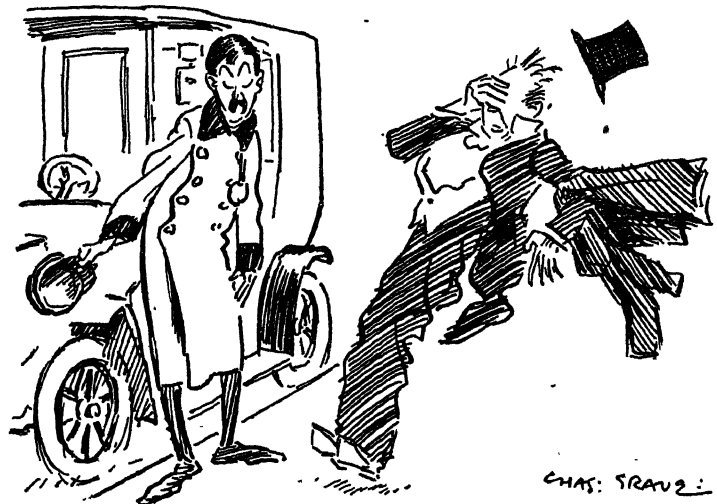
THE REVIVAL OF DOMESTIC POLITICS.



Office Boy. "DID YOU RING, SIR?"



Distressed Shipowner. "THIS PEACE IS VERY TERRIBLE, MADAM. FREIGHTS ARE ALMOST NORMAL NOW."



CHAS. STRAUSS

Time: 12.15 A.M.

Taxi-Driver. "I SHALL BE HONoured TO DRIVE YOU TO ST. ALBANS, SIR, FOR THE BARE LEGAL FARE."

AT THE OPERA.

"BORIS GOUDONOV."

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM is a good sportsman to brave comparison with the superb company of Russians who, with the incomparable CHALIAPIN at their head, carried our imagination by assault with their epic, *Boris Goudonov*, at Drury Lane in that far-away era known-as before the War. An English chorus, with its characteristic reticence (shall we say?), and singing in French at that, is not really likely to be able to give us the fire, the colour, the movement of those born (or admirably made) actors and musicians we were privileged then to see and hear. But there was nothing to be ashamed of in the Aldwych excerpts and much to deserve applause and gratitude.

This work of two of the illustrious Five of the Russian musical Renaissance, besides containing much that those who "know what they like" can appreciate at a first hearing—passages of exquisite melody, hauntingly sad or spirited old folk-song motives and the vividly suggestive orchestration of RIMSKY-KORSAKOV—does need frequent rehearsal and study by the audience before the intricacies of the long dramatic recitative can be mastered. I think Sir THOMAS is artist enough to take as a compliment, not as a reproach, the assumption that he is generously preparing us for another hearing of an authentic national performance when in the great day of a victorious peace we shall put some of the gratitude and friendliness we feel towards our indomitable comrades-in-arms into an appreciation of the art they love so well.

As to the performance, the rich grave voice of M. AUGUSTE BOUILLIEZ won the applause, long continued, of a discreet house. If his acting was not on the plane of his singing it certainly was adequate, preserving throughout the atmosphere of doom and suffering which less skill would have dissipated. Mr. RADFORD, in the part of *Varlaam*, a disreputable padre, showed his fine bass to great advantage, and with his reverend partner in insobriety, *Missail* (Mr. ALFRED HEATHER), put up a really first-rate bit of playing. Miss EDITH CLEGG was particularly happy in the *Nurse's* song, and Mr. MAURICE D'OISLY sang bravely as a courtier, movingly as the idiot. The Chorus was a little impassive and unlikely. Largesse of roubles, for instance, showered on its head left it quite unmoved. The pageantry of the whole was beyond praise, the scenery and dress of the Drury Lane performance being adapted with conspicuous success.

There is a pathos, a passion, a grandeur in MOUSSORGSKY'S *Boris Goudonov*, the soul of a people crying from the depths, that puts it into the category of very big things. Many thanks, Sir THOMAS. T.

THE RIVALS.

[*The abrogation of the Declaration of London has been claimed as a victory in several quarters.*]

Who killed Declaration?

"I," said *The Mail*,

"With my tooth and nail,
I killed Declaration."

You killed Declaration?

What a falsification

Of our relative rôles!"

Said the great TOMMY BOWLES;

"I killed Declaration."

"Pardon me," said *The Post*,

"I did far the most

In laying his ghost;
I killed Declaration."

So they wrangled and fought till the rest of the nation
Couldn't ever decide which had killed Declaration.

THERE'S ALWAYS A REASON.

It is odd how one little grievance, if well nourished, can darken all within and without.

I was sitting recently in one of those temples of promiscuous conversation and momentary acquaintanceship, a third-class railway compartment, listening to three men laying down the law as regards Ireland and managing, with far more skill than Sir JOHN JELlicoe or Sir DOUGLAS HAIG, the Jutland battle and our task on the Western Front.

After having settled those things, they turned to other less important matters, and one of them, who, in spite of the unwonted seasonableness of the day, wore a look of profound dejection, which only increased with each glance at the sunshine flooding the landscape, remarked, apparently *à propos* of nothing, that what he for one could not stand was calling things out of their right name.

Neither of the others replying to this, he repeated it. He might, he said, be peculiar. No doubt he was. No doubt he was different from other people, who were all wiser than he. But one thing he couldn't do with was calling things out of their right name.

If ever there was a conversational opening, it was here; but neither of the other men was interested enough to pick up the gauntlet; and that duty, therefore, urged by his dejected eye, fell to me.

I asked him what in particular was his trouble.

"This daylight-saving," he said, with immense scorn in his voice and a withering glance outside. "Why is it called daylight-saving when it's not daylight-saving at all?"

"How?" I asked.

"Why, it's daylight-spending, of course. There's more daylight to spend, and we spend it." He scowled again at the sun. "People use it to their hearts' content, and directly it begins to fail them they go to bed. How can that be called saving?"

It is the kind of question that requires only a corroborative look, and I suppose I gave it.

"But do you know what the thing ought to be called?" he went on. "Not daylight-saving, but artificial light-saving. Lamp-oil-saving. Candle-saving."

"Well," said one of the other men, "it doesn't matter, does it? What's in a name?"

"What's in a name?" the angry man—for he was now quite angry—replied. "Truth's in a name. Why not be truthful? Why pretend you're saving daylight when you're really spending it? Why pretend you're saving daylight when you're really saving lamp-oil and candles and electric light and gas? I call it sickening."

Behind such acrimony there must, I thought, be some hidden motive; but I did not guess it.

The second of the other men, however, did.

"What is your line of business, may I ask?" he inquired overtly.

"That's nothing to do with it," said the angry man.

"Still, I suppose you have no objection to making it public," the second other man persisted.

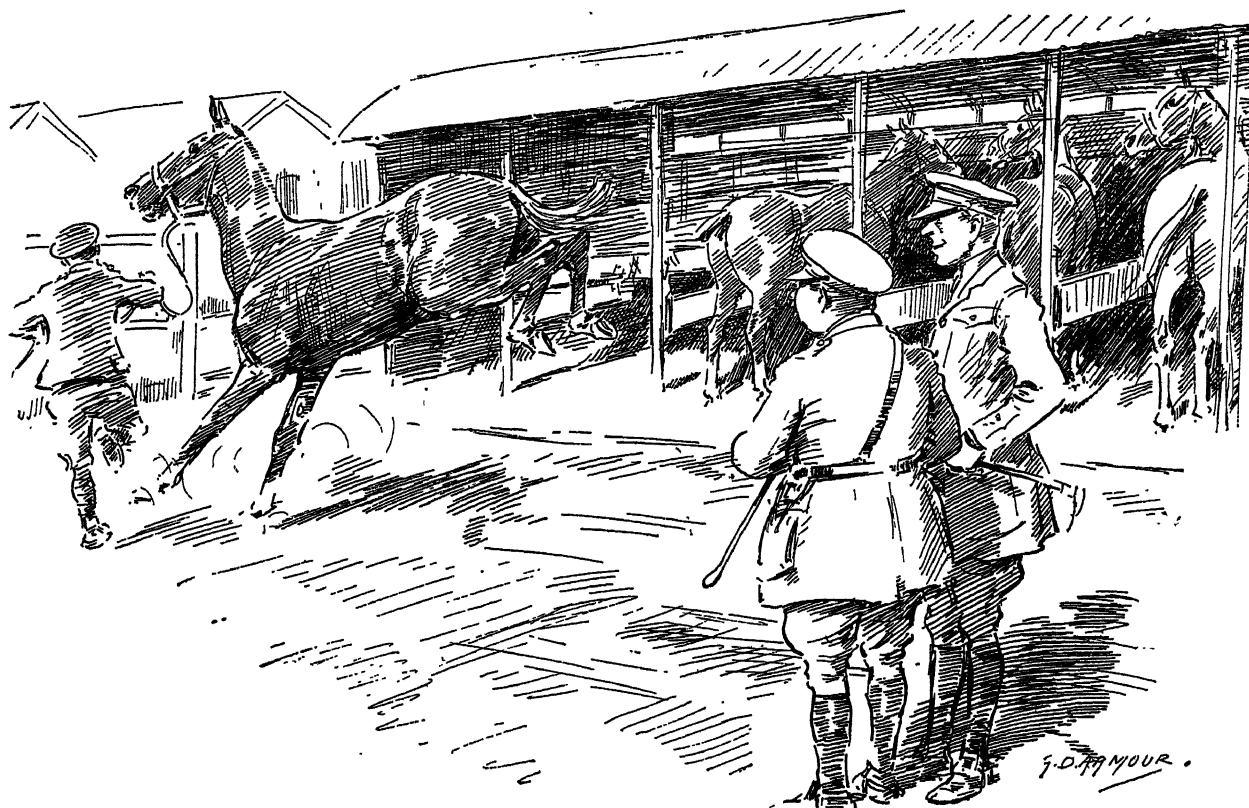
"None at all," said the angry man. "I travel in lamps and candles."

THE WEATHER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—May I ask you to make public a suggestion which, if it were followed, would save a great deal of disappointment and annoyance to all classes of people? It is that, as all clocks have been put forward one hour for Summer Time, so all barometers should be set back one inch for Summer Weather. The usual readings would then range from "Stormy" and "Rain" to "Change," and so would be much more appropriate to ordinary weather conditions during the Summer than "Fair" and "Very Dry," and other misleading indications.

I am, Yours obediently,

HAYMAKER



HUMOURS OF A REMOUNT CAMP.

Remount Officer. "AFRAID HE WOULDN'T SUIT YOU—HE'S RATHER TOO GAY."

Modest but Ambitious Trier. "DON'T YOU THINK THAT KIND WOULD TEACH ME TO RIDE ALL THE BETTER?"

Remount Officer. "MORE LIKELY TO TEACH YOU TO WALK!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In the great days to which the prophets point us, when a man ignorant of what an *amœba* has a right to require of its stomach shall be looked upon as irremediably disgraced, when Eton shall be a College of Engineering and Winchester shall shine as a Natural History Museum—in that bright future it may occur to some bold investigator to examine and, perhaps, to defend our ancient Public School system and the grand old fortifying classical curriculum on which it was based. Much he will doubtless find to reprehend, but he will be able at least to say that the men produced by that system did as a matter of fact show themselves equal to high emergencies, and that they did this because they had acquired the great gift of character. And if he wants an example to prove his point he may choose *Letters from Flanders* (SMITH, ELDER), a memorial to the brothers A. D. and T. C. GILLESPIE, who without a murmur gave up their lives for their country in the war now proceeding. With one exception the *Letters* are written by DOUGLAS GILLESPIE. They are such letters as any parents might be proud to have received, direct, straightforward, and simple accounts of the daily life of warfare, notes of bird life and flowers, and thoughts of home and the beloved people dwelling there. Here is an extract from one written in May last year, when he heard a nightingale sing "sweetly and clearly in the quiet intervals between the bursts of firing. There was something infinitely sweet and sad about it," he continues, "as

if the country-side were singing gently to itself in the midst of all our noise and confusion and muddy work; so that you felt that the nightingale's song was the only real thing which would remain when all the rest was long past and forgotten. . . . So I stood there and thought of all the men and women who had listened to that song, just as for the first few weeks after Tom [his brother] was killed I found myself thinking perpetually of all the men who had been killed in battle—Hector and Achilles and all the heroes of long ago, who were once so strong and active and now are so quiet. . . . Then I gathered my platoon together and marched back past the silent farms to our billets." Such is the stuff of these delightful letters. By way of preface there is a touching tribute to the two brothers by the Bishop of SOUTHWARK.

Originality of title counts for something in a novel. The fantastic inconsequence of Mrs. BARNES-GRUNDY's last achievement, *Candytuft—I mean Veronica*, was undeniably arresting; and now, when she reappears with a title as brisk and artless as *An Undressed Heroine* (HUTCHINSON), one must admit, however bashfully, that it clings to the memory. Some may say that any trick for catching a reader is legitimate, and, whatever the ethics of the situation may be, an entirely scrupulous title, such as "A Dowdy Heroine," would have struck a note too painfully austere. Anyhow, there is deliberate craft in the methods by which the author, having first caught her reader, soon indulges him with the childish extravagances of *Effie*. Insidiously has the wretched creature grown up; unsus-

pected has she lengthened her skirt until suddenly the truth is out with a bang. *Effie Charrington* is content with cotton gloves! Under that blasting ordeal only *Humphrey Doyle*, the young man who plays second string, remains faithful. The affair with *Brian*, her fiancé, is shattered the day before the wedding, and why it lasted so long I cannot imagine. But all right-minded persons will derive a proper satisfaction when *Effie*, now gorgeously attired, is won by the solid hero who "saw no difference," a state of mind commonly associated by the cynical with the post-nuptial period. It should be added that Mrs. BARNES-GRUNDY is one of that fortunate company who write with unflinching good humour and vitality and are at their best in comment, whether it is focussed upon a bailiff or a fresh haddock.

In their generously enthusiastic appreciation of *Fondie* (Duckworth), printed upon the wrapper thereof, the publishers observe that Mr. EDWARD C. BOOTH has an unhurried method which requires a large canvas. This of course is one way of putting it. Personally, I have to confess that for, say, the first two hundred pages Mr. BOOTH's unhurried method irritated me considerably. In my haste I called him long-winded. Indeed, I still think perhaps— But the essential thing is that quite suddenly all this seeming redundancy of preparation took effect, and thenceforward the story held me in such a grip that skipping (a process in which I had begun to indulge somewhat freely) became impossible. As for the story itself, it is a simple thing—an epic of village life and character in a Yorkshire parish. Moreover, *Fondie*, the central character, is not

the one upon whom your—or my—interest is chiefly fixed. That goes to *Blanche*, the girl whom he loved, a human figure that haunts one afterwards for its tragedy of waste. *Blanche* was the Vicar's daughter, growing up in a motherless, unmanaged household (the squalor of that vicarage will make you shudder!), wholly without morals or guidance. Then the young Squire comes along on a flying visit. You can guess the end. Not by any means a new story; but Mr. BOOTH tells it with a realism, with irony too and a kind of sub-acid humour, that establishes his book certainly among the important novels of the year. Let him but quicken slightly that unhurried method, and a little curb his very natural enthusiasm for the enjoyment of words, and I should not venture to put a limit to his possibilities.

It is the triumph of Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD's art of mystery and mystification to make you wonder if there may not, after all, be something in it, which is rather annoying to the supercilious modernist. When his *Julius Le Vallon* (CASSELL), with its theme of Re-incarnation, "Intimations," "The Memory Game," came into my hands I set myself to determine whether this intriguing author was merely working an ingenious stunt or himself seriously

felt there might after all be something in it. I came to the latter conclusion, and hope Mr. BLACKWOOD will be properly impressed; or, if he has bluffed me, suitably hilarious! *Julius Le Vallon*, gentleman, *John Mason*, professor, and a rather plain parlour-maid were jointly engaged in a former incarnation some sixty centuries ago on a Quest which led two of them to monkey with Powers—Wind, Fire and Others—that were too big for them and brought disaster on the third. At the end of the nineteenth century the three meet, remembering each other with varying fulness of detail, and set themselves to repair the wrong done and restore the Eternal Balance. All culminates in a Swiss chalet at the fateful Equinox in a *séance*, managed with consummate skill by the author, as indeed is all the laborious preparation. It is preposterous, of course, but it never seems quite incredible. I am indeed profoundly relieved to be able to lay my hand on my heart and declare an Equinox to be a simple Equinox and nothing more. For Mr. BLACKWOOD almost persuaded me to the contrary.



"Magistrate (after narrow escape). "SPLENDID, MY BOY! BUT HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO AVOID BEING DASHED TO PIECES BY THE ANIMAL'S LEGS?"

"Our Hero. "I SAW IT DONE IN THE PICTURES, SIR."

"[Magistrate, who from the Bench has constantly attributed all juvenile crimes to the cinemas, stands rebuked.]

"My story," says Lt.-Col. PATTERSON, in his preface to *With the Zionists in Gallipoli* (HUTCHINSON), "is one of actual happenings, told just as I saw them, with some suggestions thrown in, and if from these a hint is taken here and there by those in the 'Seats of the Mighty,' then so much the better for our Cause." Whatever value may be attached by these gentlemen to the comments (praise or blame) which the writer has distributed with a free and fearless hand, it is certain that his account of the unit which he raised in Egypt will not be overlooked by the ultimate historian of the Gallipoli campaign. His Zion Mule Corps—the first fighting Hebrew unit since

the siege of Jerusalem—was formed from certain Russians of Jewish faith who had fled from the cruelty of the Turks in Palestine and offered themselves for service under our flag. We are told how General MAXWELL had applied for "a tactful thruster" to be chosen from among the officers of the Indian Brigade then doing duty on the Suez Canal to form the corps. "My opportune arrival, however, coupled with a strong backing from an old friend, decided him to offer me the command." The word which I have taken the liberty of italicizing may merely mean that the author did not belong to the Indian Brigade, but it may also mean that he did not correspond to General MAXWELL's idea of "a tactful thruster." Readers of this racy record may form their own judgment as to his qualifications for the title. Anyhow he seems always to have known what he wanted, and gone the direct way to get it. In his story, liberally digressive, he has relied upon the absorbing interest of his matter and left his manner to take care of itself. And indeed it would be unreasonable to look for literature in a busy soldier's memoranda hastily put together during a month of convalescence. If the personal note is perhaps a little insistent, that too may be excused in a man who has done as much big-game hunting as the author of *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo* and *In the Grip of the Nyika*.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are indebted to an evening paper for the information that carpentry is the holiday task of one of our most eminent writers of *revue*. This of course is much more satisfactory than the cases of certain carpenters who make a hobby of *revue*-writing.

* *

"Mr. Pemberton Billing's Grave Charges" is the title given by a contemporary to an account of a recent "air" investigation. Strangely enough the report contains no direct reference to this gentleman's political funeral expenses.

* *

"SUBMARINE POST BOAT."

SANK ARMED STEAMER WITH KAISER'S LETTER."

Evening Paper.

WILLIAM has done better than this. One of his messages sank most of the British Fleet.

* *

In this connection we are informed that the Jutland Land Credit Association, a list of whose bonds drawn for payment was recently published, has no connection whatever with the Jutland Maritime Credit Company, the promotion of which by the KAISER was attended with such unfortunate results for the underwriters.

* *

Complaint was made last week at Edmonton in regard to an interned German who was making and selling medals with the bust of the KAISER on them. Only the keen commercial instinct of the Teuton could realise how thoroughly popular with all classes of Englishmen the bust of the KAISER is going to be.

* *

So acute has become the agitation against the high cost of milk that a certain prominent newspaper is said to contemplate changing its name to "The Daily Pail."

* *

Herr KARL VON WIEGAND, of Berlin, commenting upon the British offensive, remarks that "thus far confidence is unshaken that Germany will hold her own." That of course is debatable, but we welcome the implication that she no longer aspires to hold France's, to say nothing of Belgium's.

* *

"There are literally fortunes in the dustbin," says a distinguished member of the Royal Commission on Paper. There is every prospect of a considerable increase in the value of the contents of this receptacle, if the fortunes of Germany are to go the way of her paper victories.



"SEEN THIS BIT IN THE PAPER—ADVICE TO THE BRITISH TRADESMAN? ABOUT PROMPTNESS AND CIVILITY AND CONSIDERATION FOR CUSTOMERS' REQUIREMENTS?"

"WHY DON'T THEY TURN US INTO A PACK O' CRAWLIN' 'UNS STRAIGHT AWAY AND 'A-DONE WITH IT?"

A Scots paper informs us that in the Jutland battle one of the enemy's cruisers, being hit by a torpedo, "listed to starboard, and after ten minutes began to sing rapidly." Probably The Hymn of Hate.

* *

According to *The Times*, "The situation on the south-western front, in the terminology of the cricket field, resembles one in which General KALEDIN for the time being contents himself with blocking the Austro-German deliveries while General LECHITSKY makes the runs." In that case, ought not his name to be spelt with a "G" instead of a "C"?

Under the eagle eye of the Censor our Press is growing extremely cautious. "It gave one," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "an uncanny feeling to see that lighted candle in the deep subterranean room, where yesterday German officers were living, unless dead before yesterday."

An Ambiguous Attraction.

From a prospectus:—

"Close to the Hotel is a big moor, reserved for shooting visitors."

Commercial Candour.

"AFRICAN Grey Parrot, very clever talker, can almost say anything, does not swear; price 12 gns."—*Weekly Paper*.

THE TEST OF BATTLE.

WE are not good at shouting in the street,
 At waving flags or tossing caps in air;
 We take our triumphs as we take defeat
 With scarce a hint of having turned a hair;
 And so our pride to-day
 Declines to boom itself the German way.

Yet we are proud because at last, at last
 We look upon the dawn of our desire;
 Because the weary waiting-time is passed
 And we have tried our temper in the fire;
 And, proving word by deed,
 Have kept the faith we pledged to France at need.

But most because, from mine and desk and mart,
 Springing to face a task undreamed before,
 Our men, inspired to play their prentice part
 Like soldiers lessoned in the school of war,
 True to their breed and name
 Went flawless through the fierce baptismal flame.

And he who brought these armies into life,
 And on them set the impress of his will—
 Could he be moved by sound of mortal strife
 There where he lies, their Captain, cold and still
 Under the shrouding tide,
 How would his great heart stir and glow with pride!

O. S.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(Dr. OHNESORG and Major KIESEL.)

Dr. O. And now, I suppose, I must begin my round, though it fills my heart with disgust to have to deal with these English prisoners. A more insolent and discontented lot it would be impossible to find.

Major K. If that is your feeling, what do you think mine must be? You run through your round and then you're done with it. A little brimstone to one and a pot of ointment to another, and away you go. But I'm the commandant of this accursed prison, and I have to stay on the spot and expose myself to all their complaints. They seem to believe that they have a right to be fed. Right, indeed! There's no such thing. They're prisoners, and they must be made to understand that if they get a crust of bread or half-a-pint of bone soup it is only by the exercise of that true-German clemency of which the scoundrels make a mockery.

Dr. O. And then these English pigs expose themselves voluntarily to every kind of horribly infectious disease, so that perhaps an American may come to visit the prison and ask why they are in such a condition. Do the English and the Americans imagine that for their sakes an honest German doctor is going to expose himself and his family and his friends to the ravages of typhus, for instance?

Major K. Bravo. I think as you do. And whenever I hear of one of the prisoners lamenting himself because he is starving I immediately sentence him to a week's punishment on half-rations just to make him appreciate the blessings of being under the control of the Imperial Government. Bah! I have no pity for such miserable cattle.

Dr. O. No, nor I, and that is the opinion of every good German. Have they not made war on us and delayed our final and complete victory? Nothing can be bad enough for these mercenaries who seek to enslave the whole world.

Major K. Well, as commandant of the prison it is my duty to see that they have no luxuries.

Dr. O. And it is my duty to see that they do not pretend to be ill in order to escape what is due to their wickedness. For them it is a sufficient favour that they are allowed to breathe German air and to walk about on German soil.

Major K. And if they have the bad taste to die, that is not our affair.

Dr. O. Certainly not. We need not interfere to prevent it. It is a riddance of bad rubbish, and it is not for us to protest against it.

[A pause, during which they look hard at one another. Finally the Major breaks silence. He is much agitated and his words come quickly.]

Major K. No, it is useless. I cannot keep it back any longer. My service hitherto has been honourable. Why should I now be condemned to this dreadful duty? And it is useless to attempt to soften the lot of the unhappy wretches who are entrusted to one's care. A report is made to one's superiors and in the end it comes under the eyes of the All-Highest, who, as is well known, disapproves of leniency. And then the office and the miserable salary attached to it will be taken away from me, and how shall I and my family live? What is to be done?

Dr. O. You have said what I feel. I too am ashamed of what I do and I am pursued by the horrible visions that I see when I make my round. But one must obey superior orders and one cannot do what is displeasing to the authorities. You, at any rate, have your Iron Cross, but I have not even that.

Major K. Willingly would I hand mine over to you, if that were possible. No matter, it is good to have spoken one's mind for once and to have relieved one's conscience of a heavy load.

Dr. O. But we shall have to reload it, I am afraid, and then some day when we least expect it the American Embassy will send us a visitor, and the whole thing will be revealed to the world.

Major K. We have our orders and we must obey.
 (Left obeying.)

"Sir William Osler, in the course of an address on the proposed National Medical School of Wales, said the profession should realise that there was no man, however acute his brain, who did not need what was called a quinquennial 'brain dusting.'"—*Daily News*.
 He was too polite to suggest a vacuum cleaner.

"Altogether there were nearly 20,000 of them, the pick of the manhood of Canada from the towns and prairies between British Columbia and Vancouver."—*The Star*.

In its anxiety for geographical accuracy our contemporary might have added that the review took place somewhere between England and London.

"OXFORD—Monday.

HONOUR IN NATURAL SCIENCE.

The Examiners in the School of Natural Science this evening issued the following award of honours:—

WOMEN.

Class I.—None.

Class II.—Phyllis K. Bowes and Lady Margaret Hall, physics.

Yorkshire Post.

A clever family, these Oxford Halls.

"Whilst on a fishing excursion a little time ago I caught a small jack. Noticed that it had an unusual tendency towards embonpoint; on examination found that it had swallowed whole a small gudgeon previous to taking my bait. I removed the victim, and a small urchin, aged six, who was with me, expressed a great desire to take the Job-like gudgeon home for breakfast."—*Evening Paper*.

Only anglers possessed of the patience of JONAH can expect to meet with these experiences.



WELL DONE, THE NEW ARMY!

A SELF-MADE STATUE.

Not the least of the Zoological Gardens' many attractions is their inexhaustibility. There is always something new, and—what is not less satisfactory—there is always something old that you had previously missed. How is that? How is it that one may go to the Zoo, which to-day is chiefly remarkable for the number of wounded soldiers who visit it, in their blue suits and white facings, and the red ties that once proclaimed the Socialist but will evermore have a martial connotation—how is it that one may go to the Zoo a thousand times (as I have done) and consistently overlook one of its most ingratiating denizens, and then on the thousand-and-first visit come upon this creature as though he was the latest arrival, although he has known Regent's Park for years? How is that?

There the quaint little absurdity was, all that long while, as ready to be seen as to-day, but you never saw him, or, at any rate, you never noticed him. The time was not yet. It is as though a Zoo animal's hour has to strike just as certainly as a General's.

Yesterday, for me, the hour of the Prairie Marmot struck.

Countless are the times that I have passed the enclosure which, though the P.M. shares it with the grey squirrel, its North American compatriot, really belongs to neither of them, but to pigeons and sparrows. No doubt you know this enclosure. With great injustice to the Prairie Marmots, it is called "The Squirrels' Trees," and it is one of the least clever things in these Gardens, so clever as a whole, because the heavy coping of the wire fence comes at precisely the height of an ordinary person's line of vision, so that to see the occupants one has to creep about with bent head. The enclosure is near the melancholy eagles, and it has on one side of it the aquarium where the diving-birds pursue their live prey with such merciless zest and punctuality every day at 12 and 5, and on the other is the statue of the giant negro in conflict with the angry mother of cubs.

I had been watching a tender farewell between two soldiers and two girls (for there are other things to see at the Zoo besides its cages), and was meditating upon the change that has come over London, so that Mr. Atkins publicly embracing a quite recent acquaintance, with no little resonance, is now a

spectacle that excites no wonder; and reflecting thus I left my usual beat and took unconsciously the path to "The Squirrels' Trees," and was there suddenly conscious of the oddest little statuette I ever saw. Pigeons, squirrels, and sparrows were moving restlessly about the enclosure in an eternal quest for food, and in their midst, obviously made of stone, although coloured to resemble fur, was the rigid effigy, some ten inches high, of as comic a creature as a human artist ever designed—indeed an absolute gift to the Royal Zoological Society, from the fancy of Miss BEATRIX POTTER. There this figure stood, without a flicker.



Private Atkins. "NOW THEN, TOM BOWLING! HANDS UP!"

Lot's wife was not more motionless. And then, a small girl with a bag approaching the railings, he came to life in a flash, the perpendicular suddenly gave way to the horizontal, and he trotted down to meet her much as any other rodent would do.

The Prairie Marmot is a rat-like creature, but blunter, stockier and twice as big, and light-brown in colour. The learned, of course, after their wont, know him by a lengthier and more imposing name. Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL, for example, who controls the Zoo so ably and with such imagination, would never say Prairie Marmot on those occasions when he has questions to ask as to its well-being in captivity. Nothing so commonplace. "And by-the-way," he would add, having been satisfied as to the good health of the

elephants and the water-beetles, the avadavats and the hartebeests,—“and, by-the-way, how is the *Cynomys Ludovicianus*? Does he seem to thrive? Does he prosper and multiply, or is the competition of the *Columba Londinensis*” (meaning the Metropolitan pigeon) “too much for him?” But, whatever you call him, the Prairie Marmot remains a most ingratiating creature, and when you see him with his two tiny hands holding a monkey-nut and consuming it with eager bites you feel that it must have been of him that the well-worn phrase, “to sit up and take nourishment,” was first used.

In the unimportant intervals between these two actions—this vertical eating and the sudden transformation of himself into stone, which is his greatest gift and which he does so often that he has worn his poor tail into a threadbare stump—the Prairie Marmot is of no particular interest. He just creeps about or disappears into his crater in the bank. But as his own statue—so perfect as not only to be the despair but the bankruptcy of our sculptors—he is terrific. And the change is so sudden. One moment he is on all-fours, and the next he is a rock, as though a magician had waved his wand. DE MATTEOS' marble negro close by is not more still. Henceforth no visit to the Zoo will be, to me, complete without a few minutes' contemplation of the *Cynomys Ludovicianus* in his quick-change turn.

War Time Extravagance.

“Along the escarpment of the Chiltern Hills the deadly nightshade is a fairly common plant, the henbane comparatively rare, but the foxglove quite luxurious.”

Extract from letter to “The Daily Mail.”

Somebody ought to speak to the foxglove about it.

“The value of German money continued to fall in Amsterdam yesterday. A hundred marks (£5), which last Tuesday were worth £3 13s. 5d., declined a further shilling to £3 10s. 6d.”—*Morning Paper*.

We note with pleasure that the value of the shilling has risen to 2s. 11d.

“Somewhere there is somebody who knows something. Let us, who know nothing, never forget that.”—*Balkan News*.

War experts, please note.

“WANTED to Purchase, Second-hand Harbour, size 9ft. by 6ft. or thereabouts.”

Provincial Paper.

We suspect the hand of the KAISER in this.



FRIGHTFULNESS FOILED.

Spectator (to player about to abandon the game). "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? AREN'T YOU GOING TO PLAY ANY MORE?"
Urchin. "No, I ain't! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A SOFT BALL TO ME? I'M A FAST BOWLER."

TEACHING PLAYWRIGHTS TO WRITE PLAYS.

We learn that, following American example, a school has lately been started in London for the encouragement, or extinction, of would-be dramatists. Classes are held, suitable to beginners or more advanced students. With an eye to the correct placing of aspirants, we beg to offer to the authorities some suggestions for an "Entrance Paper" on the approved lines of those employed at similar institutions.

A.

(STAGE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE, AND USE OF THE TELEPHONE.)

1. Why should the bedroom of a domestic-comedy-flat invariably open out of the drawing-room?
2. In farce, the riskiness increases in the direct ratio of the number of doors. Discuss this statement.
3. Estimate the comparative delay in getting a telephone call put through (a) in real life; (b) in emotional drama.
4. Under what circumstances may a character on the stage repeat aloud all that the person at the other end of the wire is supposed to be saying?
5. "The stage-telephone is the child

of Soliloquy by Science." What does this mean—if anything?

B.

(PLOT.)

1. Having laid your first Act in Belgravia, bring all your characters, male and female, into a second Act, of which the scene is (a) a Mercury Mine; (b) a South Sea Island; (c) a Dug-out in Russian Poland.
2. Dare you introduce a Bank into a play and allow it to remain solvent throughout? Why not?
3. Explain why burglars on the stage are so often mentally deficient.
4. Construct a curtain-raiser, the plot of which shall be so obvious that it can be grasped by an overfed occupant of the stalls entering when seven-ninths of it have been performed.

C.

(DIALOGUE.)

1. "Let me tell you a little story." Write a speech for the actor-manager, by which he shall reconcile the young lovers, in the form of an anecdote about (a) a French Cook; (b) a Tiger Shoot.
2. What would happen to anyone in real life who talked like this?

D.

(FLEXIBILITY.)

1. Adapt the Third Act of *Hamlet* so as to render it a suitable medium for the personalities of:—

Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH.

Mr. THESIGER.

Miss VESTA TILLEY.

2. Re-write *Macbeth*, giving the fat to *Banquo*.

E.

(GENERAL UTILITY.)

1. Compose a covering note of not more than twelve lines, to go with a five-act comedy submitted to a manager.
2. Why do you consider the failures of the past season failed? (N.B.—All answers treated as strictly confidential.)
3. What is your private income?

"I opened my mouth to speak, I swallowed twice—and I closed it."—*Morning Paper*.
 This is not so easy as it sounds. Our own simple habit is to close the mouth before swallowing.

"Though Parisian chic at the present time consists in being dressed with the utmost simplicity, it is no longer considered correct to ignore clothes entirely."

Evening Dispatch (Edinburgh).

Mrs. Grundy breathes again.

HOW WE GET THE NEWS AT THE FRONT.

"Na pu, feeneesh, Monsieur. Journaux anglais na pu. Tomoro, sans faute, Monsieur. Voulez-vous français? *Le Matin*? Bon. Au revoir, Monsieur." And the French newsboy is gone, sold out as usual. And someone has just asked me if it is true about the Mexican Fleet being sunk in the Suez Canal. What can I say? This is the sort of rumour that you can neither confirm nor deny until you see the facts in print. I am not a Socialist, but I am beginning to realise what it would mean to eliminate competition. Search high and low, you will never find a monopolist like this French newsvendor. "*L'imbecile*," they call him in the village. I thought this hard at first, but I am coming to see there is something in it. Secure in the knowledge that there is no other purveyor of news within five miles, he sells his papers at what price he likes, to whom he likes, where he likes. He will come in with a bagful of English newspapers and look you straight in the face and swear to you with tears in his eyes he has nothing but *Le Petit Journal*. He will sell you Monday's papers for Tuesday's on Wednesday and tell you on Thursday that he will *sans faute* bring you Friday's papers on Saturday. He has never been known to give change.

At the best of times the news at our part of the Front is thirty-six hours late. In London you get it with your breakfast. In Boulogne it is lunch and the paper. Further still, supper and the paper. Here, so great a mist of uncertainty envelopes both meal and paper, you are lucky if to-day's news comes with to-morrow's lunch, and still more lucky if to-day's lunch comes with yesterday's news.

Well, I must make the best of *Le Matin*. My French is about on a par with that newsboy's English; but military terms are fairly international, like finance and pawnshops; and at a pinch I can always consult Madame. We understand one another pretty well by now, and she has her own way of knowing what is what; I have gathered as much from watching her sort out those rations of mine.

I stroll into the kitchen, carrying with me my last piece of blighty cake. Madame is especially susceptible to its appeals.

I start cautiously, giving her the

paper. "Voulez-vous me dire, Madame, qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" That is my only really Parisian idiom, and I seldom miss an opportunity of working it in. I light a cigarette. She must have time to translate the French into the sort of anglicised Picardy *patois* that has come to characterise all our relations. I feel sure there must be a curious affinity between that old lady's soul and mine.

At last she looks up. I shall know the worst. "Chet homme lou est mort—tué, fini, Monsieur, tout à fait feeneesh. Compris, Monsieur?"



LITTLE LESSONS IN HUMILITY.

THE OPULENT CARICATURIST WHO NEVER PASSES A PAVEMENT ARTIST WITHOUT REFLECTING THAT HE HIMSELF MIGHT HAVE BEEN IN A SIMILAR POSITION IF ONLY THE KAISER HAD HAD NO MOUSTACHE.

"Ah, Madame," I would like to say, "how could I ever fail to understand you?" What I do say is, "Mais qui?" Someone is done for, it is clear; but who?

"Tiens, chet vilain modèle, bien entendu. Ah, quelles bonnes nouvelles!" And Madame is greatly excited. Well, it has come at last, it would seem. The KAISER is dead and peace imminent—perhaps already declared. I walk across to Madame; I glance over her shoulder; I must see this thing in print.

Alas, there must be some flaw in that affinity, after all. It is the feuilleton instalment, not the communiqué, that Madame is reading; the feuilleton villain, not the KAISER, that is dead.

And I wonder if I shall ever see another blighty cake like that one.

THE UNSEEN HAND.

I LIKE the *Unseen Hand*. It makes excellent copy. It sounds like a *Sherlock Holmes* story. And you are not under the disagreeable necessity of proving your facts. You cannot place the hand-cuffs on an Unseen Hand.

Just let us work the Unseen Hand together.

Who is it that protects Government officials possessing wives with German uncles? The Unseen Hand.

Who keeps the egregious ASQUITH in power? (or, alternatively, who intrigues against our patriotic PREMIER?) An Unseen Hand.

Who write those articles in *The Daily News* and *The Daily Mail*? Unseen Hands.

Who has raised the price of butter, bread, meat, drink, furs, revues—everything save pewrent? I am justified in attributing this to the Unseen Hand.

Who lets the alien enemy in our midst go uninterned? Why, an Unseen Hand slams the prison gates in their very faces.

Who plays scales on a Hun piano with two fingers in the next house at this very moment? An Unseen (and accursed) Hand.

Who is it that bribed me to write this article? I am not quite sure, but I trust there is an Unseen (and benevolent) Hand in the background.

Who is it that works to give the British public the jumps? I fear I am of a suspicious nature, but there may be an Unseen Hand writing rumours about an Unseen Hand.

From a description by Sir HOME GORDON of the Eton and Harrow cricket match:—

"An aeroplane gyrated frequently, and caused Lowndes to raise his head as he was playing at a stroke—being superbly captured by Gregson."—*Daily Express*.

There is only one known precedent for this remarkable feat. It was the case of MIDWINTER, who caught a swallow at point.

Liquid Measure.

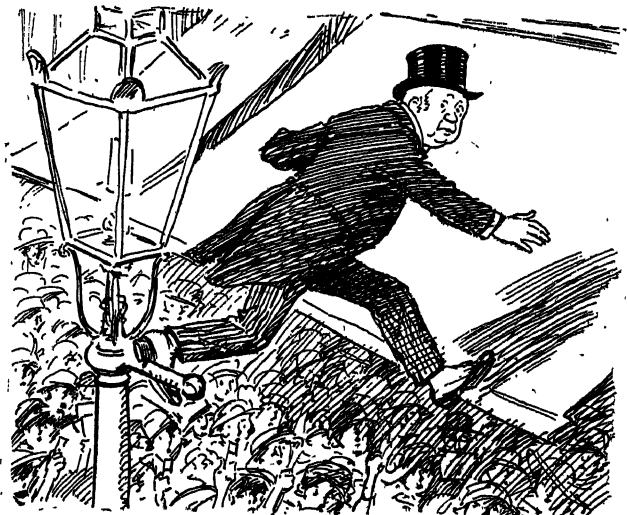
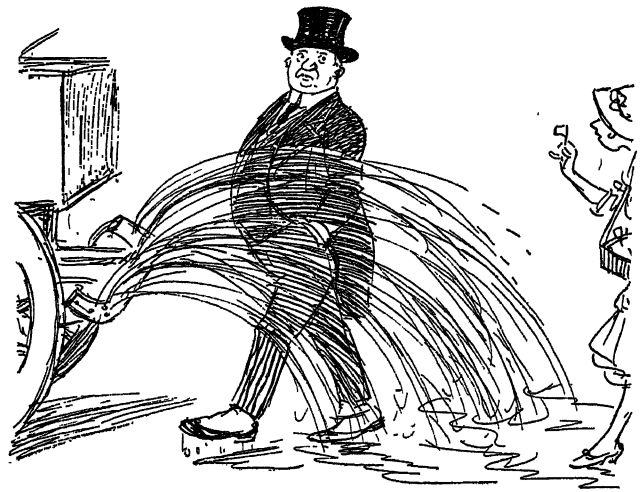
From "Government Notices" in the *Rhodesia Agricultural Journal*:—

"In reckoning the quantity of cream and milk sold, please note that six ordinary whisky bottles equal one gallon and one gallon equals ten lbs.

Persons drawing any inference from the above as to the habits of Rhodesian officials will do so at their own risk.

DODGING THE FLAG.

A NEW SPORT ENABLING THOSE INELIGIBLE FOR THE ARMY TO KEEP FIT DURING THE WAR.



GEO. M.



The lady in the striped dress, referring to an officer in our "Amazon Corps" who has just passed. "THAT'S OUR ADJUTANT, MRS. ROBINSON. I SUPPOSE SHE DIDN'T RECOGNISE ME IN MUFTIL."

THE SORROWS OF JEAMES.

["Speaking at Church House . . . the Bishop of London said he hoped the last had been seen of men in the prime of life fingering lace in the shops of London and of footmen in great houses. Women were much better for such work."—*The Times*.]

WITHIN a small and crowded tent Hi take my pen in 'and
To let the British public know 'ow British footmen stand;
For hin the papers Hi 'ave read that when the strife is o'er
Me and my fellow-servitors shall 'and the wine no more.

Hi mean to serve my country well—Hi don't do things by
'alves—

Yet Hi can't 'old with puttees hon a decent pair of calves;
And since Hi joined Hi 've seemed to lose that hindividual
touch

Which my Sir John and lady they hadmired it very much.

But has I say, Hi don't complain. Hi never liked the 'Un;
Twice Hi 'ave known 'im 'and the port *before the soup was
done!*

'Is waiting, too, was halways hof that low and menial kind
Which causes great hoffence to any heducated mind.

By hall means let our serving-maids make 'aste to fill 'is
place,

And let hotels be free 'enceforth from 'is hunpleasant face;
But, oh, hif you respect the pride and glory of the State,
Preserve your footmen's places at the Tables of the Great.

Hin hany case Hi 'ope and trust that while 'is Jeames is gone
No crafty minx will manage to come hover my Sir John;

And when Hi 'm back in stockings, 'aving hupped and done
my part,

'E'll let no giggling maid profane a noble British hart.

THE LANES LEADING DOWN TO THE THAMES.

There are beautiful lanes leading down to the Thames
By the meadows all studded with buttercup gems,
Where the thrush and the blackbird and cuckoo all day
Waft their songs on the incense of roses and may.

But the lanes here in London, near warehouse and mart,
Are as winding and steep and as dear to my heart;
Their mansions all mildewed in tenderest tones,
With priceless old doorways by INIGO JONES.

Though the roadway is rough and the cobbles are hard,
There are plane-trees in leaf in St. Dunstan's churchyard,
And the twittering sparrows their parliament keep
In the peaceful demesne where the citizens sleep.

Oh! the sights and the sounds of those wonderful lanes,
The tramp of the horses, the creak of the cranes,
Men' fresh from the perils that lurk in the seas,
The balm of the Indies that spices the breeze.

Crude critics find fault with the fish-porters' yells,
The strength of the briny and orangey smells,
But they're part of the charm of the lanes I hold dear,
"Harp," "Pudding" and "Idol," "Love," "Water" and
"Beer."



THE DOOMED IDOL.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OUT ON THE WAR-PATH.

THE NEW SECRETARY FOR WAR (MR. LLOYD GEORGE) AND HIS TRUSTY HENCHMAN (LORD DERBY).

Monday, July 3rd.—Mr. McCALLUM SCOTT is seriously perturbed about an impending shortage of sausage-skins, and, in spite of Mr. HARCOURT's assurance that supplies are ample, he is said to be planning a fresh campaign, with the assistance of Mr. HOGGE, of the apposite name.

Mr. HOGGE, however, is at present occupied with the refusal of the War Office to allow bag-pipes to the third line of Highland regiments. Perhaps this too is due to a shortage of the raw material; if so America might once again come to our assistance, for it is notorious that up to the present the Chicago pork-packers have found a use for every part of the pig except the squeal.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL could not boast to-day that his department was enjoying the piping times of PEASE, for the War has taken away a very large proportion of its employes and halved its contribution to the Exchequer. But he justly claimed that it was doing splendid work in ministering to the comfort of our soldiers and sailors abroad.

After this the House enjoyed the refreshing experience of "a night wi' BURNS." It is nearly two years since the late President of the Board of Trade resigned his office, and from that day to this, although cherishing no constitutional objection to the sound of his own voice, he has never opened his mouth in public. But to-day he could refrain no longer. The South-Eastern Railway sought powers to strengthen that appalling monstrosity, the Charing Cross railway-bridge. "Honest John's" æsthetic instincts revolted at the pros-

pect, and inspired his tongue to picturesque denunciation, concluding with the promise that, if the House would throw out the proposal, he would guarantee, with the assistance of the public authorities, to build a bridge which should be a credit to London. This pontifical assurance brought down the House, and with it the Bill.

Tuesday, July 4th.—So far as resignation is concerned the late Minister of Agriculture is still ploughing a lonely furrow, but, to vary the metaphor, he shows no disposition to sulk in his tent. On the contrary, whenever his last legislative offspring, the Small Holding Colonies Bill, is under discussion Lord SELBORNE is in his place to help it. To-day he stated that the number of soldiers who had definitely announced their intention of settling on the land when they left the colours was far larger than he had ever anticipated.

Lord RUSSELL invited the Peers to assent to the apparently otiose motion that it is undesirable to subject military prisoners to punishments unauthorised by law. The PRIMATE and several temporal Peers supported it; no one opposed it; and yet the House as a whole showed a strange indisposition to vote for it. When the division was called noble Lords left the body of the House and "rallied round the Throne," in the belief, apparently, that if there were no tellers on the other side the motion would fall to the ground; but the LORD CHANCELLOR declared the motion carried.

Mr. OUTHWAITE asked to-day how many Germans had been killed since

August, 1914, and how many Germans reached the age of eighteen last year. His object, as he subsequently explained, was to show the futility of the War. But Mr. TENNANT, to the joy of the House, pretended to assume that the question was prompted by the hon. Member's craving for bloodshed.

Not so long ago a measure entitled Output of Beer (Restriction) Bill would have caused consternation in the Whips' Office, where any proposal to "rob a poor man of his beer" was regarded as spelling electoral ruin for the party responsible. But under the Coalition the House has had so many similar shocks that it passed the Bill with very little amendment or discussion. Even less opposition was excited by a measure authorising gas establishments to substitute a standard of calorific power for a standard of illuminating power. Indeed there is reason to believe that some Members instinctively prefer the gas which engenders heat to that which produces light.

Wednesday, July 5th.—Sir JOHN REES must sometimes regret his early days in Parliament, when he sat upon the Liberal side and devoted himself with much success to ridiculing the so-called "friends of India" who worried the Treasury Bench with exaggerated stories of police brutality. He was always sure of a cheer from the Tories, and sometimes earned the gratitude of an Under-Secretary. Since his change of heart and party he has not had nearly such a good time, and has himself been the butt of Ministerial humour. To-day, for example, when he



Resourceful Tommy (after tea and a dull afternoon). "WE'RE SORRY, LADY, WE MUST GO NOW. YER SEE, WE 'AVE TO GET BACK AND 'AVE OUR TEMPERATURES TOOK."

put an apparently harmless question about the lack of information regarding the exploits of individual regiments at the Front—a matter of interest to many thousands of people—Mr. TENNANT thought fit to snub him with the remark that the War Office could not issue reports similar to those which schoolmasters furnish to parents at the end of each term. When Sir JOHN, with some heat, contrasted the treatment he had received with the tenderness shown by the same right hon. gentleman to innumerable questions concerning the interests of slackers and shirkers he was reprimanded by the SPEAKER, with, as it seemed to me, quite unnecessary severity.

The Acquisition of Land Bill, by which the Government sought powers to acquire permanently, by compulsory purchase, land on which they had erected buildings for the purposes of the War, had an unusually rough reception. "Proputty" was, of course, up in arms against it, and was joined on this occasion by land-nationalizers, who thought the land-owners were being treated too well, and by spokesmen of the Commons Preservation Society,

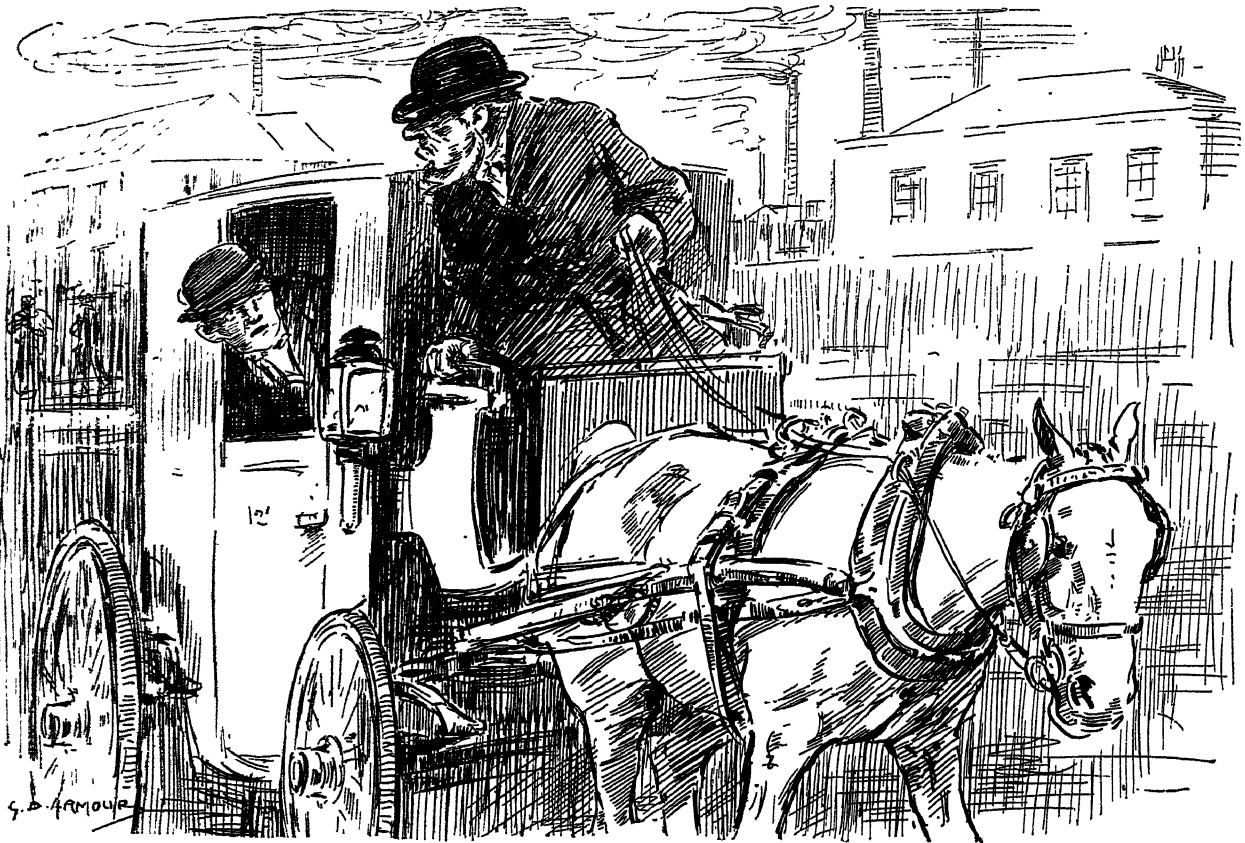
rightly jealous for the open spaces of posterity. Though the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, bowing before the storm, promised ample amendment in Committee, some of the malcontents insisted on taking a division, and the unique spectacle was witnessed of Sir F. BAMBURY and Mr. OUTHWAITE blowing into the same Lobby from diametrically opposite points of the compass.

Thursday, July 6th.—Thirteen years ago, when Mr. WYNDHAM's great Land Purchase Act had ended the age-long strife between landlords and tenants, an Irishman complained that there was no longer any diversion in his country "since the peace broke out." Whether Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's proposals will have the same effect is at present doubtful; but already they have produced some strange anomalies. Mr. HEALY has taken fright at the REDMOND-CARSON alliance, and daily snipes at Mr. SAMUEL for his treatment of the Irish "prisoners of war." The HOME SECRETARY is not, however, as cruel as Mr. HEALY makes out, for he has stoutly refused to allow the said prisoners to be interviewed by Mr. GINNELL.

Meanwhile Sir EDWARD CARSON,

whose political career until 1914 was entirely devoted to resisting Home Rule, now spends much of his time in the Lobby endeavouring to convince hesitant Unionists that the dangers of an Irish Parliament have been greatly exaggerated, and that it will do little harm provided always that it contains no representatives from the six counties of Ulster.

Some noble lords breathed an almost audible sigh of relief when Lord BERESFORD announced that he would postpone his inquiries regarding the loss of H.M.S. *Hampshire*, for he has been so industrious lately that he, to say nothing of themselves, must require a rest. It is, I think, a pity that Sir RICHARD COOPER did not follow Lord BERESFORD's example. Sir RICHARD is one of those ingenuous souls to whom people delight to impart startling information, knowing that he will give it a hospitable welcome. But when he redistributes it indiscriminately to the world at large he is too generous. So at least Dr. MACNAMARA seems to have thought, for he declined to put official labels on the collection of *canards* let loose by the Hon. Baronet.



[The Petrol scarcity has, we understand, revived an occasional "growler."]

Passenger. "LOOK HERE! WE AREN'T GOING TO A FUNERAL!"

Driver. "NO, AND WE AIN'T GOIN' TO A FIRE, NEITHER!"

TO JOHN BURNS.

(*More in sorrow than in anger.*)

In ante-Armageddon days,
When Parliament had gone its ways
And the manœuvres had begun,
You loved to march, in rain or sun,
With Tommies—so at least I've read,
Nor ever heard the tale gainsaid.

But when the War broke out you lent
Your colleagues no encouragement,
And, though pugnaciously inclined,
Most unaccountably resigned.
At previous crises such an exit
Might well have spelt a *resurrexit*;
But, as it was, our stars we thank
That you without a ripple sank.

Since then close on two years have come
And gone, and yet you still are dumb.
No word of comfort or of cheer
Have you vouchsafed, or made it clear
You wish to see the cause succeed
For which your friends in khaki bleed.
Dumb, did I say? Nay, I was wrong;
Last week your silence, strangely long,
Was broken and you spoke at last
A veritable trumpet-blast,
Not on the progress of the War,
Not on the fight off Jutland's shore,

Not on the exploits writ in flame
Upon the golden book of fame—
No, no, a more inspiring theme
Let loose the long-imprisoned stream,
To wit, the site where you have planned
The Thames should once again be
spanned.

Well, while it don't amount to much
Or emulate the "Nelson touch,"
This speech, though limited in range,
May herald further wholesome change,
And in another year, perhaps,
We'll find you cheering on our chaps.
At worst, the silent Pacifists
Are better than the vocalists
Who, like TREVELYAN and SHAW,
Comfort the foe with pen and jaw;
And for this reticence, I suppose,
Some thanks to you the public owes;
But still, although you spare your
throat,

With PONSONBY you sit and vote,
Poor ghost of good old "Honest JOHN,"
Self-banished to oblivion.

"A MINISTER'S HUMIDITY."

Sunday Times.

We are glad to hear of him. Some
ministers are so dry.

IN FEW LINES.

EXCITING ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

(*Vide Daily Press, passim.*)

At a recent jumble-sale in Norfolk a frock-coat fetched thirty shillings.

To-day is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the appearance of the first novel of Mr. Ezra Boffin, the Lancashire romance-writer. He was born at Chowbent and has been three times Mayor.

Yesterday a motor-bus skidded at Newington Butts and overturned a coffee-stall.

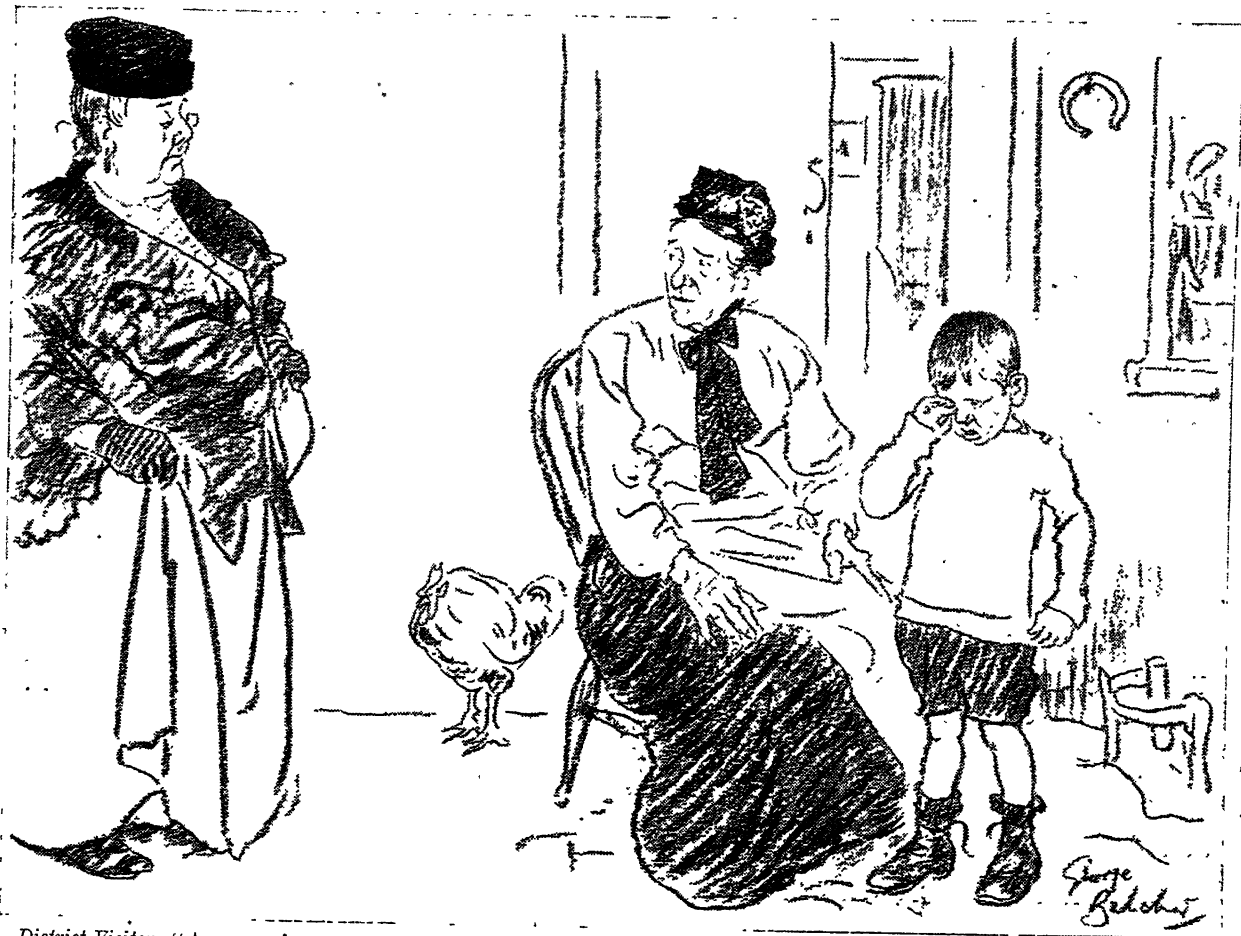
In High Street, Kensington, on Saturday, an elderly lady was run over by a perambulator, but after receiving first aid from a Boy Scout was able to proceed to her residence.

The annual census of organ-grinders in the Metropolitan area shows a diminution of nearly fifty per cent.

A wild strawberry has been found growing on a dust-heap near Wormwood Scrubs.

Our Cautious Press Again.

"Such gains as were possible in the initial rushes may now be presumed to be presumed to be complete."—*Evening Paper.*



District Visitor. "AND HOW'S YOUR LITTLE GRANDSON, MRS. ROONEY?"

Mrs. Rooney (whose little grandson is recovering from scarlet fever). "HE'S PEELING GRANDLY, MA'AM. BUT HE'S THAT DOWN IN HIMSELF THAT I'M TAKING HIM TO THE PICTURES THIS EVENING TO CHEER HIM UP."

WAR-TIME ADVERTISEMENTS.

["Be Bright. Be Terse. Be Snappy. Startle your readers."—*Advertising Expert.*]

SHAMPAINISKY.

The NON-ALCOHOLIC INTOXICANT!

The BREWER'S BANE!!

THE TOPER'S TRIUMPH!!!

SHAMPAINISKY has been truly described as the most amazing discovery of all time. Devoid of one particle of alcohol, it yet possesses all the stimulating and intoxicating powers of the most potent wines and spirits.

Cast-iron drinkers have tasted SHAMPAINISKY and fallen speechless.

It is at once the Despair of the Liquor Board and the Joy of the Teetotaler.

NO MORE EARLY-CLOSING.

NO MORE CLOCK-WATCHING.

You can get SHAMPAINISKY

ANYTIME.

ANYWHERE.

ANYHOW.

It isn't ALCOHOL, BUT it INTOXICATES!!

WHAT!!!!

A SOLDIER and NO MOUSTACHE!!!!

Then get

CAPILLARILLAREX,

The GREATEST HAIR-RAISER EVER!!!

A Moustache in an hour!

A Beard in a day!!

A Doormat in a week!!!

GET IT. TRY IT. BE A MAN, not a BILLIARD BALL.

BUY BINKS'S BOMB-BAFFLING BROLLY
and

LAUGH AT ZEPPELINS!

Bombs simply bounce off it!

Made in three sizes: Vest Pocket—
Walking—Carriage.

A North-East Coast Resident writes: "If I could tell you what I thought about your B.B.B.B., you'd be surprised."

Count Zeppelin writes: "It is not crickets."

A Kentish Coast Farmer telegraphs: "Send by return one gross B.B.B.B., Vest Pocket size. Am supplying all my poultry."

Try our JELLICOIDS,

The GREAT IRON TONIC!!!

Do you suffer from a tightness in the West and a constant sense of futile irritation in the Kiel Canal?

Try our Genuine JELLICOIDS,

The ADMIRAL CURE-ALL!!!

Are you troubled with indecision, vacillation and morbid increase of appetite? Do you feel chippy and fractious, as if you would like to go out and can't, or as if there was something people wanted you to do and yet somehow you couldn't do it? Don't give way, but try our

JOLLY JELLICOIDS.

Look here!

Come to us and we meet you half-way. Distance no object. We see that they get to you and touch the spot.

Try our JACK TAR JELLICOIDS.

Don't stop at the first trial, but try them again. Second dose completely cures.

MORE BENEVOLENT NEUTRALITY.

I KNOW a man who was ten months at the Front dodging coal-boxes and "Black Marias." He came home last month and broke his leg trying to dodge a perambulator at Hyde Park Corner. My case is somewhat similar. At Gallipoli I dodged dysentery, jaundice and kindred ills, but at last I met my fate. A few days ago I was vaguely conscious of a nagging pain under the two back buttons of my trousers and in my left knee and foot. I told the Adjutant and found him interested but not sympathetic.

"You've got sciatica," he said exultingly. "Do you feel tired in the small of your back? Have you pains in your hip and down your legs, and aches in your feet?"

I confessed to all these symptoms.

"Ah!" he said, "shocking thing that. Had an aunt who died of it once. Plays the deuce with a man of your age. You had better see the Doc. right away. He'll get a board fixed up for you."

He pushed the bell and the mess corporal appeared.

"Bring me a long whiskey," he said.

"Me too," I murmured.

The Adjutant looked aghast. "Whiskey with sciatica!" he exclaimed.

"No, with soda," I said.

"All right," said he, "it's your funeral."

The next day the doctor came and gloated over me. "Does that hurt?" he asked, sticking a stubby thumb into the small of my back.

He looked resentfully at me as he picked himself up from the floor.

"I'm sorry," I told him, "but I was scarcely ready for that."

"You can be boarded to-morrow," he said as he left hurriedly.

I was boarded, and got a month's leave and some advice. I was told to go to one Friedenborg for massage, and I went.

Friedenborg proved to be a pleasant-faced Swede, but his looks belied him. The Grand Inquisitors of Spain were novices to him. He ushered me into a small room and in an unguarded moment I allowed myself to be divested of all clothing and laid face downwards on a velvet couch. I hate velvet at any time. The touch of velvet or peach-skins is enough to make my teeth go on edge all down my back.

The Swede stood over me with the expression of JACK JOHNSON just before he hit up the Bowery Pet at Bashville, Illinois.

"I think this is the place," he said as he made a savage jab at the back of my thigh.

"I can feel it," I said as I came down on the sofa again. I made up my mind not to let him see my true feelings and composed myself to die as an English gentleman should, although it hurt my pride to meet my end at the hands of a neutral.

Presently he brought out a table with an instrument upon it like an overgrown dentist's drill. At the end of a cable were two hard rubber balls. These he put on the middle of my back and then turned over a switch.

"It is a vibrator," he hissed between his teeth. I had almost guessed it myself, but I did not argue.

Shutting my eyes I could easily imagine myself in a London bus, and if anyone had called, "Fares, please," I'd have felt for my pocket, which wasn't there. Just when I was getting used to the thing he stopped. "Marble Arch?" I hazarded, but he was in no mood for humour. He got to work with his hands.

First of all he kneaded my hip-joint into a soft dough, which he pulled out into strings like an American shop-girl with her chewing-gum. Then he let them go again like loosened pieces of elastic. He burrowed in amongst my joints like a terrier at a rabbit-hole, all the time giving little grunts of satisfaction when I jumped. Soon I got wiser, and when he hurt most I lay still, and jumped when he got on to a comparatively painless spot. By this simple stratagem I contrived to keep him busy without disappointing him or depriving him of his exercise. I rather wished he had been a real inquisitor, for I would have become a Brahmin or even a Buff Orpington to have him stop. Any old creed would have done me if he would only have left me alone.

Then a galling thought crossed my mind. I was paying him to do all this, and only the week before I had sworn off theatres because I considered them extravagant in war-time.

Presently he transferred his attentions to my spine. He played at being a devout monk, using my vertebræ as a rosary. He took each of them separately and ran them along my spinal cord like beads on a Chinese abacus, clicking them together.

In between the more strenuous efforts he discoursed on the War. "The Germans will soon begin to feel the pinch," he said suddenly, as he grabbed a handful of flesh from my back.

"If it's a pinch like that I almost feel sorry for them," I thought.

"But is this blockade stopping their food?" he demanded, as he ran a row of horny knuckles up my back.

"Ah," I said, "there's the rub."

He discoursed on the Western offensive, and gave an imitation of trench-digging on my hip-joint. Then he talked about mining and ran out a whole series of deep saps from my ankle to my knee, counter-mining on the other leg until he ended with an explosive burst that would have destroyed a whole battalion. I bit hard into the wooden head-rail of the sofa for the rest of the séance, and at last he finished.

Before I knew what was happening he had booked another appointment for the next day.

Since then I have been again many times, and all my pains have fled. The little devils in charge of the sciatica department gave it best, and realized that the Swede was their master. My mental outlook has changed also, for at first I prayed nightly that England would declare war on Sweden. Now I am grateful, and fully recognize the meaning of a benevolent neutrality.

"TRAIN UP A CHILD . . ."

[*"Many children may be guided through an interest in 'Penny Bloods' to appreciation of the great masters. . . . Goody-goody or sentimental books, and those that point a moral at the end of every chapter, are to be specially avoided."*—*The Chief Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools.*]

Young Tomkins was once quite a nice little lad,

A model of manners and breeding,
But since he grew up he has gone to the bad—

The cause of his downfall is reading;
He likes mental pabulum far from austere,

To bloodshed and blatancy tending;
And all are agreed that young Tomkins' career

Ought to have a deplorable ending.

He simply loathes DICKENS, JANE AUSTEN and SCOTT,

But dotes upon real "blood and thunder,"

Well-furnished with murders and plenty of plot

And people who prosper on plunder;
The reason? His taste (at the soft age of ten)

For the right intellectual victual
Was ruined by feasting again and again
Upon *Eric*, or *Little by Little*.

Austrian Trench Humour.

"The enemy suddenly launched against almost the whole front of Mounts San Martino and San Nicholo dense jets of poisonous gas."
Aberdeen Free Press.

A Provincial Paper speaks of "the crew of Alderman Beatty's flagship," but mercifully refrains from making the flagship turn turtle.



"I'M NOT ASKING TO BE LET OFF—I'M ASKING FOR MORE TIME. I'VE GOT A LOT OF CONTRACTS TO FINISH."
 "HOW LONG WILL THEY TAKE?"
 "OH, ABOUT THREE YEARS—OR THE DURATION OF THE WAR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Books of good short stories, I rejoice to see, multiply apace. The latest to come my way is a volume collected by Mr. W. J. LOCKE, and called by him *Far-away Stories* (LANE), because, as he explains in his preface, they were written in days and about conditions of life that now seem incredibly remote. Perhaps this is not the least part of their attraction. For the rest, though I will not deny that some flavour of the frankly popular magazine pervades them, there remains also a great deal of that delicate charm that I have learnt to associate with any writing over Mr. LOCKE's name. In particular I might distinguish two of the stories. The first is a very pleasant fancy about an old musician who wrote a *Song of Life*, and his pupil who unwittingly stole the theme and made a work of genius from it. The other is called "A Christmas Mystery," and, though I have a strong suspicion that it was written to the order of one of those early-November annuals, it certainly goes to prove that even pot-boiling can be made a process of real beauty. By the way, in that same agreeable little preface of his Mr. LOCKE speaks of "the two stories that I love the best." I should have been interested to see if his choice coincided with my own; but, perhaps discreetly, he leaves this a matter of speculation. Anyhow, I am glad that he cared enough for the lot of them to rescue them from premature burial in the rayless obscurity of back numbers.

None of the many war books now appearing can have been written with a purpose that commands more hearty sympathy than the little volume to which Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD has given the title *England's Effort* (SMITH, ELDER).

It contains a series of letters written to an American friend, real or imaginary, with the object of instructing Transatlantic opinion upon the work that this country has done and is doing for the common cause of civilisation. There could be few writers better fitted for this most important duty. Mrs. WARD speaks not only with the authority of a great reputation, but her position, even her sex, as an outside non-military spectator, lends an added weight to her words. How urgently needed some such report has been we all know. The thought of those Teutonic lie-factories, working overtime (and wholly unrestricted by quality of output) to pervert neutral sympathies, has long been one to sting and irritate. As you turn Mrs. WARD's instructive and moving pages you will share with me the satisfaction of feeling, "Well, at any rate they know *that*!" And not only will the book be of value to American readers; often as we on this side have read about England at war, each fresh writer who has the power to transfer a true impression of it to paper opens for us a new aspect of the most heart-stirring spectacle in our national history. It is a task to which the ablest of English pens may be fittingly addressed.

In *The Human Boy and the War* (METHUEN), it is clear that Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS was occasionally hard put to it to establish the connection, and consequently these stories lack the spontaneity which made *The Human Boy*, without any war attached to him, such a delightful study. Though I cannot precisely visualize the school in which the heroes of these exploits are harboured, many of the boy-portraits are very lifelike, and this is the more creditable to the author's creative imagination, for some of his types—notably the fist-fighters—are out of date. I

wish that we had been spared the German boy, because the Bosch in fiction is apt to appear an anæmic creature when compared with the Bosch in being. But on the whole I can say that I am as much amazed by Mr. PHILLIPOTS' ingenuity as I am by his industry, which is very warm praise.

It is a curious paradox that Americans, while priding themselves on a national hardheadedness and insisting that those who want to succeed in the United States must "deliver the goods," are beyond all other peoples susceptible to the influence of Talk. America is the land of "silver-tongued" talkers. This is the burden of MARY S. WATTS's new novel, *The Rudder* (MACMILLAN), the story of *T. Chauncey Deritt*, Labour Leader (till his boss had no further use for him) and, later, Temperance Orator. Mrs. WATTS has drawn *Chauncey's* character subtly and at considerable length, but we get the man's portrait complete and rounded off in a single paragraph on p. 417. "But if I could talk to him a minute—" *Chauncey* expostulated. To which the Boss replies with great pertinence, "Say, don't you think you've done enough talking?" *Chauncey* was what is known in America as a "spell-binder," and, without saying anything that would not have been laughed at by an intelligent man, he created strikes, dominated his fellow-citizens, and in a word acquired the influence which a thousand other Americans of exactly the same gifts are acquiring every day in the United States. It is a bitter piece of portraiture, which only a writer as capable as Mrs. WATTS could have saved from being caricature. Excellent as all her novels have been, I think that I enjoyed this one most. In *The Rudder* her humour finds greater scope. The book is full of laughter, for all that it is a serious examination into the sores of the American body politic. Much of the story is seen through the eyes of *Marshall Cook*, a whimsical novelist, one of the best characters Mrs. WATTS has drawn, and his comments on the rise of *Chauncey* and other happenings never fail to entertain.

Can you still read the pleasant stuff
That DION CLAYTON CALTHROP writes?
These iron times are rather rough
For Columbine and fays and sprites;
After digesting *Hymns of Hate*
And battling with the Hun and Turk,
Perhaps you can't appreciate
His Dresden-China type of work.

But, if you need a mental rest
From watching over your platoon,
You'll find his latest book his best,
It costs six shillings (MILLS AND BOON);

It's bright with many a gay conceit
And stuck with gems of sparkling wit:
Its dialogue is crisp and neat;
Et-cetera's the name of it.

Old fairy-tales in modern dress,
Short dainty sketches, little plays
Writ in the vein of happiness
Before the world was set ablaze—
The book can hardly do as well
As to my thinking it deserves;
But, even though it may not sell,
It's very soothing to the nerves.

If Mr. ROBERT KELLY, encouraged, as he testifies in his Dedication, by Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL, wouldn't put down without selection all the things that have ever occurred to his wayward rather than fertile imagination; if he wouldn't



"I'M THE MAN IT'S GOING TO HIT, MAM—THE LITTLE SHOPKEEPER."

use a good many words which don't properly exist and misuse a good many which do, he might give us something better than *Jim—Unclassified* (MILLS AND BOON), for he has a certain courage. I hardly think it possible for a novel of modern life to present anything so unlike the people, the ideas or the colour of our time. Even junketings in the Royal Automobile Club and the fateful recognition (in the Turkish baths of that gilded caravanserai) of *Beppo*, valet of the Bart. who was *Jim's* real father, don't bring the thing to life. *Jim's* putative father murdered *Jim's* alleged mother in his own pub; and later, being interrupted by *Jim* when trying to cut out of its frame the Tintoretto (really painted by *Jim*, who achieved atmosphere, technique, values and all that kind of thing in about five minutes), clumsily fell on the knife and passed. The Bad Baronite, who curled his lip at *Jim* and was unmercifully thrashed by same, fell off his yacht in a storm, but had enough breath to classify *Jim* at last as his lawful son and legal heir before he went out.

So *Jim* became Lord of Ravenshurst. A hustling narrative; but the action is the action of marionettes and the disjointedness positively cinematographic. Announced as a Romance this diversion may properly be catalogued as a Rigmarole.

Our Climbers.

"WAR-TIME.—A lady and gentleman of good position (with lady's-maid) wish to 'hob-nob' with a County Family in a quiet, secluded position, high and bracing, the North preferred. Terms £7 a week, without wine."—*Morning Paper*.

"This map shows approximately the present British line from Pilkem, in the north, to the west of Frise in the south. Lille, Douai, Cambrai, Bapaume, and Peronne are the main railway centres in the area occupied by our troops."—*Morning Paper*.

An example, we hope, of intelligent anticipation.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE village of Ugly is approximately half-way between the railways running to Kovel from Sarny and Rovno" (Petrograd report). Sweet Ugly, plainest village of the plain.

"Half-a-dozen bottles of English port-wine," says an item in *The Daily Telegraph*, "55 years old, in good condition, were found laid away in a Sheffield wine-cellar." Interest attaches to the discovery not so much on account of the age of the wine as of the fact that it was discovered in a wine-cellar, and not, as one might expect, in a pickle factory.

Noble German families, it appears, are advertising for sale their collections of French pictures, *objets d'art*, etc. Meanwhile the humble French *poilu* continues to add to his growing collection of German curiosities, among which an increasingly large proportion of antiques continues to appear.

Thatchers, we are told, are practically unobtainable in Devon and other Western counties. The explanation appears to be that as the result of temporary prosperity engendered by the War they have all become perruquiers.

Our profound respect for the Red-tabs would never have allowed us to express ourselves in the language of a contributor to *Land and Water*, who writes: "For more than a year I had been a busy battalion officer with no other thought than to hammer a lot of raw staff into good soldiers."

An Australian paper informs us that "the Chief Rabbit has ordered that the Sabbath shall come in an hour later on Friday and go out an hour later on Saturday." If the rabbits keep the day indoors this should be a blow to week-end sportsmen.

After reading Sir JOHN JELlicoe's Report, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has decided to abandon discussion of the Jutland battle. "It is assertion against assertion," says the journal. "We can

say which assertion we believe, but we cannot produce evidence." It is indeed unfortunate that when there must be so much of it lying around our contemporary should be unable to lay its hands upon it.

A French writer, referring to new types produced by the War, states that in England the palm should be given to the conscientious objector. Properly applied, we think that the remedy might be found effective in cases of fraud.

An eminent neutral who recently paid a prolonged visit to Germany has

The Guildhall School of Music faces a deficit of approximately £4,000 for the year last passed. On the other hand it is stated that immense supplies of musicians are being kept in reserve for our "War after the War" with Germany.

The Turkish paper, *Tanin*, has announced the destruction of the Franco-British Fleet in the Mediterranean by German submarines, the capture of Verdun, and the flight of the French Government to England. Apart from these few incidents, however, this journal, which prides itself upon its ability to take an impartial view of the situation, admits that on the whole the Allies appear to be doing pretty well.

In a police court it was recently stated that there are no longer any tramps in England. Evidently the appeal of that stirring old song, "Tramp! tramp! tramp! the Boys are Marching," has not been without its effect.

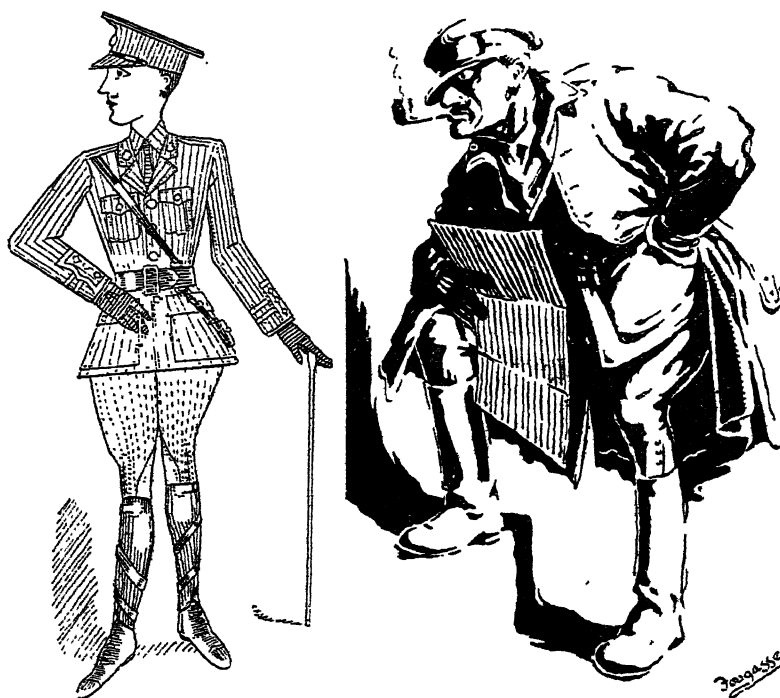
An applicant before the Kingston tribunal explained that his place of business was opposite a munition factory, the workers of which dealt with him. Feeling no doubt that the example set by the "men behind the guns" was not one to be ignored, the tribunal also "dealt with him."

According to *The Daily Telegraph* "the Anglo-British initiative has forced the enemy to withdraw his troops from other quarters." While sympathising with our contemporary's very natural and proper desire to avoid a revival of *The Spectator's* "English or British" controversy, we think some mention might have been made of the Franco-Gallic co-operation.

"VIth Century COTTAGE RESIDENCE. The house is in an excellent state of preservation, with the original beamed ceilings, oak staircase, open fire-places, etc. The accommodation comprises Lounge Hall, 2 Reception, 7 Bedrooms, Bathroom, etc."

Land and Water.

Nothing is said about a constant supply of h. and c. in the Bathroom, but you can't expect everything in the Early Saxon period.



WAR'S BRUTALISING INFLUENCE.

FASHION PLATE—OLD STYLE.

FASHION PLATE—NEW STYLE.

informed *The New York World* that the German people want peace, and "they want it hard." In that case they ought to be pleased with the only kind they are likely to get; for it won't be the soft thing that they seem to expect.

British soldiers of the M.E.F. have produced a topical *revue* entitled "Hullo, Salonica!" which is said to be playing nightly to crowded houses. We understand that it was at the instance of the Censor that this title was chosen in preference to "What-oh, Tino!"

Count VON BERNSTORFF has announced that he proposes to send his mail to Germany by the merchant submarine *Deutschland*. A suggestion that the vessel should be renamed the *Archibald* has, it is understood, met with an unfavourable reply.

DECLINE OF THE FAVOURITE.

[The German-American, KARL VON WIEGAND, has sent from Berlin to *The New York World* a despatch—nobody knows how it got past the Censor—containing some very painful reflections on the enemy's loss of initiative and other signs of declension.]

WHAT ails our hyphenated friend?
What is the trouble with our Yank-Bosch,
That tempts him in his newest tract
To deviate into naked fact
Who used to write such rank bosh?

He that for neutral ears would rend
The welkin with his faked recitals
Now undergoes a change of lip
And talks about a "vice-like grip"
Squeezing the Teuton's vitals.

A sad, sad falling-off in tone
Upon the Eastern Front he's noted;
Mentions the "thin anæmic line"
Once ruddy with the flesh of swine
And beautifully bloated.

When troops from West to East are thrown,
And back from Russia into France, it
Appears to him great rot to go
Shoving your warriors to and fro
By locomotive transit.

He finds the Allies, who of old
Followed the Fatherland's dictating,
Now do—just when and where they choose,
Without consulting German views—
Their own initiating.

O why has KARL become so cold
And dropped the faith he kept on pledging?
Because, for fear his fancied horse
Might fail to stay the sticky course,
He's had to do some hedging. O.S.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The GERMAN CROWN PRINCE and his ELDEST SON.)

The Son. Papa.

The Crown Prince. Yes, my boy, what is it?

The Son. May I ask you something about Grandpapa?

The C. P. Yes, certainly. Ask away.

The Son. Is Grandpapa a very great man?

The C. P. Of course he is. What a very strange question!

The Son. I'm sorry, Papa, that you should think it strange. I only wanted to know, you know.

The C. P. But you must have known for yourself without asking any questions that Grandpapa was the German Kaiser, and that therefore unquestionably he must be a very great man indeed.

The Son. Then is he a great man because he is a Kaiser, or is he a Kaiser because he is a great man?

The C. P. Understand me, he is a great man because he is a Kaiser, but that does not mean that he wouldn't have been a great man if he hadn't been a Kaiser. I am far from saying that.

The Son. Yes, Papa, I think I understand. A man who is Kaiser must be greater than when he wasn't a Kaiser.

The C. P. Y-e-s, that's about it.

The Son. Oh, Papa, isn't it delightful to think that you will some day, when you are Kaiser, be a really great man!

The C. P. I forbid you to speak of things like that.

The Son. And afterwards I shall be Kaiser, too, and then I shall be a really great man.

The C. P. (to himself). Who has been putting ideas into this child's head? (*Aloud*) You had better run away and play now. I can't stop here all day answering your foolish questions.

The Son. No, Papa, of course you can't, and I don't expect it, but just a question here and there can't do any harm, and I have done my drilling for to-day.

The C. P. There must be more of that drilling to keep you from idleness. It's absurd to have a great boy like you kicking your heels about the Palace. (*A pause.*)

The Son. Papa.

The C. P. Well?

The Son. I didn't know that great men are ever angry—at least I didn't know it till this morning.

The C. P. Oh, didn't you? You can't know everything all at once.

The Son. No, Papa, I'm afraid I can't. But this morning Grandpapa was very angry with the Generals.

The C. P. Was he? And you were listening, I suppose.

The Son. He spoke so loud I couldn't help hearing him. And he said some terrible words, too—oh, yes, terrible. I thought the Generals were going to cry.

The C. P. You must remember that Grandpapa has a great many enemies.

The Son. Then that is all right for him, because he can love them all, and the more he has the more he can love.

The C. P. Who has been stuffing your mind with all this nonsense?

The Son. Oh, Papa, you mustn't talk like that. It was Dr. Dryander who preached a sermon and told us that good men must learn to love their enemies, otherwise things would not go well with them.

The C. P. (to himself). If this sort of thing goes on I shall have to put old Dryander in his place. I can't have him poisoning the boy's mind. (*Aloud*) I'm sure Dr. Dryander could not have said that. You have not remembered rightly.

The Son. Oh, yes, I have remembered rightly. I was very much surprised to hear him say such things. But perhaps if Grandpapa does not love his enemies it is because he is so great a man. Great men needn't be good.

The C. P. Who said that?

The Son. I said it myself, Papa.

The C. P. Then such a clever boy must have an hour of extra drill. So run away and report yourself to the drill-instructor.

The Son. Yes, Papa. But I shan't love him, you know.

The C. P. Who wants you to? All you need do is to obey his orders.

The Son. But he is my enemy.

The C. P. Rubbish. Be off with you.

Shakspeare Modernized.

From the report of a school-festival:—

"— (Brutus) and — (Cassius) in the quarrel scene in Brutus's flat, from 'Julius Cæsar,' acquitted themselves admirably."

South London Press.

But this was nothing to the love-scene between CÆSAR and CALPURNIA in their dainty maisonette at the corner of the Appian Way.

"A Yorkshire correspondent vouches for the following time-table of a boy of 12—a big boy for his age—on a large farm, whereon the labour problem is acute. Six a.m., breakfast at the farm, milks six cows and feeds five calves, separates the milk, school at 9 and 1.30; 4 p.m., milks the cows, feeds the calves, and separates the milk."

Provincial Paper.

After milking the cows we always separate the milk from our domestic supply.



OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT.

CROWN PRINCE (*still before Verdun*). "PEOPLE SEEM TO BE LOSING INTEREST IN MY EXPLOITS. I THINK I SHALL HAVE TO CARVE OUT A FRESH CAREER AS ONE OF THESE SUBMARINE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS."



Urchin. "GOT A FAG PICKCHER, MISTER SOLDIER?"

Urchin. "GOT A BADGE OR A BUTTON TER GIVE US?"

Urchin. "WELL, THEN, PLEASE CAN YEE TELL ME THE TIME?"

Staff Officer. "No!"

Staff Officer. "NO!"

THE WATCH DOGS.

XLIV.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You will be breathlessly awaiting the narrative of your special correspondent at or very near the Front. I will give you in the approved manner of special correspondents the pen-picture of what I saw, trying to select such words and phrases as will convey to you the tremendousness, the vast size, the enormous proportions and the gigantic dimensions of the fateful conflict which I myself was privileged to watch. In describing it as I saw it I hope I shall strike the fashionable note, even if I leave you in some doubt as to whether it was I who was privileged to see the battle or the battle which was privileged to be seen by me.

Picture to yourself the Department of the Somme as you once knew it, with its wide, open rolling stretches of country and all its habitations and buildings gathered into the little villages. It was upon a ridge of that country (*quantum mutatus ab illo!*) that I took my stand shortly after midnight and waited for what was about to be. I felt isolated from the civilised world and solitary; I could have wished that there had been more people about to

see me doing it. However, the others no doubt had their business also.

It was a unique dawn which we witnessed, the fateful sun rising in the fateful East, and nothing particular occurring in the less fateful West. All was quiet, only an occasional small bird stepping forth to sing its morning ditty and not taking such care with its technique as it would have done if it had been aware that I (amongst others) was listening and making a note of it. Suddenly the appointed hour arrived; the great guns spoke. I do not mean that I and my fellow-correspondents said anything; it was the actual guns that spoke, some with a bang, some with a crash and others with a loud detonation. I had the sensation of a tremendous roaring in my ears, of a huge mass of restless turbulence all about me. Phrases at once suggested themselves. "Thunder of battle" I dismissed as hackneyed. "Cataclysm of human fury" I reserved for a later phase. "Din of doom" has a snap to it. I might quote the words of one whose personality figures more prominently even than my own in this affair: "A Niagara of sound poured ceaselessly in a volume—incomprehensible without distinctions." For once, however, I'll be plain about it: there was a damned noise.

A gun is a wonderful thing. One sees a huge metal tube on wheels managed by small human beings on legs. One day it sits idle on its emplacement, like some great monster stretching its varicoloured trunk in the sun. So innocent and amenable is it then that the gunner will prop his shaving-mirror upon it and place his lather-brush temporarily in the muzzle as he manipulates the razor over his simple, resolute, cheerful face. Anon it will be a thing of fiery action, vibrant with hate, ruthlessly, relentlessly destructive, spitting fire and belching death, two habits which are quite permissible in a gun. From that muzzle, where the lather-brush once so peacefully reposed now pour shells, shells, shells. How they barked, those guns! How the guns spoke! Nay more, they shouted at the top of their voices. However, we had been supplied with cotton-wool to put into our ears, so no great harm was done.

And so the battle went on, and so the fate of nations was put in the balance, and the struggle, of which there can be but one end, was begun between empires, with my cold, if partial, eye upon them. As the what-d'you-call-'ems of old were led by a cloud by day, so the might of England was led forth to the attack upon the

hateful Hun by its cloud also. There was the difference of course that the cloud of the ancients was the gift of Heaven, and our fellows made their own cloud and carried it about with them in cylinders; but that need not interfere with my comparison.

A cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night. A pillar of fire it was indeed, with the flashes of the guns (same old guns) and the gently soaring star of the Verrey light. It was a weird and awful night, as it had been a weird and awful day. Now one moved amongst men and transport of all sorts; for all I had a cheery word of greeting. For the gallant English, "How goes it, my lad?" for the gay Frenchman, "*Comment ça va?*" for the depressed German prisoner, "*Kamerade, tausendmal willkommen.*" Each answered in some appropriate phrase which I have forgotten. Meanwhile the flashes of the guns were more conspicuous than ever by reason of the contrast with the surrounding dark. I do not think I can leave this part of the show—for show it undoubtedly was—without some passing reference to the mouth of hell.

The taking of Mametz and Montauban was not achieved, I should add in postscript, without the intrusion of the personal element. I do not refer so much to myself as to the gallant infantry which took part in the affair. Lancashire labourers, Manchester merchants, Scottish schoolmasters and Tyneside townees (if I may be permitted to refer to them in this familiar manner), what brave, cheerful fellows they seemed to be as they marched past me in fours—always in fours, never in fives or threes. How jocularly they chaffed us as they skipped nimbly out of the way of our home-going car. "—your—eyes!" I heard them calling facetiously to me, and I felt we were at one, I the great spectator, they the pawns of the great game. For all their humble origin and unadvertised identities, never were finer lads than these, and I am proud to have given them such notice in this letter as space and circumstances permit.

Do not, however, conclude that they did nothing but march about in fours. There were times when they were engaged upon other business, and right merrily and well I will believe they did it. But that was their affair; the glamour and excitement of their enterprise were theirs and theirs alone. Through my powerful glasses I could see the rearmost of them starting forth on their voyage of adventure; for the rest they disappeared into the unknown and did their business out of my sight. It was, I say, their affair; my duty



"I HEAR YOU'VE GOT A BERTH IN THE WAR OFFICE. IS IT HARD WORK?"
"NOT AFTER YOU GET IT."

was elsewhere. I had my impressions to form, my sensations to feel, my stirring phrases to coin. For this end I had to stand resolutely at my post on the ridge. (Strictly between ourselves, Charles, it wasn't safe to go too close.)
Yours ever, HENRY.

A New Horticultural Trick.

"The would-be disturbers of public order for political motives have had the grass cut under their feet to the general public's great satisfaction."—*Evening Paper*.

Next week the wind is going to be taken out of their propellers.

"THE HUSBAND'S PLEDGE."

A complaint about the marriage service phrase, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' was made by a speaker at the Women's Congress at Central Hall to-day.

She said that for the future the man should say, 'With half my worldly goods I thee endow,' and be bound legally to keep his pledge."—*Evening Paper*.

It sounds like an invitation to trigamy.

"Girl, cheery, will correspond with lonely refined officers (about 28) at Portsmouth or elsewhere. Confidential."—*To-day*.

And we dare-say each of the twenty-eight will imagine that he is the only one.

"According to the *Berliner Tageblatt* the Prussian Minister of Agriculture has sent a circular to all the district administrators charging them immediately to organise the collection of stinging nettles to be used for weaving. In order to give the organisation its full development free trade in stinging nettles will be restricted, if not forbidden!"

The Times.

We are greatly interested in this revival of the Nessus shirt industry.

"We may say of the City Temple as of that very different shrine, the Sainte Chapelle in Paris:

'Thy saints take pleasure in her stories.'"—*British Weekly*.

The City Temple preachers must be better raconteurs than some other purveyors of anecdotes from the pulpit.

THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

I OUGHT to preface this story by saying that I am a very innocent person. My nature is an unsuspicious one—or, at any rate, it used to be.

Whether it will be so in future is a question, for I have had a baptism of cynicism. But let me tell you about it.

I had dropped into the great Green Cross Sale at Gristie's when D'Arcy Williams came up and stood beside me. D'Arcy Williams is a man about town who knows all.

While we were talking a signed photograph of a Royal Personage was put up for sale, and almost immediately a voice rang out, "One hundred pounds!"

A rustle ran round the room, and all eyes were turned towards the bidder.

"Hullo!" said D'Arcy Williams, "that's Sir Gorgius Midas."

"One hundred and five," said another voice.

"One hundred and ten," said Sir Gorgius instantly.

"One hundred and fifteen," said the other.

"Hullo!" said D'Arcy Williams, "now there'll be some fun."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," he replied, "the other bidder is Sir Jacobus Thruster, and he and Midas are horribly jealous of each other. Now that they've begun they'll never leave it. It'll be as good as a play, mark my words. Why go to the theatre when one can see two *nouveaux riches* getting to grips?"

The bidding rose steadily.

"One hundred and forty pounds," said Sir Gorgius.

"And five," said Sir Jacobus.

"One hundred and fifty," said Sir Gorgius.

"And five," said Sir Jacobus.

Interest was centred in the two protagonists. They were very much alike. Each had a grey suit, with a white slip and white spats and a tall hat. It is, I suppose, a kind of financiers' uniform, and I always wonder who thought of it first. Each looked over-nourished; the hall-marks of heavy lunches were stamped on their plethoric features. Each had long passed the roaring forties and was approaching the uric sixties. They paid no attention to each other, but bid quite automatically, in perfect detachment but full also of purpose.

"Two hundred," said Sir Gorgius.

"And ten," said Sir Jacobus.

The thing had become intensely dramatic, as, of course, a sale by auction can be. STEVENSON knew this, and so did GABORIAU. The whole room was merely a background for the two rivals. It was, in fact, a duel.

The bidding rose to four hundred and ninety when, instead of saying five hundred, Sir Gorgius, by a master stroke of daring, shouted, "A thousand."

"And fifty," said Sir Jacobus, without moving any muscle but those of his lips.

"Eleven hundred," said Sir Gorgius.

"And fifty," said Sir Jacobus.

We drew nearer to them. Not a sound was heard but the bids. And so for a tense hour it went on, during which five figures were reached.

And then suddenly—so suddenly that a number of persons were seriously upset and one lady fainted—Sir Jacobus had a fit. Sir Gorgius had just bid twenty thousand pounds, when, without any warning, Sir Jacobus fell gurgling to the ground. It sounded almost as if his gurgles were an effort to pronounce another bid, but to that neither I nor any one else present can swear. The facts are that Sir Gorgius had just bid twenty thousand and that Sir Jacobus collapsed. He was at once borne from the room.

The auctioneer was concerned but professional. "Any advance on twenty thousand?" he asked.

"Ought we not to postpone the sale until Sir Jacobus recovers?" Sir Gorgius asked. "I should not like to take advantage of his indisposition."

"I don't think so," said the auctioneer.

"But he made an attempt to bid," Sir Gorgius, who, it seemed to me, was a little anxious, insisted.

"I think yours may fairly be considered the last bid, Sir Gorgius," said the auctioneer, dropping his hammer. "I congratulate you, Sir, on your public spirit," and then all applauded.

And that is how the Green Cross benefited to the extent of twenty thousand pounds by the sale of a signed photograph.

A few days later I met D'Arcy Williams in a restaurant.

"Well," I said, "that was a very thrilling experience that we had at Gristie's. I hope Sir Jacobus has recovered."

"Recovered?" he said. "From what?"

"From his fit."

"Bless your soul, he didn't have a fit. He saw that the pace was getting too hot and he retired gracefully."

"Do you mean to say—?" I began.

"Of course I do. Sir Jacobus Thruster wasn't born yesterday. The thing was getting beyond a joke."

"Do you mean to tell me—?" I began again.

"Of course I do," he repeated. "What else could be done? It was just a

question of who thought of it first. Sir Jacobus did, because he is a newer knight than Sir Gorgius; he hasn't had so long to become old and crusted. And he's full of resources too—made his money in South Africa, you know."

For the third time I began, "Do you mean to—?"

"Oh, do please be sensible. When the irresistible force meets the immovable object—what then? Well, obviously, as I say, there had to be a diversion. Otherwise one or the other must have become bankrupt. No doubt Sir Gorgius is pretty sick that he hadn't the presence of mind that Sir Jacobus had; but he ought to be very glad, too, to have got off so cheaply."

"Good heavens!" I said. And though a week and more has passed it is still my only comment.

So now you see why I am less innocent than I was before the Sale.

In a Good Cause.

By the kindness of Sir THOMAS BEECHAM, the proceeds of the first performance of the Russian National Opera, *A Life for the Tsar*, to be given at the Aldwych Theatre on Monday, July 24th, will be devoted to the assistance of the six orphan children of Señor GRANADOS, who, with his wife, was drowned when the passenger steamer, *Sussex*, was torpedoed by a German submarine. This act of murder, which the German Admiralty at first denied and then were compelled to admit, caused a strong outburst of anti-German feeling in Spain. Señor GRANADOS was at the time returning from New York, where the brilliant success of his opera, *Las Goyescas*, had seemed to assure his artistic future.

"SHERBORNE SCHOOL v. M.C.C.

Played at Sherborne on July 5, and resulted in a draw. For M.C.C. A. J. L. Hill batted magnificently. M.C.C. A. J. L. Hill, c. Dreschfeld, b. Windle. 1.—*Daily Paper*.

We understand from those present at the match that this was one of the most stylishly compiled ones that has been seen for some seasons, and it was hard luck for Mr. HILL that he should have been dismissed when only 99 short of his century.

"A dentist who appealed on conscientious grounds said he could not take part in the shedding of human blood."—*Evening News*.

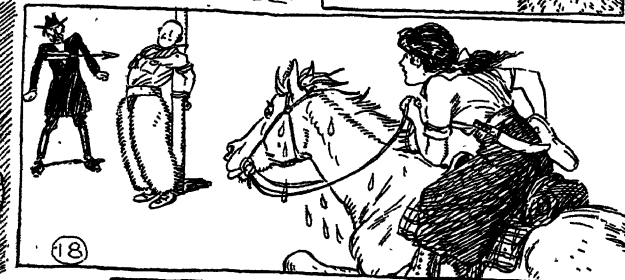
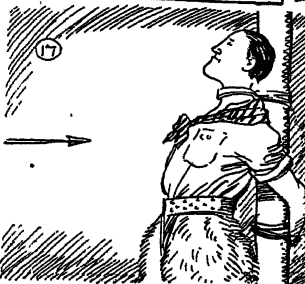
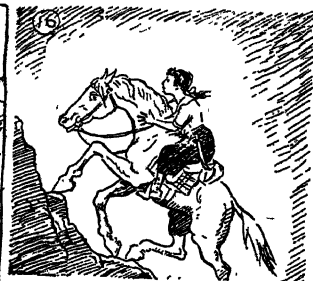
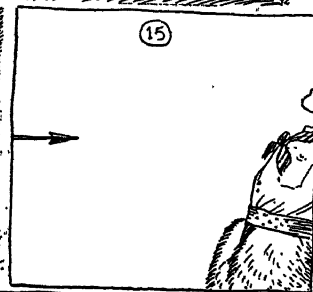
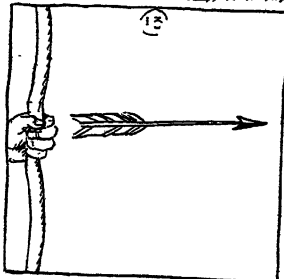
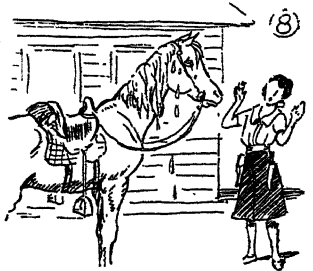
Evidently a man of no extraction.

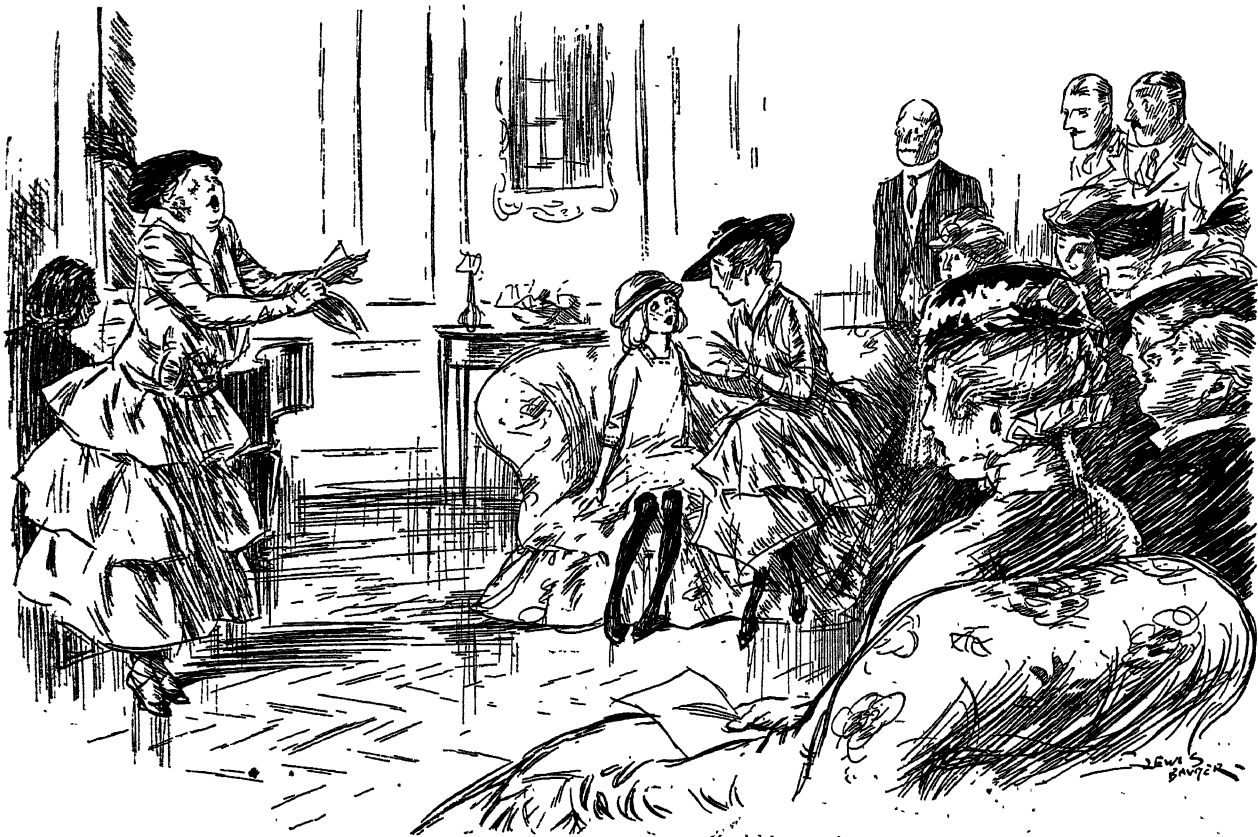
"Prisoners captured by the Italians cried, 'Wassor, wassor,' saying they had had nothing to drink for three days."—*Evening Paper*.

This must be one of the new teetotal drinks.

IN THE NICK.

A THRILLING FILM DRAMA OF THE "MEANWHILE-THE-HEROINE" VARIETY.





Mabel (whose sudden burst of laughter has been hushed by horrified mother). "OH, MUMMY, I AM SORRY. ISN'T IT—ISN'T IT MEANT TO BE FUNNY?"

TRENCH MORTAR TENNIS.

FOUR A.M. Magnificent morning (any morning is when you have been praying for it since eight o'clock the evening before). The night is over. Early tea has come up.

Poop!

Up turn a hundred pairs of eyes. Ah! There goes one of ours over—it's our serve first.

Bang! 15 Hate to us.

The weary O.C. Coy. comes out of his dug-out and asks the inevitable "What was that?"

"Ours, Sir, just gone over."

"Gone over, has it? Good!"

Bang! 30 Hate.

"Ours again, Sir, right in the trench."

"What, our trench?"

"No, Sir, theirs this time." This you must understand is sarcasm, the only recognised form of humour in the very early morning.

Bang! 40 Hate. That ought to wake Fritz up—

Throsh! Throsh! Throsh! Three oilcans are sailing over— Crump! Crump! Crump!

Deuce!

A Sub wanders along in the direction of the crumps. He finds a group vastly amused at something.

"They've blown a sandbag into the tea along there, Sir," says a Sergeant, grinning (one doesn't laugh at 4 A.M.).

"What, spoilt the tea? I don't see anything to laugh at, Sergeant."

"No, Sir, there isn't. Yes, Sir, we've had ours."

Phonk! Phonk! Phonk!

The weary O.C. appears at the door of his kennel. To him comes an angry Sub.

"Will you please ask our gunners not to serve faults into our front line wire, Sir?"

"I'll do better than that," is the weary reply; "I'll ask 'em if they'd like a racquet to help lob 'em over the net."

Nobody smiles. No joke receives proper attention until after the first full meal at least.

Phonk! The missile is soaring majestically over.

"Trench mortar coming, Sir," says the open-mouthed sentry.

"Oh, my Lord, where?" The O.C. arrives quickly.

"Gone over towards Battalion Headquarters, Sir."

Crump!!

Game to Fritz. We always give him the game if he makes H.Q. jump. It's worth it.

Play re-commences. Both sides serve, three at once.

Deuce again? No—one dud to them; 40—30 to us.

Whizz—bang! Something grazes parapet. Let! Have it again. They do.

The game becomes fast and furious. The score on both sides mounts rapidly, but it interests us not—we are doing physical drill ("on the hands down") to keep ourselves fit—and alive.

Suddenly—silence. Nobody speaks. Nobody breathes. *Ommes* regard the sky intently.

The birds begin again—if indeed they ever stopped.

Nothing more doing? No?

No. Sweet, sweet silence on both sides.

Breakfast is up.

"West End Tea House.—Lady wanted to undertake still-room work and assist another lady in keeping clean."—*The Lady*.

Another new profession for women—*"Nettoyage de dames!"*

"GREYNES CURED IN THREE WEEKS."

This advertisement, which we see at the head of several newspaper columns, has clearly not been brought to the attention of the clerk of the weather.



THE BEARERS OF EVIL TIDINGS.

KAISER (*soliloquising*). "I HAVE ALWAYS SAID THAT WAR IS DISTASTEFUL TO ME, AND NOW I MEAN IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 10th.—Some Members of the House of Commons consider that the PRIME MINISTER's famous motto ought to be changed to "Wait and you won't see." For weeks past they have been inundating him with questions regarding the rumoured Irish settlement, and have been met in most cases with a request for postponement. This afternoon they attended in force to have their curiosity satisfied by a comprehensive reply, and went away not much wiser than they came.

MR. ASQUITH made a tactful speech, touching lightly on the doubts in the Cabinet, which had now been dispelled (as MR. LONG's presence on the Treasury Bench after a fortnight's absence sufficiently indicated), and laying much more stress on the gallant deeds of the Ulster division in Picardy. But of definite information as to the coming Bill he was somewhat chary. Save that the Imperial Government would appoint the Judges of the Appeal Court in Dublin and would have exclusive authority over all matters arising out of the War—a provision which, if literally interpreted, will not leave much work for the new Irish Ministry—we learned little that we did not know before.

Of Supplementary Questions, designed to fill in outlines of this somewhat meagre sketch, there was no lack. Most of the questioners were recommended to wait for the Bill. SIR EDWARD CARSON, however, was definitely assured that his six counties would be struck out of the Home Rule Act, and could not be re-included without a fresh Bill; and LORD CLAUD HAMILTON was informed that the Irish Members constituting the new House of Commons in Dublin would continue to sit and vote at Westminster. Members from England and Scotland discreetly veiled their enthusiasm at this prospect.

The House then settled down to discuss the Small Holdings (Colonies) Bill, by which it is proposed to expend some £300,000 on the purchase of 8,000 acres for the settlement of ex-soldiers on the land. This revival of "New Men and Old Acres" did not please the critics. Some, like the evergreen MR. JESSE COLLINGS, objected to the proposal to make the soldier-farmers merely ten-

ants: the magic of ownership was necessary to create a true Imperial Yeomanry. The general view was that the Bill was far too small an attempt—"piffing," somebody called it—to grapple with a great problem. It was read a second time, but is likely to have a stormy passage through Committee.

Tuesday, July 11th.—MR. ASQUITH deprecates any discussion at the present time of the Hardinge Commission Report. Having regard to its findings

MR. BIRRELL, and thought that "if he had been sent to govern San Marino there would have been a revolution in a week"—an involuntary tribute to the self-restraint of Ireland, which stood him for nine years.

Bending before the storm, LORD CREWE was meekly apologetic. He did not deny the Government's inactivity, but pleaded that if successful it would have been deemed "masterly." Their object had been to back the Girondins against the Jacobins, and not to give the Left Centre an excuse for joining the Extreme Left—a policy which justifies the description of Irish Government as *gaucherie en extremis*.

I fancy LORD LANSDOWNE did not much relish this style of defence. A little later he joined in the fray, and told the Peers a great deal more about the new scheme of Home Rule than the Commons had been allowed to learn. An Irish Minister responsible to Parliament would be appointed, and with him would be associated a capable military officer with a sufficient force to maintain order. By way of a beginning the carrying of arms in Ireland without a military permit would at once be prohibited, and, as Irish juries would not do their duty, resident magistrates would be utilised under the provisions of the Crimes Act. If there be truth in the saying that anyone can govern in a state of siege, the success of MR. REDMOND's coming Ministry appears to be assured.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE was absent from his place to-day. It seems that by his translation from the Ministry of Munitions to the War Office he has come under the mysterious provisions of the Statute

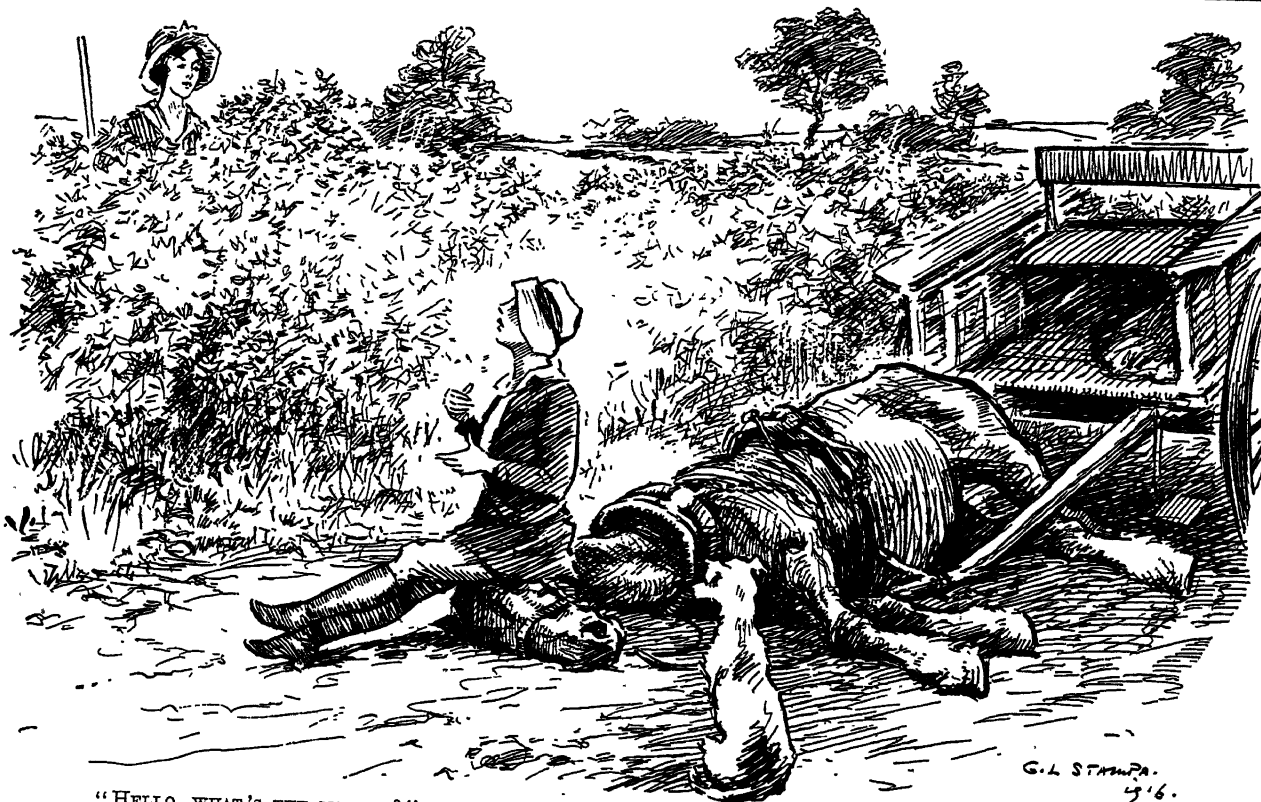
of ANNE, and must in the ordinary course submit himself for re-election. Meantime, as MR. TENNANT has also retired to seek re-election, and LORD DERBY is upstairs, the whole burden of answering War Office questions falls upon the shoulders of the FINANCIAL SECRETARY. With his gracious appearance, gentle voice and courteous manner MR. FORSTER does not at first sight seem quite the man to deal with the blatant bores who pester his department. But the steel beneath the velvet glove is finely tempered in every sense of the word, and so far he has been quite equal to his new task. Perhaps his refusal to furnish the name



WINSTON (sheathing his Sunday-paper weapon in his best Blenheim manner). "AFTER ALL, SOME SAY 'THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.'"

his reluctance is easily intelligible. But his writ does not run in the House of Lords, which accordingly spent an enjoyable afternoon in raking over the misdeeds of the Irish Executive since the unhappy day, ten years ago, when, by allowing the Peace Preservation Act to lapse, they dropped their arms and allowed everybody else to pick them up.

The strength of LORD ANCASTER's indictment was partially concealed by his eminently aristocratic accent. LORD CAMPERDOWN was briefer and bluffer: in his opinion the late Chief Secretary "never tried to govern Ireland." LORD PEEL, too, was very severe on



"HELLO, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"I'VE BEEN SITTING ON HIS HEAD FOR EVER SO LONG, AND HE DOESN'T GET UP. I THOUGHT THEY ALWAYS DID."

"PERHAPS YOU'RE NOT HEAVY ENOUGH. I'LL COME AND SIT WITH YOU."

of the young aviator who brought down IMMELMANN was a little too "official" in tone, but I suspect it will be appreciated by the officer in question, who belongs to a corps "which does not advertise."

Wednesday, July 12th.—Hardly had Lord HALDANE opened his mouth to call attention to the training of the nation when the Duke of BUCCLEUCH jumped up with the suggestion that the Noble Viscount should begin by explaining how he came to mislead Great Britain on the German danger. In the strict sense of the word this was impertinent, yet I fear it expressed the opinion of more than one of the attendant peers.

It takes more than a duke, however, to knock Lord HALDANE off his oratorical perch, and he proceeded, very little perturbed, to deliver his famous lecture on the defects of British education. Patience rather than enthusiasm marked the demeanour of the audience, and though Lord CROMER and Lord BRYCE gave a general support to the lecturer neither of them was prepared to admit, in the face of what this country had accomplished, that British education was so far behind that of Germany as he had suggested.

In the course of yesterday's debate Lord PEEL let fall the remark that in the Irish negotiations Sir EDWARD

CARSON had acted rather as an Ulster leader than as a British statesman. Whether Sir EDWARD took this as a compliment or otherwise I do not know; but at any rate, although on the 12th of July he might have been expected to emphasize the Ulster side of his dual personality, he was very much the British statesman, and quite took charge of the Opposition.

First he attacked the PRIME MINISTER for his reticence in regard to the Mesopotamian operations, and announced his intention of bringing the Government to book next week if they did not make full disclosure. Next he accused them of dilatoriness in tackling the question of Parliamentary registration. Then, changing his tone, he chaffed them genially over the blunder which had necessitated the introduction of a Bill to save Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (and, as it turns out, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL as well) from the pains and penalties of the Statute of ANNE. Finally, with the help of Mr. CHURCHILL (who was taking a brief respite from his journalistic labours) he succeeded in inducing the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to re-consider his proposal to tax insurance-premiums.

Thursday, July 13th.—Mr. REDMOND is not among those Members who com-

plain that the PRIME MINISTER's statement on Ireland was not clear enough. He greatly prefers the nebulous obscurity of Mr. ASQUITH's original sketch to the sharp outlines of Lord LANS-DOWNE's more finished drawing.

In the absence of the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. BONAR LAW made no attempt to dispose of Mr. REDMOND's bombshell; and Mr. ASQUITH, when at last he arrived, explained that he had been busy with missiles of a more urgent kind, and announced that munition-workers would be asked to defer their promised holidays in August in order that their brothers at the Front might continue to batter the Hun.

The Re-election of Ministers Bill passed through all its remaining stages, though not without a good deal of opposition from below the Gangway, where the prospect of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL being mulcted in penalties of £130,000 appeared to give unholy joy. When the division was taken, however, the friends of the common informer mysteriously melted away, and Mr. HOGGE and Mr. WATT, self-named as their tellers, found that the "Noes" were left in a minority of nought.

A Sinecure.

"NURSE (Head); 40; thoroughly experienced infant; £36."—Times.

THE VANISHING TRICK.

It was the after-luncheon hour at the Club. For a man of resourceful mind and sound digestion, Franklin was looking strangely depressed.

"Well, old man," I said, "I suppose the War gets on your nerves in spite of recent progress?"

"Yes," he said, "the War—and other things."

"For example?"

"Oh, I don't manage to do the right thing, somehow; I'm so careless or forgetful or something. I forgot it was Mildred's birthday this morning."

"Ah, that's pretty bad," I said. "But cheer up. She's almost sure to have another one next year."

"I suppose it's the anniversary of our wedding and her birthday coming so soon after one another," he said, "that makes me forget one of them. They're not near enough for one present to do for both, you see. If I'd not been so careless I'd have thought of this when we were engaged, and got married about three weeks earlier than I did." He sighed. "And I was very artful this morning, too. Just a little more foresight and I'd have won through."

"I'm afraid this is beyond me," I said. "Is the sudden change in the weather affecting you?"

"No, it was like this," he said. "Our dog has the run of the ground-floor of our place at night, except that he isn't allowed in the dining-room."

"Where the silver might be," I said. "A very sensible arrangement."

"Where the silver might be," he said, "but where it isn't, owing to the War. Please don't interrupt."

I ordered several things from the waiter. Franklin's innings looked like lasting for a considerable time.

"I didn't remember," he continued, "that I'd forgotten her birthday till about five o'clock this morning, and I suppose my brain, being pretty fresh, worked well. At any rate I thought of a great scheme, so good in fact that I nearly shook the bed laughing at it."

"Husbands," I said, "who laugh to themselves in the early hours of the morning deserve all the cross-questioning they get. Go on."

"Mildred was fast asleep, so I got up and crept as noiselessly downstairs as I could, put a large plate on the dining-room table, placed a chair by the table, left the dining-room door open and crept back to bed again. See the idea?"

"Where had you been the evening before?"

"Nowhere. But I stayed up in the dining-room reading after Mildred went to bed, and she would expect me to make

'all the best' and that kind of thing, came downstairs with her, and asked her to step into the dining-room to see the little surprise I had for her. We don't breakfast there. We breakfast in the morning-room, you know; it's so sunny."

"Well?" I said.

"When we got into the dining-room I stared at the empty plate, uttered a few suitable words, and, crowning touch of all—though it went sadly against the grain—I kicked the dog, which had come into the room with us. It's a biggish dog, too."

"And the dog conscientiously objected?"

"No," he said. "It played up admirably; slunk out of the room with its tail between its legs, the image of guilt. And, to complete the picture, I said in an agonized tone, 'Oh, my beautiful birthday cake; one of Bustard's best.'"

"Then what ruined the comedy?" I asked.

"Why," he said, "she noticed at once what only a woman would have given a thought to."

"And that was?"

"That the plate was thick with dust," he said sadly. "I'd taken the top one from the pile. Confound the lethargy of servants!"

A Tower of Strength.

"Lieutenant-Commander C. G. Robinson towed the *Warrior* for seventy-five miles between May 31 and June 1."—*Daily Mirror*.

"What porridge had Sir John Keats?" demanded Browning in fine indignation."

Evening Paper.

Sir ROBERT'S indignation was doubtless excited by the discovery that the line would not scan.

How War-poets are made.

Extract from an article on the new Military Service Act:—

"It has not lost its character of inflicting severe bardship upon individuals."

Provincial Paper.

A Felicitous Juxtaposition.

"SUMMER FASHIONS IN BERLIN. THE HORRORS OF WAR."

Egyptian Gazette.

"THE SATURDAY WESTMINSTER
The Paper of the Man WHO THINKS."
Westminster Gazette.

Is not this a little derogatory to the other issues of the same paper?



Mr. Punch adjures his readers to attend this very attractive "Fair Party," which is to be held, under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, in grounds kindly lent by Sir Robert Perks between Palace Gardens and Kensington Gardens, on Friday, July 21st, from 3 to 9 p.m.

any preparations for a birthday surprise before coming upstairs, and I counted on this."

"I begin to see," I said. "The plate was to look as though it had contained your offering, and the dog was to be supposed to have eaten it? A piece of steak, eh? Meat ranks with jewellery now as a gift. Splendid idea!"

"No, you idiot," said Arthur. "It was a birthday cake."

"Well, I guessed food all right. And why didn't it come off? Badly stage-managed, I suppose?"

"Beautifully stage-managed—up to a point," he said. "I wished my wife



First Cavalry Man (to pal with sand-bag). "WELL, BILL, HOW DO YOU LIKE JOININ' THE INFANTRY?"

Second ditto. "INFANTRY BE BLOWED! WE'VE JOINED THE BLOOMIN' MULES, AND THIS IS MY PACK. THEY'LL BE FEEDIN' US OUT OF NOSEBAGS NEXT!"

LYRA DOMESTICA.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

In tranquil mid-Victorian days, the days when I was young,
With meritorious landscapes the drawing-room was hung;
There were Landseers in abundance, in all his moods and
styles,

And types of English beauty depicted by FRANK MILES;
And photographic albums and gift-books richly bound
In calf upon the tables were generally found.

The furniture was massive; there was a Broadwood grand,
And BEETHOVEN'S sonatas upon the music-stand.

It was, in fine, a serious place, our fathers' drawing-room,
Decorous and impressive, but not devoid of gloom;
And no one was admitted till day was on the wane,
Except my schoolgirl sisters, Amelia and Jane;
They went there in the morning to practise at their scales,
Instructed by a mistress who rapped their finger-nails.
Tea was a solemn function, when visitors were there,
And we were sometimes summoned, dressed with especial
care,

For we were not entirely forbidden to intrude
Upon those sacred precincts or utterly tabooed.
Here too on great occasions, when guests were entertained,
While at their port and walnuts the gentlemen remained,
The ladies talked of babies, and each extolled her brood
Until their lords rejoined them, mellowed by wine and food.
And then some hapless damsel would warble to the harp,
But, whether she was tuneful or sang a trifle sharp,
It really didn't matter, for everybody talked
And only talked the louder the louder that she squawked.

But oh! what wondrous changes in fashion's curious code
Are seen in mid-Victorian sobriety's abode!

The meritorious landscapes and portraits all have gone,
And LANDSEER'S stags and gillies yield to AUGUSTUS JOHN.
The gilt-edged calf-bound gift-book somewhere in limbo
dwells,

Supplanted by the volumes of BENNETT, SHAW and WELLS.
MASEFIELD has banished WORDSWORTH, and TENNYSON'S
"na poo,"

Dislodged by Sir RABINDRA and MARSH'S Georgian crew.
There's still a grand piano, but it isn't played by hand,
And only rag-time records adorn the music-stand.

The chairs, unlike the pictures, don't ask you to sit up,
And they're fitted with attachments for ash-tray or for cup.
In short, the old apartment, once as cheerless as a tomb,
Is changed into a mixture of lounge and smoking-room.

'Tis the playground of the elders and the pampered
Pekinese,

For the children aren't admitted to such favoured haunts
as these;

And they really don't resent it, for Sieglinde and Elaine
Unathletic recreations view with absolute disdain.

* * * * *
I acknowledge, in conclusion, that my random lines apply
To the ante-bellum period, otherwise they read awry.
Now the drawing-room's a workroom or a convalescent
ward,

And no more the habitation of the idle or the bored.

Decadence in Greece.

"ATHÈNES, 26 Juin.
Le décret royal de la démoralisation a été promulgué ce soir."
La-Verité (Port Said).

"Hard Tack."

"The Food Prices Regulation Commission . . . considered the
question of the fixing of the price of cement."—Australian Paper.

A DOG WHO IS DOING HIS BIT.

Roy wandered slowly down the village street, ginger-coloured and disconsolate. Some curious thing called "War" had snatched away his jolly young master to a place called Egypt. Opposite the Village Institute, which was now called a "Hospital," he stood still to ponder. Suddenly a voice hailed him, "Hullo, old sport, what's up with you?" and he saw a group of men entering the gateway. Roy was surprised to see so many men so tired, and they walked so slowly; perhaps they were lonely too.

He followed them. At the door he was met by a smell of aggressive cleanliness, recalling to his mind that terrible time for dogs known as "Spring-cleaning"; but he went bravely on and hid beneath a table. Here there reached him sounds of cheerful man-talk so comforting to his lonely heart that he peered out with a shaggy smile and thumped his stumpy tail vigorously in token of friendship. This advance met with a prompt and, to him, surprising response. In the midst of an uproarious welcome he became suddenly involved in an exciting game of hide-and-seek with the nurses, which game he continued to play at intervals, until he became in course of time accepted as the "Hospital Dog." He now adopts impartially all the men who pass through "his" hospital, for they always seem to him a little lonely at first, and he was once a very lonely little dog.

Recently Roy's master returned on leave. He found no Roy at home to greet him. He went out and whistled shrilly. Soon, hurtling down the road from the Hospital, came a bundle of red fur; with delighted barks and whimpers it sprang into its master's arms.

When the first excitement abated Roy followed his master into his old home; but there he stood still and once more pondered. Gazing with all his dog's soul in his eyes, he beheld his master looking bronzed and well and whole. The friends he had left were neither whole nor well, and with an uneasy mind he remembered that the less whole and well they were the more they seemed to need the comfort of his wet nose and shaggy smile.

Standing stiffly, he resisted all blandishments and invitations to come and lie down; then with a pathetic look of apology at the kind and well-loved

master whom he was deserting, he turned tail and went soberly back to the Hospital, where he has since remained, only paying occasional short visits of courtesy to his master.

THE GRIEVANCE-MONGER.

ONE might have thought that the War would have ended the Man with a Grievance, and certainly it has in great measure submerged him. But he still survives. My elderly friend Hebblethwaite represents a comparatively innocuous variety of the type, and I suspect him of cultivating the practice of petty grievance-mongering as a cloak for his deeper feelings or, to change the metaphor, as a sort of safety-valve. The other day he was eloquent on the subject of railway mismanagement, because at a station some

on, but the conductor, who was giving out tickets inside, shouted to him, 'Full outside.' The aged one, however, was not going to retire, but held on at the door. Then in rapid succession three ladies got in. Two gentlemen at once rose to offer their seats near the door and stood in the passage-way, and the elderly man, who was sitting further down, forestalled me by following their example.

"At this juncture the aged one, finding his position difficult when the conductor had gone back to his post pushed in and made his way to the far end. The youngest (and prettiest) of the ladies present got up and offered him her seat, and of course I got up and offered her mine. But she wouldn't accept it, the aged man wouldn't sit down, and, to mend matters, three more ladies got in and completely blocked the other end."

"Well," I asked, "what did you do?"

"Do? Why, I got out with considerable difficulty and walked all the rest of the way into the City. The whole system is rotten. They oughtn't to let people in when the bus is full. Able-bodied women oughtn't to oust old men from their seats and young and charming girls ought not to usurp the privileges of the other sex. I wrote at once to *The Times* about it, but they haven't printed my letter; they never do."

Hebblethwaite was so excited about it that if you didn't happen to know him you might think he had nothing better to do than to grouse about trifles. As a matter of fact he puts me to the blush by his indomitable energy as a war-worker—chairman of a big hospital, member of endless committees, and special constable. And with three sons on the Western Front he is fairly entitled to distract his thoughts with the luxury of inventing grievances.

Remarkable Results in Daylight Saving.

"Till after the 20th of the month twilight lasts all night in this neighbourhood. During the month the mornings decrease 34 minutes, and the evenings 29 minutes, the length of the day being 25 hours 26 minutes on the 31st at Finchley."—*Suburban Paper*.

"Dr. Meyer was in his happiest mood, and in his closing words of thanks did not forget to include the charwoman who cleaned the church, as well as the Lord Mayor."

Christian World.

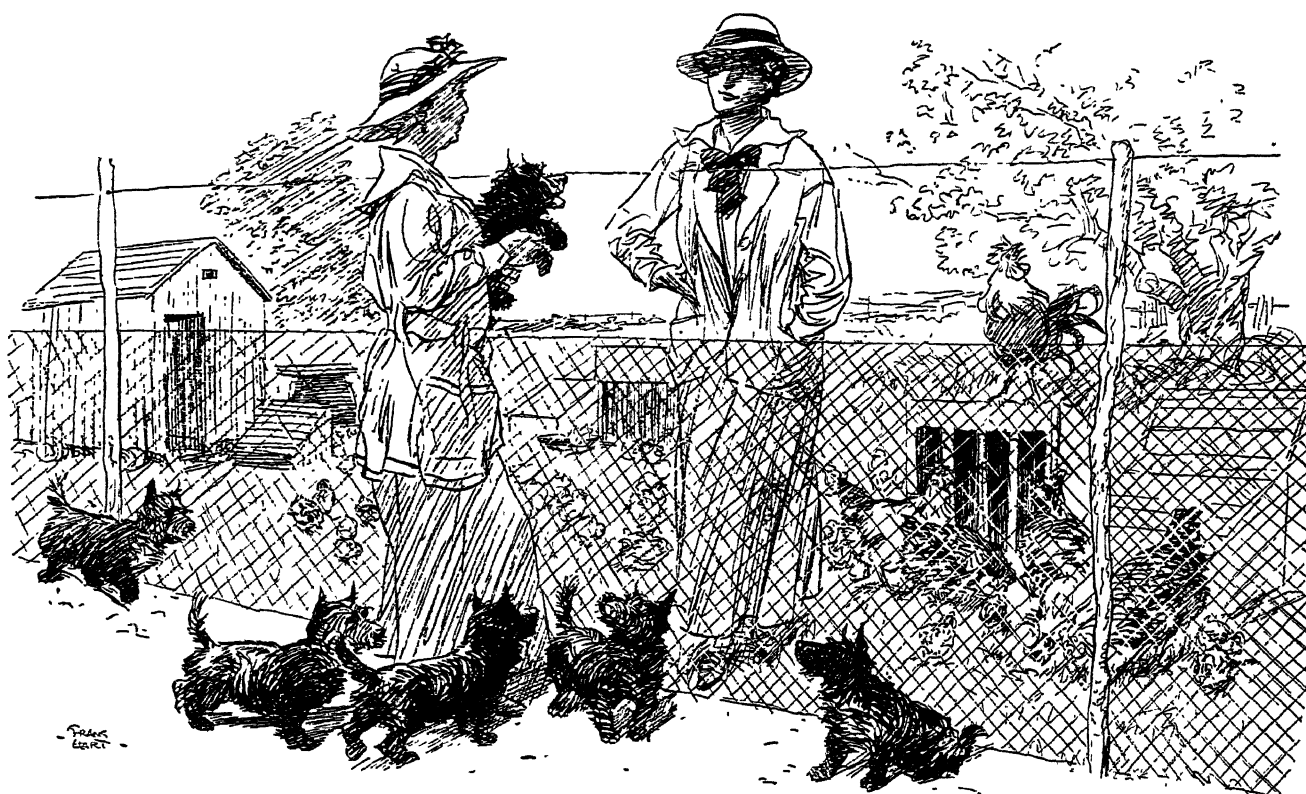
For this double duty she deserved some soft soap.



"NO THANK YOU, MISS. I'VE JUST BOUGHT ONE IN THE TOWN."

twenty miles from London, near to where he spends his week-ends, he constantly sees a down train passing through, with only a single passenger, a girl in a pink dress, in the seven or eight carriages of which it is composed. I tried to comfort him with the assurance that the train was probably crowded on its return journey, but it was of no avail. The girl in pink stuck in his gizzard. But a few days ago his discontent with metropolitan bus traffic management was even more vocal. I give in his own words the incident which especially aroused his wrath.

"You know," said Hebblethwaite, "that I live in Addison Road, and come into the City by motor-bus. Well, yesterday morning I boarded a bus which was full outside but only half full within, and took my seat at the far end. At Kensington Church we filled up, mostly with able-bodied ladies, the last to get in being an elderly man of about my age. A little further on an extremely aged gentleman, who looked about eighty, hailed the driver and got



Successful Poultry Farmer. "YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT A DIFFERENCE THESE INCUBATORS MAKE. WE CAN HATCH OUT TWO TO THREE HUNDRED CHICKS EVERY WEEK."

Champion Dog Breeder. "GOOD GRACIOUS! HOW EVER DO YOU MANAGE TO FIND NAMES FOR THEM ALL?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF the authors of *The Wind's Will* (CASSELL) had been able to keep up the captivating charm of its opening pages, I think I should have put it among the most delightful romances that ever I read. And even though there happened inevitably some little decline from the first buoyancy, it remains a most fragrant and happy tale, the best thing certainly, to my mind, that AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE have yet given us. The scene of it is Paris, after Waterloo, and the protagonists are *Captain Geoffrey Swifte* (later, through unlooked-for bereavements, my *Lord Maldon*), his proud and calculating cousin, *Augusta*, and *Colinette*, the peasant daughter of a flower farm at St. Cloud. Add to these *Augusta's* chosen suitor, *Sir John Armeston*, and a delightful young-hearted old lady, the *Dowager Lady Maldon*, and you have not only the entire cast, but also, to an experienced reader, the plot as well. At first I thought to myself what a jolly costume-comedy the book would make. But then again I thought no, seeing that the material of it is not so new but that, removed from the fresh breeze that blows through the telling, it might show a considerable deal of dust. But that wind, and the scent and movement and frolic of it, constitute nothing less than a triumph for the clever authors, upon which (holding on to my hat the while) I make them my best congratulatory bow.

Of the European publicists whom the War has made familiar to English readers, the name of no one carries more authority than that of Dr. E. J. DILLON. Therefore such a volume as he has just issued, *Ourselves and Germany* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is certain beforehand of a large and

attentive audience. Moreover, Dr. DILLON has had the good wit to secure for his book an introduction by the Man of the Moment—need I explain that this means Mr. W. M. HUGHES? Short, trenchant and admirably expressed, this brief appreciation by the Prime Minister of Australia is by no means the least valuable part of a remarkable book. Dr. DILLON, of course, writes about the affairs of Europe with the authority of intimate and personal contact. As Mr. HUGHES well says, he "knows those who lead the warring nations in this titanic conflict very much better than ordinary men know their own townsmen." And because of this knowledge he has many things to say that will perhaps startle some of us, even now, to hear. He is no prophet of smooth things. In particular, the craft of the enemy, his strength and his tremendous driving power towards a long-planned end, are all fully understood by the writer. Read his story of the years of German foundation-laying. Read the chapters upon past and present Italian policy. It may be—indeed it is inevitable—that not everyone will agree with all the writer's deductions; but no one can deny that his book is a profoundly stimulating one, if only (again to quote Mr. HUGHES) as "keying all men to a sense of the great events in which we are taking part."

It is rare enough to meet in a modern novel a group consisting entirely of quiet pleasant people; much rarer, it would seem, than in real life, which is nothing like so drab as it is now commonly painted; rare enough indeed to be something of a treat. *Contrary Mary* (DUCKWORTH), by TEMPLE BAILEY, contrives this air of general goodwill without being too dull. *Mary* is a nice young thing of Washington, U.S.A. Rich red-headed *Peter* loves her. So does iron-grey-headed decently-poor *Roger*, who has already

been a husband and a clergyman without much success in either part. *Mary* is out for independence, so it be seasoned by the perpetual prospect of eager men kept waiting around hungering to be allowed to take care of her—a maiden, in short, of the have-it-both-ways brigade. *Mary* doesn't approve of failure, so *Roger*, his soul tempered by her bright eyes, takes up his old mission-work in a new environment, and this time wins out. *Peter*, lapsing unaccountably from his reputation as a decent sort, behaves badly before he behaves well again, and everybody takes *Roger's* harmless little past much too seriously. Everybody of course includes *Roger* himself, who is of the tribe that obstinately reserves its defence till the penultimate chapter and has a honeymoon in the last. Such is the end ordained for him in the company of a *Mary* duly converted out of contrariness. A wholesome little pleasantries altogether.

What Miss MILLS YOUNG really needs is a candid friend, someone who, having first earned the right to be believed by saying frankly some things she really ought to be told, could go on to enjoy the luxury of making a number of very pleasant remarks with the more authority. In regard to *The Bywonner* (LANE) he would begin, I imagine, by pronouncing that the plot of the story is a little weak and scattered; that he, at any rate, is tired of hearing of poor but beautiful *Adelas* led astray by deceiving villains; further, that he cannot help feeling that a hero whose love, however faithful in itself, lands him in too good a thing financially on the last page drops a little of his romance; and finally, that while lots of writers can moralise prettily and even at considerable length Miss MILLS YOUNG is not one of the very few who can put much novelty and charm into that process.

Having done his duty in these matters the candid friend could then begin to refer to the characterisation of the author's people, not one of whom is the least bit a peg on which to hang an atmosphere, and to the easy simplicity with which she contrives to create that satisfying impression of a South Africa as it really is which one has always associated with her work. One feels of all her characters, not only the *Bywonner* himself, the "poor-white" no-good Englishman, but of his son and ill-fated daughter and of everybody in the little circle whose lives they touch, that a real person is being renewed, not manufactured, in these pages; and this in a setting of local colour which impresses without ever becoming burdensome.

The World-Mender (HUTCHENSON) is, as the title suggests, an ambitious novel. We move in an atmosphere of politics, and those of us, at any rate, who are immeasurably weary of perfervid politicians will rejoice that MAXWELL GRAY's motto, as far as she has one, is "let your moderation be known to all men." There seems just now to be a

mild boom in heroes of humble origin, and *George Darrell* is another, and a striking, example of the kind. In all his efforts to repair the world I can follow him with ease, but I am compelled to add that his love-affairs, and especially the one that ended in his marriage, leave me a little incredulous. Indeed, it is only because of incidents which are out of keeping with the lofty theme of the main story that I am prevented from hailing *The World-Mender* as a triumphant success. At the worst we have here a harvest of thought in which the wheat is a far more robust growth than the weeds.

If Romance really means the impossible actions and unlikely words of highly improbable people, then is *The Flower of Sleep* (PAUL), by Dr. J. MORGAN-DE-GROOT, indeed romantic. It would appear that *Catherine*, only

daughter of Colonel Covington, R.A.M.C. (alleged on the very slenderest evidence to be a specialist in sleeping sickness), went to bathe in a lonely African pool, and after her bath carelessly fell asleep in her canoe (and in absolutely nothing else) under the full glare of a tropical sun; and, as it happened, under the eye of *Kar-rar*, warrior chief of an undiscovered tribe of excellent Phœnician stock. This light-brown worthy, an idealist with a dream that his race is destined to become quite white, drugs the fair maiden with the *Flower of Sleep*, found *passim* in those parts, and carries her off to his kraal. Thence a popular aviator, who, doing a Cape to Cairo trip, has engine trouble just in that darkest corner of the Dark Continent, promptly rescues and as promptly marries her; only to find to his annoyance that her firstborn is not his but the child of *Kar-rar*. On all of which and much more to as unlikely effect, *Kar-rar-ah-boomdeay!* seems a reasonable comment.



THE CLIMATE.

Jones. "HULLO, BROWN! GRAND WEATHER. GOT YOUR TENNIS RACKETS?"

Brown (stung). "NO—SNOW-SHOES!"

Literary Intelligence.

"Q.—Will you kindly insert in your column the name of the author and publisher of 'The Sparrows of Satan'?—Fred M. A.—The author is Marie Cornelli."—*Saskatoon Star* (Canada).

"The Acting Governor mentioned the generous offer of the International Health Assn. to send an expert and staff to Fiji to combat the Tootworm disease."—*The Fiji Times*.

We are sorry to hear that the crawling taxi has got to Fiji.

"And that ain't all." He was so much in earnest that he forgot to correct his grammar."

Somebody else seems to have been so much in earnest that he forgot to correct his spelling.

"By the side of this souvenir is a collecting box, in which contributions may be dropped to assist wounded sailors. Eggs are accepted also."—*Provincial Paper*.

Hard-boiled, we trust.

CHARIVARIA.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, who says that it is not enough to vanquish the Germans on land and on sea, insists that "we must drag out the fangs with which, if they have the power, they will mercilessly strangle our poor." Personally we would go further, and amputate the mailed fist with which they would trample us to death.

King FERDINAND OF BULGARIA, as we gather from correspondence recently published in the Press about his membership of the B.O.U., is an ardent ornithologist. At the present time, it is believed, he is engrossed in an absorbing study of the "Whip-poor-Will."

The United States has purchased the Danish West Indies for £5,000,000. Another German dream of Empire shattered!

The '48 party which has just been formed in the Hungarian Diet will vote on internal questions, says the report, with the Extreme Right. On matters connected with the War its members will, of course, continue in alignment with the Badly Left.

The report that the Tower of London is cracked need cause no alarm. They have been saying the same thing of several Government offices for a long time.

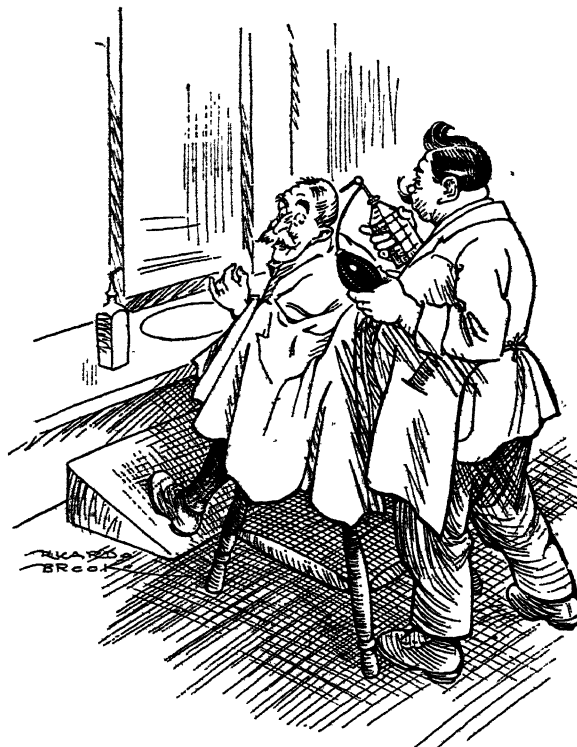
An unprecedented sum has just been paid for a Welsh manuscript of the works of that famous "manufacturer of English history," GEOFFREY of Monmouth. The fact that after all these years another distinguished Welshman is working in the same line of goods probably accounts for the extreme interest shown in the sale.

An applicant for the exemption of his son informed the Tribunal that he himself had grown so corpulent that he was unable to crawl inside ovens, and that this part of the work had now to be done by the younger man. An ingenious but unsuccessful attempt was made by the Military Representative to secure the dismissal of the appeal on the grounds that the son would be better employed in serving his country as a "pull-through."

According to counsel in the Bow County Court, "the best known cure

for rheumatism is to have the teeth out." Counsel's opinion on the matter is however contemptuously rejected by an old lady of our acquaintance, who says that her rheumatism grows steadily worse in spite of the fact that she has had her teeth out every night for the last fifteen years.

An evening paper directs attention to a Shakspearean performance given at Spetchley Park, Worcester, in a garden "in which many of the plants and flowers mentioned by Shakspeare are to be found." Of even greater interest,



THE RULING PASSION.

Barber. "SPRAY, SIR?"
Motorist. "JUST A TOOT."

if we may say so, would be a definite assurance from the same authoritative source that the sun mentioned by SHAKSPEARE shone on the entertainment.

We are informed by *The Daily Sketch* that a pension of £1 per week has been assigned to the oldest citizen of Czernovitz, aged 166, who "remembers the end of the Napoleonic wars"; and that special precautions have been taken to protect him and his daughter, aged 90, from all the turmoils of war. We understand that the daughter inherits her father's marvellous memory and can recall events that happened when she was 65.

Signs of reprisal are already appear-

ing, if we may believe the statement of a contemporary to the effect that "the room of a German colonel, the highest rank at Donington, contained a tiny iron cot bedstead, covered with four blankets, a chest of drawers, a washstand, a cheap mirror, and a plain wood table." Most uncomfortable.

In a report of Lord D'ABERNON'S speech at the opening of the Gretna Tavern *The Manchester Guardian* states that "the insufficiency of the existing facilities for obtaining refreshments owing to the presence of thousands of new yorkers in the district was the principal reason, he said, why the Board had initiated the scheme." It is odd that no comment should have been provoked in the Press by this invasion of thirsty Americans.

"Allies stormed the village of Hem, and captured the farm of Monacu, with 422 prisoners."

Evening Despatch (Birmingham).

This disposes of the notion that no quarter was allowed.

"God Almighty steeled your arms and kept your eyes clear, but I, your supreme Word Lord, thank you from the bottom of my heart in the name of the Fatherland."

Auckland Star (N.Z.).

Quite the most apt name the KAISER has yet given himself.

"Signs of brewing trouble, especially among the Slavs and in the Magyar districts, have become noticeable. The Hungarian Press is irritated and full of bitter allusions."

The Times.

These bitter allusions are common in cases of brewing trouble.

"It is a lurid comment on our dealings with our heroes that in the twenty-fourth month of the year it should be necessary for local Authorities to press on the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

Evening Paper.

It is also a sad commentary upon daylight saving.

"Germany will not lack men during the summer campaign but the best element is the 1817 class which will not go far to make good the losses in the approaching struggle."

Calcutta Englishman.

These veterans have wonderful staying power, but fortunately there cannot be very many of them.

"At Birmingham the measles epidemic is decreasing, French cases last week numbering 291, against 303 in the previous week."

Morning Paper.

We tender thanks to a large number of correspondents who have called attention to the above passage with the remark that we seem to have got rid of the German variety.

THE ARCH-PRIEST.

THRICE welcome, KAISER, to the battle's rear,
Where, from a shell-proof distance, you propose
With clarion lungs to breathe celestial cheer
Into an army battered by its foes;
For we have proved that, just when you expect
To duplicate the weary Hun's endeavour,
Your presence has the opposite effect
And things go worse than ever.

Nor do we fear your fancy's latest flight,
When, with a travelling pulpit for a perch,
You teach your chaplains (dressing by the right)
The doctrines of a Prusso-Christian Church;
Showing, by your own pure ideal of war
Where love alone must triumph, how the Sermon
Preached on the Mount might well be taken for
The utterance of a German.

"The devil was sick; the devil a monk would be;"
But till he felt that horrid ache inside
He took no interest in the rosary
Or knotted cords to corrugate his hide;
So, while in Belgium's innocent blood you trod
And of her temples made a heap of rubble,
The need to make your peace some day with God
Gave you no sort of trouble.

Now you repent and take a pious dope,
And give your bands a rest from hymns of hate,
And bid your priests renew their faith and hope,
And all in saintly language—two years late;
For God, remembering, turns His face away
From lips that with their high vows loosely palter,
Nor takes from unclean hands the gift they lay
Upon His holy altar. O. S.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(TSAR FERDINAND OF BULGARIA and the SULTAN OF TURKEY.)

Ferdinand. Yes, there's no doubt of it, MEHMED, old man, things are looking very queer.

The Sultan. Oh, don't say that, FERDINAND. You can't have a notion how uncomfortable you make me feel.

Ferdinand. Well, you can figure it out for yourself. It isn't my saying so that makes things queer; it's the things themselves that are queer, and you and I may just as well realise it while there's time.

The Sultan. Oh dear, oh dear, what shall we do? Do you think it's any good having a word with FRANCIS JOSEPH or the German All-Highest? They might be able to suggest something.

Ferdinand. Not they. They've got their hands as full as they can hold. As for FRANCIS JOSEPH, he's absolutely dead to the world, and everybody except himself knows it. You can't keep on losing I don't know how many thousands of prisoners and hundreds of guns and miles and miles of territory, and then ask people to believe that you're doing it all because you want to, and because that's the new patent way of winning battles. People are mostly fools, but they're not such fools as all that, you know.

The Sultan. But there's our friend WILLIAM. He might help. Certainly he was full of promises when he got us to join in. Turkey was to have all her ancient splendour; the Russians were to be smashed into pulp; and Turkey and Germany were to be the arbiters of the world.

Ferdinand. Funny, isn't it? That's exactly what he said to me, changing the word "Turkey" for the word "Bulgaria."

The Sultan. And what have I got out of it? Not a thing except hard knocks everywhere and the privilege of looking after those two rotten German ships, the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. I could have built a new palace for the money they've cost me in repairs alone. Every time they put out they get a smashing. I'm getting tired of the whole business.

Ferdinand. So am I, but I don't see any way out of it just yet. Do you?

The Sultan. No, I don't—unless I could manage to get rid of ENVER. Of course I might order him off to Armenia, but I doubt if he'd go. He doesn't seem to like the Russians.

Ferdinand. Well, we've all got our dislikes. I myself don't much like the French and English.

The Sultan. And I don't like the Germans.

Ferdinand. Oh, as for *them*, nobody likes them.

The Sultan. No; some of us were afraid of them, that's all.

Ferdinand. And now we're not even afraid of them, are we?

The Sultan. Not a bit.

Ferdinand. Well then, if we both feel like that, let's get out of it. Let's tell old FRANCIS JOSEPH and WILLIAM that we've changed our minds.

The Sultan. Yes, let's.

Ferdinand. Very well. There's no time like the present.

The Sultan. No, none. Will you write?

Ferdinand. I think on the whole it would come better from you. It wouldn't sound so harsh in Turkish.

The Sultan. I rather thought they'd take it more kindly if it came in Bulgarian. WILLIAM's a very angry man, anyhow.

Ferdinand. Yes, doesn't he try to shout people down. I can't bear these blustering fellows; and he's always so religious, too.

The Sultan. That's no good with me, and he knows it.

Ferdinand. Why should we write at all? Let's just gradually do it.

The Sultan. Do what?

Ferdinand. Get out of our alliance with him. We can't be worse off with the other lot, can we?

The Sultan. No, and we might be much better.

Ferdinand. It'll make things highly unpleasant for WILLIAM, but he's only got himself to thank for that.

The Sultan. Yes; he oughtn't to have tried to deceive us.

"Dr. Ohnesorg": an Explanation.

This name, which recently appeared in one of Mr. Punch's "Heart-to-Heart Talks," was a pure invention of the author. The contents of the article abundantly prove that the Ohnesorg who appears there—a brutal German inspector of prisoners' camps—could not possibly be intended for the American doctor of the same name who has done notable service in the cause of British prisoners. But in case there has been among Americans any misapprehension as to the author's intentions, Mr. Punch desires to express his regret for this strange coincidence, and to hope that the real DR. OHNESORG has treated it with the insouciance which is indicated by his name.

"The recent cool weather is attributed largely to the excellent bill of health of the city."—*Birmingham Daily Mail*.

Still, it seems a little hard that London should freeze in order that Birmingham may flourish.

"The Danish story of German naval activity in the Baltic is likely enough; let us hope that British submarines are at the bottom of it."

Evening Post (Wellington, N.Z.).

We hope so too; but not permanently.



THE SLUMP IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

FERDIE. "THE ALL-HIGHEST SEEMS A BIT BELOW PAR."

SULTAN. "WHY DID WE EVER LEAVE OUR COMFORTABLE FENCE?"

THE CATHEDRAL CONNOISSEURS.

"I THINK it's so wonderful," said Mrs. Mincingham ecstatically, "to find such culture—of course I hate the word, but you see what I mean, don't you?—such—such love of art and all that, don't you know, among quite plain soldiers. I think it must be with seeing the beautiful cathedrals and all that in France, don't you know?"

"Yes, yes," I said, rather carelessly, I admit, "and Gallipoli——"

Mrs. Mincingham looked doubtful. "Oh, yes," she said vaguely, "er—Saint Sophia, of course. . . . But what I wanted to tell you was that one of my men is simply *frightfully* keen upon architecture. I thought of writing to *The Times* about him. You must be *sure* to get him to talk to you."

Mrs. Mincingham's men, I must explain, were hers temporarily, like commissions, because she had invited them to tea from the neighbouring hospital. They were at the moment seated round Mrs. Mincingham's drawing-room like patients waiting their turn at the dentist's, and clashing horribly with the pale-pink colour scheme of the apartment.

They were to have played clock golf, but it was raining.

As my eye wandered sympathetically along the row of politely bored countenances above the red ties and white facings, it encountered one which was familiar. It was the face of my old friend, Private McPhee, and it wore the peculiarly wooden expression invariably found there when its owner is on mischief bent.

A dawning suspicion arose in my mind.

"Really," I said, "which of the men is it, I wonder?"

"That *nice* man—the Scotch one, I mean, with the kind of draught-board on his cap. The Scotch are so frightfully well educated, don't you think?"

During tea—which took place to a rather irrelevant pianoforte accompaniment—I got a few words with McPhee.

"I never knew you were an authority on architecture," I said.

McPhee was non-committal.

"Ou, ay," he said cautiously, "Ah ken a wee."

He meditated for a minute; then—"The cethedral o' Saint Aloysius, Lintchester," he went on rapidly, "is yin o' the finest examples o' airly Goathic airtchitecture tae be fund in the British Isles. The east window is the maist magneeficent specimen o' the—the—gleezier's art in existence, an' the

floriated Pairpendeecular is tae be obsairved in the choir in a' its richness o'——"

His eye met mine for a moment, and the wooden expression seemed to vibrate just a little.

"McPhee," I said, "you are a fraud."

"Deed Ah'm no," he said; "Ah ken a' that Ah've jist telt ye, an' mair besides. Buiks fu'!"

I shook my head. "I daresay you do," I said, "but——"

"Ah wis in the hospital in yon toon afore Ah cam' here," he continued, "an' Ah used to gang tae the cethedral an awfu' lot."



"GOT A CIGAR ABOUT YOU, OLD CHAP?"
 "NO; I'VE GIVEN UP BUYING CIGARS."
 "OH, ECONOMISING, I SUPPOSE?"
 "WELL, NOT EXACTLY. I JUST WANTED TO BREAK YOU OF THE HABIT OF SMOKING."

"And how was that?"

"There wisna anything else tae do," said McPhee with a sudden burst of candour. "Ye ken it wis this way. They were awfu' feart o' the men gettin' oot about the toon an' comin' back fou, or, as some say, the waur. Sae they wouldna let ony of us oot by oorselves. But whiles an auld meenister frae the cethedral would come an' tak' a pairty o' the men for tae see it."

"He wis a gey auld meenister, an' when he'd telt us a' there wis tae tell about the cethedral an' whit there wis in it, we kent he wis a wheen tired. Sae he'd jist pit us a' bit on oor way, like, an' he'd say, 'Gude nicht,' an' we'd say, 'Gude nicht' . . . an' then we'd gang hame oor lane."

"And of course we always went straight home?" I said.

"It's awfu' dry wark ganging roond a cethedral," observed McPhee, "an' Ah'm no' denyin' we generally took a wee bit dander roond the toon on the way hame. But we aye got in a' richt, an' nae hairm dune, until——"

There was an impressive pause.

"Ye ken," he went on, "some chaps kens na when to stop. Noo, there was a chap like yon—a rivetter frae Clyde-side, ca'd McMorran—in the hospital at that time. He'd been ragin' mad tae gang wi' the rest o' us seein' the cethedral, an' the auld meenister wis

awfu' enlightened tae hear aboot how bad he wanted tae see it. Aweel, the day cam' that he wis weel eneuch tae gang wi' us. An' we went roond the cethedral, an' the auld meenister he cam' the length o' a street wi' us, an' he said, 'Gude nicht,' an' we said, 'Gude nicht,' an' awa' we went. An' in 'went this McMorran intil the first public he saw, an' he wouldna come oot whiles he had a hawbee in his pocket. Tae mak' a lang story short, we didna get back tae hospital till an hour efter oor time was up. The Nurse didna say onything at first, but Ah kent it wis comin', an' when we wis havin' oor wounds dressed she let us hae it."

"Whaur wis ye in the toon?" she says.

"We wis in the cethedral," Ah says.

"A' the ithers said the same, an' then she cam' to McMorran."

"Whaur wis ye in the toon?" she says very shairp.

"We wis in the cethedral," he says, 'wi' yon auld gentleman.'

"Cethedral!" says Sister. "Whit wis there in the cethedral, I wonder?"

"Aw," says McMorran, "there wis galleries—an' an' paintin's—an'—aw, there wis a sight o' things, Sister. Hae ye no been, Sister? Maybe the auld gentleman wad tak' ye——"

"Ye're prevaricatin'," she says very shairp. "Ah'm ashamed o' ye. Ah'm thinkin' maybe there wis glesses in the cethedral."

"Aw, yes, Sister," says McMorran, lookin' a bigger fule than he wis, which wis no easy, "there wis glesses, Sister, painted glesses, an'——"

"An' whit wis there in the glesses, then?" she says. "Ye'll no deceive me, man! I can tell pairfectly well yé've been drinkin' by the state o' your wound."

"Of course," continued McPhee reflectively, "Ah kent that wis a' havers."



Fair Lady (to shy Subaltern after ten minutes' silence). "I JUST ADORE THE STRONG, SILENT TYPE OF SOLDIER."

She smelt him just . . . McMorran aye talkit ower much, an' she wis sniff-sniffin' a' the while.

"But Ah didna gang tae the cethedral sae mony times efter. Ah'm thenkin' the Nurse must hae telt the meenister about it, for the next time we went he cam' every step o' the way to the hospital wi' us an' fair pushed us in at the gate wi' his ain hands."

At this juncture Mrs. Mincingham bore down upon us.

"You are having a nice chat," she said graciously; "now I wonder if I can guess what you are talking about?"

"Architecture," I said.

**"FINESWHIT SCOTCH SKY
THE WELL KNOWN WHISKY
KINGS LIQUER."**

Balkan News.

It looks as if the printer had been sampling.

"A Bill to increase the present war pensions of incapacitated Australian soldiers from £1 to 20s. a week has been introduced into the Commonwealth House of Representatives."

Egyptian Mail.

The Anzacs are feeling tremendously bucked by this generous proposal.

ECONOMY AND SACRIFICE.

OH, life is growing simpler—I never drink champagne, Unless I'm out to dinner, and yet I don't complain.

Off vegetarian dishes I make my mid-day meal,

And from the alteration no inconvenience feel.

I've long since banished butter for nuts and milk combined,

And to the substitution my palate is resigned.

New clothes I never order, I merely send old suits

To undergo renewal, and so with hats and boots.

In journeying to the City I stand in tube or bus,

Yet cannot feel self-pity that I should travel thus.

For all this simplifying of diet, drink and dress

In matters hygienic has proved a huge success.

I've lost a stone of tissue; my figure's growing slim;

I never need a doctor, I'm sound in wind and limb;

In fact, although I'm sixty, when all is said and done

I shall be really younger when I am sixty-one.

And, if the petrol famine involves the absolute

Removal of the buses upon my daily route,

I have no fear of riding, in weather foul or fair,

From Kensington to Cheapside each day on Shanks's mare.

Yet, when I start reflecting on how I do my "bit,"

By thrift which leaves me comfort and keeps my body fit,

Confounded by the contrast with those who give their lives,

My spirit sinks within me and only shame survives.

By Proxy?

From a wedding invitation:—

"The ceremony will be a very quiet one, the arrangements having been made hurriedly in consequence of the bridegroom being away on military service."

"Hair Dresser.—Wanted assistant and half assistant."—*Daily Chronicle.*

The latter is required to deal with the partially bald.

HALFPENNY IN THE BASIN.

My khaki was new and the sun shone. In the heart of the country town where I am stationed there was to be a garden fête in aid of an hitherto overlooked charity. Obviously it was my duty—part of my “bit” as it were—to shave, shine and polish and take my swagger cane out for a treat.

I am a new soldier and have hitherto been just a dramatist—a poor sort for discipline at any time. Hence my earnestness overleaps my knowledge of rules. I am all for the right thing, but lamentably apt in the execution of military howlers. I salute bandmasters, deceived by their mackintoshes; I have actually raised my forage-cap to a padre; and I forget to take my pipe from my mouth when this row with the Germans necessitates that the pipe should be taken from the mouth. I shall improve, but it is necessary for the proper appreciation of this story that my rawness should be propounded.

The *locale* of the fête was a deanery garden. Trees that shed leaves on the leathern clothing of ALFRED THE GREAT and lawns that suggested the first game of cricket formed the foreground to a long house that shone with bright age. Near the end of the long house was a little gate. Inside the little gate was the fête—cocoanuts, a string band, a palmist and a game called “Halfpenny in the basin.” I did not go in. It was not one of my “halfpenny in the basin” days.

Under the oldest tree, with the most ugly faces upon it, I sat and pretended to ponder upon plots for plays. Now and then people passed me by and went into the fête, and as each one came I wagered with myself as to their capacity for throwing a halfpenny into a basin. Then came a Colonel on a charger.

“I say, you chap,” he began, “do you mind holding my horse for me for a few minutes?”

“With pleasure, Sir.”

“I promised to go to this beastly fête, so I suppose I must look in. Thank you very much.”

I took hold of the thing that goes through the horse's mouth and round the top, and tried to look like a professional horse-holder. The Colonel assured me that he wouldn't be long, that his name was Tommy—i.e. the horse's name—that he was quite docile and fond of grass. He winked as he said this and indicated the lawn, but with a don't-say-I-said-so manner. I winked back as I imagine horse-holders wink, and in a moment Tommy and I were alone.

When I look back I see no reason

to reproach myself. The Colonel had said in the horse's hearing that the horse was to be allowed to have grass, and that seemed to settle the matter. Lawns may be lawns but the army is something more. It is the Army.

So on to the lawn did Tommy go. I don't think he could have had anything to eat before, and the animal's simple enjoyment of his novel experience was most infectious. When he rooted up the divots, if I may so express myself, swallowed the bits he wanted, and chucked the rest away, I laughed in sheer lightness of spirit. I would have lit my pipe too, if I had not been in honour bound to hold on to the thing you hold horses with.

I got Tommy at 3 P.M. At 4.30 the Dean came out. His face was like a bonfire that won't light.

“Must you really take your horse on my lawn, Sir?” Here was I, bless you, taken for a Cavalryman. “Must you, Sir? Is it absolutely necessary?”

I said that he wasn't my horse, that I had only met him that afternoon, that I didn't know who he belonged to, that he was fond of grass, but I wasn't to say anybody said so.

The Dean shook. I nearly offered him my swagger cane for the purpose of getting a grip on something.

“Tell me whose horse this is, if you please.”

“I will do my best,” I replied with a little asperity. “He is a Colonel. His appearance is likeable. He would look very well on a bride's left. A heavyish man with a light smile and the kind of hair that you can't stop elderly actors from wearing.”

“Where is he now?”

“He is in your back garden, probably throwing half-pennies in a basin.”

The Dean wheeled away, not on the right heel and left toe, as I somewhat regretfully noticed.

Certainly the lawn had been roughly savaged by the insatiable Tommy. About one-third of it wasn't a lawn at all now. I felt dimly that I was blameworthy, but not for long. Suddenly there arrived the consciousness that all this pleasaunce should now be potatoes. Tommy and I had been doing the work of the War Economy poster!

Still, Deans are Deans, and I took Tommy to the borders where the grass was long. He ate more enthusiastically than ever.

At five o'clock Tommy went down on his knees. At first I was touched. I had never seen a horse do this before, and made up my mind to buy heaps of grass after the War and give it to hungry chargers. Probably if the Colonel knew how much his spirited

steed— About there he went over, right over!

I admit that I ran. I can hold an upright horse, but not an upside-down horse. Bless me, how he did kick! All out of sheer gratitude, I know, but it is terrible that these animals should have to lie on their backs and put their feet in the air to express their thanks. Couldn't they be trained to cross their feet or paw the lawn or something simple in such circumstances?

Considerable disturbance was caused to the animal's equipment. The saddle came round, doubtless thinking that its place was on top; and relying on its owner's sense of justice to recognise that it was the horse that was out of position. Things started to hang down which looked as if they ought not to hang down, and I had a sense of impending oburgations.

They came. The Colonel, looking more than ever like a father-in-law, came from the gate in the company of the Dean and told me what he thought of me as a horse-holder, little appreciating that I thoroughly agreed with him. He then made queer noises with his mouth, which I'm sure I shall never learn, and Tommy stood up. The Dean tried hard to look as if he could have done it himself. I was meek and did up the straps. This I can do splendidly, in view of long training as a husband. When I'd finished with my side the horse couldn't possibly become undone.

* * * * *
I was given twopence for a drink, four half-pennies. Each one missed the basin—largely because the Dean was looking on. But perhaps there's a one-Act play in it.

Extract from description of Eton and Harrow match:—

“Lowndes and Halsey then scored freely, whilst the running between wickets was very good indeed. They added 60 before Halsey was out, after making a mis-hit, caught at third man for 25. At 120 Lowndes was caught at short-leg for 44.”

Extract from score:—

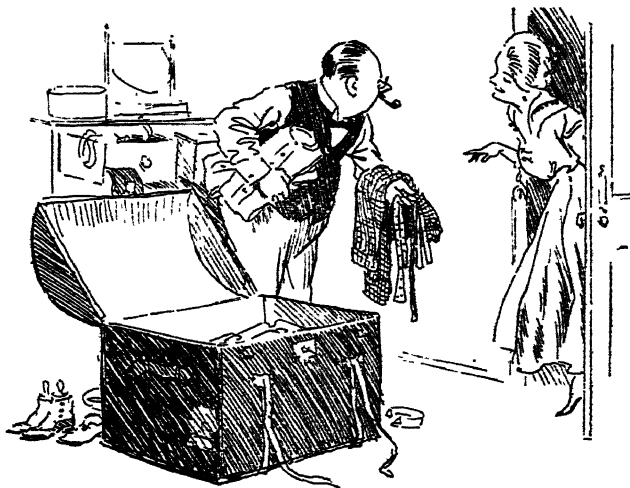
“W. G. Lowndes, c. and b. Jessopp, 44. T. E. Halsey, c. and b. Jessopp, 25.”

News of the World.

Some mention might, we think, have been made of JESSOPP's agility in catching men off his own bowling at third man and short-leg. Even the late Dr. E. M. GRACE never equalled this.

“Some of the 700 German prisoners who arrived at Southampton on Saturday were wearing corduroy trousers. The majority of the officers wore Iron Crosses.”—*Daily News.*
Ours is perhaps not the best climate for this alternative.

THE ART OF PACKING FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



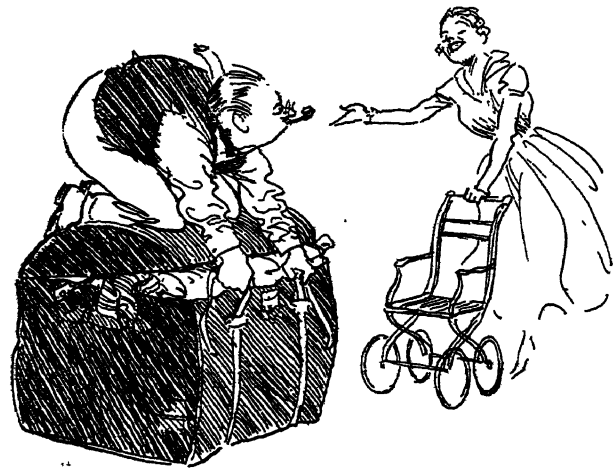
Wife. "I'VE NEARLY FINISHED MY PACKING, DEAR. BUT I'VE ONE OR TWO THINGS OVER WHICH MIGHT GO IN YOUR TRUNK."



"I'LL LEAVE THEM HERE FOR YOU, DEAR."



"BY THE WAY, THERE ARE JUST THESE."



"OH, AND THIS!"



"AND, OF COURSE, THESE MUST GO."



THE CAB IS HERE DEAR!

Frank Reynolds

* * * * *



A LARGE ORDER.

New Colonel of our Amazon Corps. "OH, COLONEL BLANK, HOW LUCKY MEETING YOU! I WONDER IF YOU COULD SPARE A MOMENT TO TELL ME THE DUTIES OF A COLONEL?"

THE FIGURE-HEAD.

A SALT SEA YARN.

THERE was an ancient carver that carved of a saint,
But the parson wouldn't have it, so he took a pot of paint
And changed its angel garment for a dashing soldier rig,
And said it was a figure-head and sold it to a brig.

The brig hauled her mainsail to an off-shore draught,
Then she shook her snowy royals and the Scillies went
abaft;

And cloudy with her canvas she ran before the Trade
Till she got to the Equator, where she struck a merry-
maid.

A string of pearls and conches were all of her togs,
But the flying-fish and porpoises they followed her like
dogs;

She had a voice of silver and lips of coral red,
She climbed the dolphin-striker and kissed the figure-head.

Then every starry evening she'd swim in the foam
About the bows, a-singing like a nightingale at Home;
She'd call to him and sing to him as sweetly as a bird,
But the wooden-headed effigy he never said a word.

And every starry evening in the Doldrum calms
She'd wriggle up the bobstay and throw her tender arms
About his scarlet shoulders and fondle him and cry
And stroke his curly whiskers, but he never winked an eye.

She couldn't get an answer to her tears or moans,
So she went and told her daddy, told the ancient Davy
Jones;

Old Davy damned his eyesight and puzzled of his wits,
Then whistled up his hurricanes and tore the brig to bits.

Down on the ocean-bed, green fathoms deep,
Where the wrecks lie rotting and great sea-serpents creep,
In a gleaming grotto all built of sailors' bones,
Sits the handsome figure-head, listening to Miss Jones.

Songs o' love she sings him the livelong day,
And she hangs upon his bosom and sobs the night away,
But he never, never answers, for beneath his soldier paint
The wooden-headed lunatic still thinks that he's a saint.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith's Hamlet.

In a recent issue of *Punch* an examination paper was set to budding playwrights, and one of the problems was: "Adapt the Third Act of Hamlet so as to render it a suitable medium for the personality of Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH." And now we remark in an evening paper, among notices of Estates to be Sold, an advertisement which speaks (perhaps a little too familiarly) of "The Lilies," forming part of the Hamlet of Weedon.

Mr. Punch does not want to seem captious about the appropriation of his idea, but he is bound to say that "The Lilies," as a stage property, would be better adapted to *Ophelia's* mad scene.



CARRY ON!

MEMBER OF NATIONAL PETROL RESERVE, OFF TO THE FRONT (to cab-horse). "WELL, SO LONG, OLD MAN! KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 17th.—The gaiety of the House of Commons is not seriously diminished by the absence of Mr. GINNELL, who, after a slight collision with the military authorities in England, has gone to Belfast to help the Nationalists there to get rid of the tyranny of Messrs. DEVLIN and REDMOND. We still have with us the conscientious humourist who represents North Somerset, and have lately regained the services of Mr. JOSEPH MARTIN, who for the last two years had left Westminster severely alone, and was understood to be giving the Dominion of Canada the benefit of his statesmanship.

Mr. MARTIN did not, like an even more famous "Joey," announce his *rentrée* in the time-honoured phrase, "Here we are again!" but adopted the less spectacular method of asking a question. It was, however, a question going deep down to the roots of our Imperial life. Would the PRIME MINISTER take steps to ensure the continuance of the present relations between the Dominion and the United Kingdom, such relations consisting of a union of hearts in Imperial matters and absolute self-government in local affairs?

Mr. MACMASTER, also a Canadian, furnished an answer to the question by putting another: "Was the PRIME MINISTER aware of any circumstances likely to put those happy relations in any peril whatever?" The PRIME MINISTER was not; so Mr. MARTIN can, if he chooses, return to Vancouver, B.C., with an easy mind.

A very common Ministerial method of disposing of inconvenient questioners is to refer them to the reply given to the hon. Member for So-and-so on such-and-such a date. It is seldom carried to so great a length as by the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS. Mr. LYNCH wanted to know why he and other critics of the Air-Service were not invited to an official luncheon recently given to the French Direction of Aeronautics. Mr. HARCOURT's response was to read out the statement which he made when the National Hospitality Fund was first established, and which deprecated, eight years in advance, all such cavilling inquiries as that of the hon. Member.

Tuesday, July 18th.—The PRIME

MINISTER's reply to a number of postponed Questions about Mesopotamia resembled in some respects the statement that he made last week about Ireland; the information imparted being in inverse ratio to its length. One thing was clear. The House was not to get the papers that had been promised it by Mr. BONAR LAW six weeks ago. So many excisions had been necessary for military reasons that the documents would be, like the Irishman's coat, "a lot of holes tied together."

One naturally expected Mr. ASQUITH

doffed by Mr. GINNELL has appeared in the person of Mr. MICHAEL REDDY. As a rule he sits in one of the seats under the Gallery, whence he occasionally makes inarticulate interjections in a voice "like a hairpin," as it has been described. But this week he has descended at Question-time from his remote perch and annexed one of the corner seats above the Gangway. There, to the joy of the surrounding Unionists, not altogether shared, perhaps, by his leader, he puts high-pitched conundrums to the Treasury Bench. He

scored a great success to-day by his staccato inquiries into the membership of the Navy League, which he suggested consisted chiefly of ancient mariners, landlubbers, sea-cooks, dyspeptics and faddists. "And how many of them," he squeaked as a final salvo, "are of German descent?"

I am afraid Mr. REDDY's success as a humourist led Mr. SAMUEL astray. If in proposing the appointment of a Select Committee to consider whether it was practicable and desirable to prepare a new register of voters in view of a General Election he had been content to acknowledge the difficulty of the problem and invite the House to come to the Cabinet's assistance, he would probably have got his motion through without much trouble. Unfortunately he chose to adopt a bantering air quite foreign to his reputation, and to dwell at great length on the various problems that would confront the Committee, hardly concealing his belief that where the great men of the Cabinet had failed the little men of the Select Committee were not likely to succeed.

Not since Mr. LONG essayed to introduce a Military Service Bill, which had to be withdrawn without even a First Reading, has a Ministerial project been so promptly and unanimously bombarded. Sir EDWARD CARSON's 15-in. sarcasms were hardly more effective than the lighter ammunition of Mr. WARDLE, the lachrymatory shells of Mr. DILLON, and the general fusillade of Private Members. Only one or two thought a General Election desirable, but all agreed that it was possible, and that it was the duty of the Government to prepare for it by having a proper register, "the Ark of the Covenant of Representative Government," as Mr. MCCALLUM SCOTT described it. Mr. CHURCHILL



HEROES YET TO BE PRODUCED BY THE WAR.

LITTLE ENGLANDER, AT THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION, PUSHING HIS PROPAGANDA FROM THE FIRE-STEP OF A TRENCH.

to proceed to draw the logical conclusion from this statement, and to say, "No papers, no debate." On the contrary, he seemed to welcome discussion, notwithstanding the inconvenience (to which Sir EDWARD CARSON drew attention) of holding a debate without any authentic information to go upon.

It looks as if the Cabinet are not sorry to have the attention of the House and the country diverted, if only for a moment, from the tangled situation in Ireland. Mesopotamia does not smell particularly sweet just now, but that may add to its usefulness as a red herring.

Wednesday, July 19th.—Another candidate for the mantle temporarily



Sergeant (in charge of canvas trough containing unfiltered water). "EEB, GET AWAY FROM THAT WATER. YOU AIN'T A MULE!"
Private (before continuing to drink). "HEE-HAW! HEE-HAW!"

was observed to be adjusting the fuses of a few impromptu "whizz-bangs" when Mr. ASQUITH entered, and in a few dignified sentences announced that the Government fully recognised the feeling of the House and would bow to its decision.

Meanwhile the House of Lords had resumed the debate on Lord HALDANE's motion regarding the Training of the Nation. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY combatted the theory that the older Universities did not train administrators with the remark that seventeen out of twenty-two members of the Cabinet came from Oxford and Cambridge. Somehow, after to-day's experiences in the Commons, it did not seem an overwhelmingly convincing argument.

Thursday, July 20th.—Geographers are said to have some difficulty in defining the exact boundaries of Mesopotamia; but the Government are quite convinced that it is situate between the Devil and the Deep Sea. Originally they had intended to oppose the motion for a Select Committee and to let the House blow off its pent-up steam in a

fruitless debate; but at the last moment they changed their minds and decided to surrender at discretion.

The PRIME MINISTER announced to-day that two Special Commissions would be set up to inquire into the Mesopotamian and Dardanelles Expeditions. At first he proposed that to save time these bodies should have no compulsory powers, but he was speedily driven from this position also, and agreed to introduce a Bill arming them with those powers forthwith.

Mr. CHURCHILL—his old friend, Lord FISHER, keeping an eye on him from over the Clock—again urged the publication of the Dardanelles papers and received the unexpected support of Mr. McCALLUM SCOTT. A wondering House heard how the hon. Member has been devoting all the time he could spare from the grievances of conscientious objectors to the study of the Dardanelles campaign, and has arrived at the deliberate conclusion that CHURCHILL was right and KITCHENER was wrong. Clio, in the Ladies' Gallery, was heard to murmur a protest against the intrusion of this amateur.

During a simultaneous discussion in Another Place Lord WEMYSS gave many harrowing details of the sufferings endured by the Mesopotamian Expedition; and Lord ISLINGTON made a businesslike statement setting forth the actual provision that had been made since March for supplying the medical needs of the troops. From their point of view, you may be sure, mosquito-curtains and ice-machines are worth a wilderness of Special Commissions.

New Sobriquet for the Soixante-Quinze.

"John Bull's guns are becoming as good as Jacques' bonhommes."—*Evening Paper*.

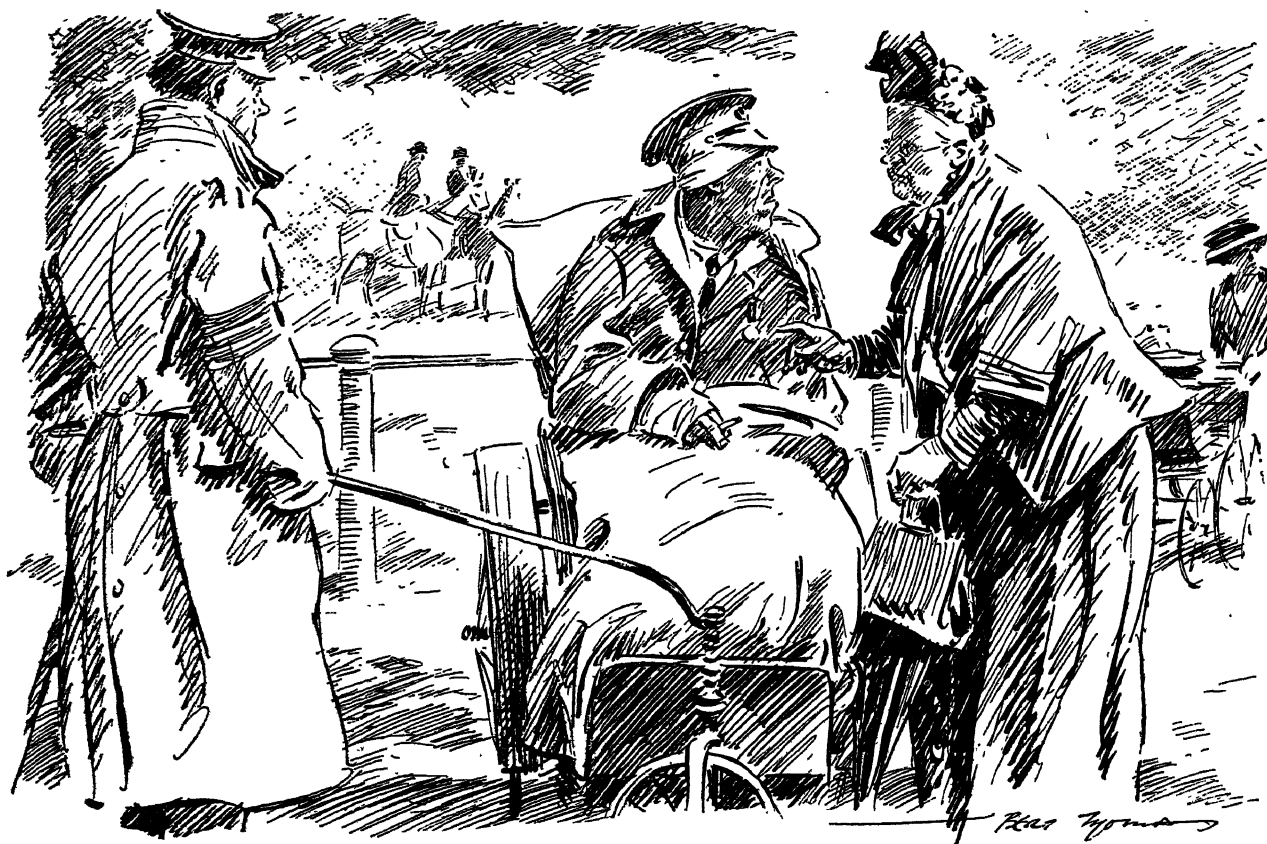
The Superman of Fiction.

"... a huge man, well over six feet, broader than he was tall."

"The Great Temptation," by Richard Marsh.

"Later on witness rang Southcott up some time in January, 1916, and asked him whether he could purchase the war. Southcott then told witness there was some question as to ownership and could not do anything in the matter."—*Hawke's Bay Tribune (N.Z.)*.

On the contrary the KAISER would like to dispose of his share in it, cheap.



Old Lady. "AND HOW DID YOU GET YOUR MEDAL?"

Old Lady. "YES, YES. BUT HOW, AND WHERE?"

Tommy. "WON IT."

Tommy (in desperation). "AT A BAZAAR, MUM. IN A RAFFLE!"

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

"WHATEVER are those things, Charles?" asked Leila.

"'Andbolts,'" replied her husband laconically. "That's what the Inspector called 'em. He said all Specials ought to know how to use 'em, so he lent me these to practise with, complete with key."

"Oh, I see—handcuffs. They look rather ancient. How do you work them?"

"I'll show you," said Charles. "Bill, you be a hooligan beating his wife—I'll lend you mine."

Bill, a joyous subaltern on short leave, picked up the poker and took his sister roughly by the arm.

"Ho! yer would, would yer?" he demanded. "Smeck me fice, would yer?"

"Yus, I would," cried Leila shrilly. And she did.

Bill snarled creditably.

"Nah yer done it, you 'ave! Tike thet!" He raised the poker.

"Now then, young feller melad," said S.P.C. Charles, "you comerlongerme. Best come quiet." He made a grab with the handcuffs.

"Ow!" yelled Bill. "Be careful, you ass. You've skinned my wrist!"

"Stand still, then," said Charles unfeelingly.

He slipped the handcuffs on and squeezed; but there was no answering click. At last, by using both hands and with the assistance of the hooligan, he snapped first one catch and then the other.

"The prisoner," chanted Leila softly, "who showed no signs of resistance, was securely—er—secured within ten minutes. This smart piece of—"

Charles interrupted.

"One thing is clear. I shall have to whack anybody I catch on the head with my truncheon and truss him up while he's unconscious. Perhaps I'd better practise that now."

Leila flung herself dramatically before Bill.

"Only over my dead body. I won't have my soldier brother wasted!"

"Good girl," said Bill. "But I should feel safer if I had my hands free."

"Very well, then, if you insist. Leila, where's the key?"

"I don't know. You had it."

"Well, it's gone."

Bill grew suddenly agitated.

"Look here, I say, this is serious, you know. Dash it, I'm taking Phyllis out to a show in about two ticks,

and I can't go like this. Charles, you juggins, don't stand gaping there. Do something."

After a frenzied but fruitless search Leila went to the telephone.

"If you were half a sport, Bill," said Charles, "you'd let me run you in to the police-station for practice, and get unlocked there."

"I say," announced Leila in horrified tones from the telephone, "the Inspector says he hasn't got another key to fit those things, because they're an old pattern. Isn't it awful? He's coming round at once to see if anything can be done."

On his arrival the Inspector examined Bill's fettered wrists and gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"Them 'andbolts, Sir, is what you might call a outsize."

He grasped the fetters with an enormous fist.

Bill set his teeth for an agonising tug, but his hands came away without an effort. He shot violently backwards against Leila, dislodging from its hiding-place in her fluffy draperies the missing key.

"Bill, my lad," said Charles, "you were never meant for a marching regiment. You should have been in the Intelligence Department."



Excited daughter (anxious to show depth of her affection). "CARRY ME, DADDY."

A REVENANT.

SOME one writing about JEREMY BENTHAM in *The New Statesman* has revived his quaint theory of the "auto-icon" (as he calls it), or preservation of personality after death. JEREMY's notion was that if the features were fixed with varnish and the body embalmed and re-dressed in its familiar clothes, treated with a rubber solution, posterity would have a truer idea of what the dead man had looked like than any painter or sculptor could give; while such figures, set up in a gentleman's grounds, would add not only to their interest but their beauty. That was JEREMY BENTHAM's notion, and he, the great jurisprudentist and philosopher, was, consistently, himself thus preserved, although, according to *The New Statesman* writer, his "auto-icon," which is one of the glories of University College in Gower Street, is to-day in a state of decay, and the assistance of the wax-modeller has had to be called in.

But by a piece of odd chance I had no sooner finished reading this article in a club than, strolling down Piccadilly, I came upon an "auto-icon" so perfect—by which I mean so realistic—as to have attracted no little crowd

and to make me, who knew the individual in the flesh, absolutely gasp.

Visitors to the Zoo will remember a cage close to the Inner Circle entrance, on the left as one approaches the Mappin Terraces, which used to be a test of strong-mindedness not inferior, in the old days when literature also could raise a blush, to the painstaking naturalistic works of M. ZOLA. Old habitués of the Zoo with a party in tow hurried prudently past. Strangers either looked and fled, or looked and stayed, according as they were constituted; for within it, in all his flamboyant shamelessness, dwelt the famous mandril.

Alas, that such careers should ever have to cease; but so it is, and two or three months ago this prismatic celebrity died, to the consternation of all the Zoological Society's Fellows, who even while avoiding him felt that he shed lustre on the Gardens. Lustre is perhaps an inadequate term; for he was a landmark, an institution, and, to be at once more fanciful and more exact, a kind of permanent rainbow to Regent's Park.

However, he died, and I for one thought never to see him more, when, to my astonishment—or I might almost say bewilderment—and rapture, there

he was, precisely as in life, in ROWLAND WARD's window. Thanks to the accuracy of his auto-icon he was, himself. Though dead he persisted. Old JEREMY BENTHAM's counsels had been followed minutely as regards that wonderful countenance. With lavish and exotic pigmentation the perpetuating hand of the taxidermist had made the features as sinister, as unwieldy and as gorgeous as they had ever been of old in his fearsome cage; and each individual hair bristled as in life. The philosopher and jurisprudentist was justified.

Meanwhile in his old home two trivial members of the same picturesque and uncomfortable genus endeavour to sustain the great tradition, but do it very ill.

"BLANKENBERGHE.—A.R.—I give addresses as desired, but cannot say what the charges are now. It would be more patriotic to spend your holidays in the homeland this year. On the front, Hotel du Rhin; near harbour, Hotel du Phare; at station, Grand Hotel du Nord; in the town, Hotel de Bruxelles, Hotel d'Orange, and Hotel de Londres."—*To-day*.

As the author of this advice does not appear to have noticed that there is a war on, we might add that Blankenberghe now supplies excellent opportunities for improving one's German.

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND BANK.

A SEMI-FINAL VERSION.

(Being the seventh detailed Official Account issued by the German Admiralty.)

THE apparent inactivity of the German Fleet for nearly two years—and it is quite possible that it may again remain apparently inactive during the remainder of the summer—is to be explained by the extraordinary reluctance of the enemy and by the nature of sea-warfare, which limits the aggressive liberty of the belligerents to occasions when they come in contact. To find and engage the enemy's fighting forces has been the first thought and final purpose of the German Fleet. But in this they have been thwarted, baffled and frustrated beyond belief. And at last the chance came so suddenly that it seemed almost incredible.

On the afternoon of May 31st the High Seas Fleet was cruising in mid-ocean, methodically plodding about as usual in search of enemy vessels, when it suddenly encountered a squadron of light cruisers of the *Calliope* class, which fled in a North-Easterly direction. Admiral VON HIPPER, with the battle cruisers *Derfflinger*, *Moltke*, *Von der Tann* and two others, immediately gave chase in a South-Westerly direction, but he had not proceeded far when he sighted to the East of him Admiral BEATTY's squadron, retiring with all haste to

the West, consisting of nine ships of the *Lion* class, a number of light cruisers and some thirty modern destroyers. It must be said that the battle was fought out in an area extending over fifty nautical miles, in the centre of the North Sea. The English version endeavours without justification to locate the engagement off the Jutland coast. The reason for this deception is clear.

Admiral VON HIPPER, approaching for a running fight, formed line ahead and opened fire (astern) at 2.37 P.M., at a range of 27,000 metres, against a vastly superior enemy. Repeated damaging hits were at once observed on every ship in the enemy line, and two of them blew up and disappeared. Admiral VON HIPPER turned North at 3.15 P.M. About 4.5 P.M. eleven ships of the *Queen Elizabeth* class, coming from the South-East, joined Admiral BEATTY's line, powerfully reinforcing it with their

massive nineteen-inch super-guns. To equalize this superiority Admiral VON HIPPER (who had turned South at 4.17 P.M.) ordered an attack by five destroyers. A bitter close-range battle ensued, in which two enemy ships of the line fell victims to our torpedoes, and a third was seen to be appreciably on fire. One of our destroyers was hit and had to be abandoned by her crew (after blowing her up). It is difficult to say how it happened, but we must pay without flinching the cost of offensive action. The enemy was now retiring at extreme speed, while our lighter craft laboriously picked up his survivors. On the arrival of the German Battleship Fleet Admiral BEATTY's remaining two ships retired from the conflict and were not seen again.

this gallant onslaught against overwhelmingly superior numbers. A small German torpedo boat blew up. It is thought possible that she had been hit by something. In the haze, shortly after 8 P.M. the enemy fleet turned in all directions. German officers had ample evidence of their good shooting in the rapid destruction of enemy light cruisers, of which few, if any, can possibly have survived. A German gunboat had two funnels shot away somehow. One cannot always help these things. At 8.47 Admiral VON HIPPER began describing spirals.

A stubborn individual fight was that undertaken by the *Gneisenau*, which found herself suddenly, when the mist lifted, engaged by no fewer than four enemy ships of the *Marlborough* class.

To equalize this superiority two submarines were sent to the attack, which flung themselves in reckless onset at extreme speed against the enemy (submerged). The *Dresden* temporarily took the head of the line. Heavy firing continued at hostile squadrons astern till nightfall. A curious incident occurred when two enemy armoured cruisers of the *Cressy* class were sunk by the same shell from the *Scharnhorst*.

The last phase of the encounter occurred after dark, when the enemy, flying at top speed in a North-Westerly direction, with our whole Fleet in close pursuit, launched a final torpedo attack against



Mrs. Higgins (who, her husband having been called up, is carrying on his side of the business as well as her own). "THE BACK LOOKS A LITTLE PLAIN. HOW DO YOU THINK A COUPLE OF THESE LITTLE MOTIFS WOULD LOOK—JUST ABOUT THERE?"

Admiral VON HIPPER turned West at 5.1 P.M. and South-East at 5.10.

About 7 P.M., with the advent of seven squadrons of British Battleships with their massive armament and colossal guns, began the combat of the main forces. At 7.2 P.M. Admiral von HIPPER turned round and round in circles. It was now recognised that the British Grand Fleet was fully assembled, and Admiral von SCHEER determined to attack at once against enormously superior strength with the utmost ruthlessness. The *Lützow* had been slightly damaged in the previous encounter, owing to the inadvertent leaving open of a port-hole, which had flooded the magazine, so Admiral von HIPPER (who began cutting figure 8's at 8.15 P.M.) transferred his flag under a heavy fire to the *Goeben*, while the *Blücher* temporarily took the head of the line. Three ships of the *Iron Duke* class were observed to sink, heavily hit in

our ships, which were then steaming in line ahead due South. Some hundreds of torpedoes were fired without any result whatever, as Admiral von HIPPER had turned sideways at 10.5 P.M. After continuing his homeward course for five hours Admiral von SCHEER found, when the mist lifted, that the enemy was no longer before him. An unfortunate accident, due to the unfavourable strategic position, occurred just off Heligoland, where the *Frauenlob* was seriously damaged by collision with the *Emden*. A third destroyer was found (to everyone's regret) to be in an appreciably sinking condition. We sustained yet another serious loss in the old superannuated battleship, *Pommern*. It was not that there was anything the matter with her. But she failed to return to port. Nothing more was seen of enemy forces and our victorious Fleet returned quietly to its base.

Bis.



Elder Sister (who has had the notice on the door explained to her). "MABEL, WE'RE NOT TO TALK ABOUT THE WAR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

OUT of the legions of War books that are coming into the world a large number, no doubt, will be dedicated to the unhappy adventure of Gallipoli. One of the first of them is already before me, a simple, quite unpretentious diary kept by the Rev. O. CREIGHTON, C.F., and published under the title of *With the Twenty-ninth Division in Gallipoli* (LONGMANS). When I have said that this is just a record of the early features of a glorious failure, noted down by one who saw things from the standpoint of a non-combatant onlooker, and illustrated (I must not forget this) with a large number of photographs, I have told you all you need to know about the book. It does not profess to be an expert or critical survey of the military operations. In a sense it is more nearly like the journal of a parish priest whose parishioners happened to be making history. Sometimes, indeed, the story of what they did, and failed to do, is almost too poignant to be bearable. But the great and moving truth that stands out from these pages is that "whoever may be blamed by future historians for our failure to get through . . . it will not be the men who did the fighting." I myself happen to have been brought into contact with those wonderful men during the weeks of their last preparation in England. No one who had ever so slight association with the glorious Twenty-ninth Division should miss reading Mr. CREIGHTON's stirring memorial of their heroic deeds.

A good deal of the wisdom and idealism which have been devoted to the thinking out of a permanent settlement after the great War have been discounted (and justly discounted)

by a natural instinct of national self-defence, because the labourers in this important field have often betrayed no real sense that there was a right and a wrong in this quarrel, or, at the least, to stretch tolerance to the utmost, a much more right and a much less right. They were so frankly against all War as a crime of both sides that they couldn't discuss this War with any more abstraction than the veriest Jingo or Junker. Mr. GEORGE ARMSTRONG, in *Our Ultimate Aim in the War* (ALLEN), has not this defect. He is for victory, but for a use of victory that shall give what is best in the German people the chance to assert itself and allow the sense of the catastrophic failure of their overmen to sink in and develop sanity and a desire to try co-operation as an alternative to violence. Perhaps our author is a little sanguine of the effects of machinery, International Councils democratically elected, and the rest. Nor does he fear to rush in with details. But he has written a wise little book, which may be profitably read by any who can summon up sufficient detachment in these fateful days to look so far ahead.

It is a distressing thing that conscientious craftsmanship too often provides its own stumbling-block. In *Life and Gabriella* (MURRAY), Miss ELLEN GLASGOW, one of the most reticent and powerful of American novelists, reveals many of the qualities that go to the making of great literature. And yet, in her profoundly moving study of *Gabriella Carr*, the woman who wrung from life her belief in the future, she emphasises so urgently the machine rather than the individual that the personality of her heroine, instead of winning our affections in the good old-fashioned way, leaves us a little crushed and intimidated. That may, of course, be a subtle device, since the history of *Gabriella's*

life is the revolt from tradition. She has in her "a strain of iron," coupled with a disconcerting contempt alike for her mother's busy futility and her sister *Jane's* glaring virtues. Fortunately (or how could Miss GLASGOW have written the book?) *Gabriella*, when spurred on to achievement, comes a more decisive cropper than all the rest of her family put together. She marries a drunkard who does not even support her, and is instantly numbered among the unfortunates above whose prostrate bodies *Mrs. Carr* is wont to shake her head. That is galling enough, but, when he leaves *Gabriella* and later succumbs to drink, what is really a splendid and blessed thing only appears to the home circle as an added humiliation. Towards the end of the book Miss GLASGOW achieves a master stroke in contrasts by depicting the return home of *Gabriella* after eighteen years in New York. From the vantage-ground of long spiritual conflict, she looks with open eyes upon the unchanged apathy of her contemporaries. They are older, stouter, duller—nothing more.

That is a supreme moment, because the choice for the future hovers between two men, one an ineffectual person beloved in the past, the other belonging to the raw open-air type familiar in American fiction. It is all to Miss GLASGOW's credit that for a page or two the reader is on tenterhooks; but *Gabriella* was not created for half-tones, and *O'Hara* (as the hustler is called) "makes good."

Nothing so absolutely absorbing and so awful as *The Great Push* (JENKINS) has, in the way of War literature, crossed my path since August, 1914. It penetrates into one's very vitals, not because it tells of wonderful hair-breadth escapes or tremendous deeds of valour, but because it emphasizes the grimness and unutterable pathos of modern war. If any of us still sit at home and hug the thought that trench warfare is a glorious amusement, I think this book should assure our disillusionment. Mr. PATRICK MACGILL was at Loos, and in his account of that battle he is out to tell facts as he saw and heard them, without regard to our feelings. My advice to you, if War's iron has not yet entered into your soul, is to read this book at once. The rest had better read it too, but they might wait until peace is declared. For it takes fierce hold of the mind, and in these days most of us want to work and to keep clear of obsessions of any kind. Tragic enough is the note struck by Mr. MACGILL, but there is also irrefutable proof of our soldiers' bravery and cheerfulness under circumstances which even to read about are terribly depressing, and for this consolation and for the virility with which the tale is told I am honestly grateful.

Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE, like Cupid, is winged and doth range geographically and otherwise. We have had from him certain much-debated novels, also short stories, poems, and a play. Now, with *Twilight in Italy* (DUCKWORTH) he appears as the sentimental traveller, journeying through

Northern Italy, note-book (so to say) on back. Seven of the eleven chapters are studies of persons and places about that most lovely of waters, the Lago di Garda. Mr. LAWRENCE has an almost passionate sympathy with the old Italy—you can mark it on every page—and an equally passionate detestation of its modern commercialism, a feeling to which we have all surrendered, more or less, in the past; though perhaps recent history has made us somewhat modify our views upon this as upon certain other points. Thus he is at his happiest in dealing with the antique types, old inns and their keepers, and peasant survivals from an earlier world. Witness that delightfully observant study of the old *padrone* in the chapter called "The Lemon Gardens." If I have a criticism, it is that the author is inclined to build too much moralising upon slight foundations. A touch, and in that ultra-sensitive modern mind of his a whole fabric of anger, indignation, and fear has been built upon some tiny incident. My real reason for complaining about this is probably that Mr. LAWRENCE's

pages of descriptions are so pleasant that I wanted him to leave commenting and look about him again. So I hope he will understand it as a compliment.

Brownie (LANE) was one of those exasperating persons whom only a woman-novelist would dare to create. Speaking as a man-reviewer, I found her composed in equal parts of futility and selfishness. But I have a great idea that Miss AGNES GORDON LENNOX looked to see me captive to the charm of her heroine. Certainly the three chief men in the story were done in by it. These were (1) *Roger Mead*, who, having rescued her from the villain (2)

Rudolf de Moro, married her, only to find himself supplanted in the lady's wayward affections by (3) *Ian Gladwyn*. Of the trio I got most fun out of *Rudolf*, who was a really terrible fellow, wholly equal to his name. He began by luring *Brownie* (who appears to have had the brains of a rabbit) to a not-quite-nice dance, from which she only escaped by violence and the assistance of *Roger*. He next turned up in India, after *Brownie's* marriage, again at a dance (fancy-dress this time), to which he came tastefully attired as Death. That was the kind of man he was. Indeed I felt throughout about *Rudolf* that, if Miss GORDON LENNOX did not actually mention his evening suit and gold-tipped cigarette, one knew they were there. His third and final effort was to entrap *Brownie* by means of a forged telegram. However her husband came after her, and he and *Moro* having killed each other *Brownie* (who was entirely unworthy of both) dressed herself as an Indian boy and went off to marry *Gladwyn*. Poor fellow!

"The folly of granting Home Rule without the very stringent safeguards on which Lord Lansdowne insists would be worse than a crime, for it would simply hand over the Government of Ireland to me, who are avowedly out to cut the painter at the earliest possible moment."—*Political Correspondent of "Sunday Times."*

His grammar alone proves him a revolutionary.



The Lady. "YOU NEED NOT BE ALARMED, SIR. YOU WILL FIND THAT HIS BARK IS WORSE THAN HIS BITE."

The Nervous Gentleman. "POSSIBLY, MADAM—POSSIBLY. BUT CALL HIM OFF! I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT."

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to a Reuter message, a number of sharks have appeared on the Atlantic coast of the United States and it is being freely intimated at the fashionable watering-places that there is such a thing as being too proud to bathe.

* *

The manufacture of chocolate creams has been forbidden in Germany. Not from lack of the raw materials, as the papers carefully point out, but because it is undesirable that the mothers of the next generation of Germans should do anything to sweeten the disposition of the race.

* *

"It is significant of the abnormal times and conditions," says the Dramatic Critic of *The Sunday Times*, "that, while next Saturday may be said to mark the end of the Summer Season, it will also be the beginning of the Autumn term." This unusual *rapprochement* between two consecutive seasons certainly makes the Daylight Saving Act look an insignificant affair.

* *

The late Professor METCHNIKOFF will be chiefly remembered as having discovered the lactic principle by the proper use of which the human race may attain an average age of a hundred-and-fifty years. The treatment should be particularly attractive to all those who are labouring against each other for a United Ireland.

* *

A Dublin jury has awarded a woman ten pounds damages for the death of a Pomeranian dog. And yet there are those who believe that German agencies are no longer active in that unhappy metropolis.

* *

The German people are being asked by their own authorities to exchange their gold ornaments for iron. It is a curious coincidence that at the same time they are being invited—in another quarter—to exchange their golden dreams for the iron which is now due to enter into their souls.

* *

The Rev. Dr. OTT describes the KAISER's meeting with the Army Chaplains as "a new binding together

of the Empire of the World with the Empire of God." As a maker of alliances in the interest not only of the Fatherland but of its friends, BISMARCK would seem to have been absurdly overrated.

* *

In connection with the sensational allegation in the House of Commons that an ironmonger had been asked by the War Office to tender for the supply

gratifying to know that an industry which so closely affects the common welfare has not been abandoned on account of the War.

* *

It is announced that the "first and only" film showing the operation of the Kut relief force is about to be exhibited in England. We trust we are not anticipating the functions of the newly-appointed Commission of Inquiry if we say that there were other reasons for the organisation of the Mesopotamian campaign.

* *

LORD DERBY's authoritative statement that this is "not an old man's war" has given the keenest pleasure to the Emperor of AUSTRIA, who has confided to an intimate that this has been his own private impression for some time past.

The Sauce-Boat.

"Thousands of Londoners flocked to the Temple Pier this morning and paid sixpences to inspect the German mint-laying submarine UC5, now lying there."

Provincial Paper.

"No, dear boy! I'm by far the stronger of we four, and already I'm used to my mail."

Red Magazine.

Yet his grammar hardly suggests the man of letters.

"If an X-ray could be taken of the consciences of the men on the Chelsea Board it would reveal an elasticity that we do not often get credit for."—Evening Paper.

Such impertinent curiosity is just what we should expect from a vulgar fraction.

"Often notes put away in cupboards are eaten by mice into such tiny shreds that only an expert can tell that they have ever been notes, and every day we get about fifty noses that have been torn up by accident."—Provincial Paper.

Curiously enough it does not seem to affect their face value.

"SCENE IN HUNGARIAN PARLIAMENT.
JIBBING AT THE GERMAN JOKE."

Egyptian Mail.

We ourselves have occasionally found it a little tedious.

"One report which finds currency in the newspapers is that her sister-ship the Bremen is lurking off the Virginia coast, à la mode of the Virginia coast."

Daily Dispatch.

Let us hope that this correctly represents the Bremen's position.



Mother. "WHAT POSSIBLE EXCUSE FOR YOUR NAUGHTINESS CAN I GIVE TO YOUR FATHER?"

Culprit. "C-COULDN'T YOU THINK I'D BEEN LOOKING AT THE CINEMA PICTURES?"

of tapioca, we understand that a painful situation has been greatly eased by a semi-official explanation that (a) the gentleman was actually a boot-maker, and (b) that the enquiry was for macaroni.

* *

Three pounds has recently been paid for a lock of BEETHOVEN's hair. A very reasonable price considering how seldom, being a musical genius, he had it cut.

* *

Swan-upping has just been carried out as usual on the Thames. It is

TO CERTAIN GENTLEMEN OF MIDDLE AGE.

(With acknowledgments to the author of an historic
Irish Bull.)

WHEN England, roused to warrior rage,
Shook off her dreams of sloth and ease,
Forth went her men of fighting age
To do her service overseas;
But you, whom mellow years protect,
Leaving you free to take your pleasure,
Decline to let this change affect
Either your business or your leisure.
'Tis true your shoulders have to share
The burdens incident to war;
Strange extra taxes you must bear;
Your motor joy-rides cost you more;
True, Armageddon claims its price
In drinks curtailed by early closure,
But no appeal for sacrifice
Has yet impinged on your composure.
Let others work at splints and swabs,
Or guard a bridge on sentry-go;
Let such as care for navy jobs
Entrench to fend a raiding foe;
But you—you hold yourselves excused
From chivalry that earns no wages,
Nor want your middle age confused
With manners of the Middle Ages.
So we have shirkers with us still
Who, being over forty-one,
Are eligible, if they will,
To take no part against the Hun;
And if they cannot else be moved
Save by a very sharp convulsion,
I hope a case is fairly proved
For volunteering by compulsion.

O. S.

OUR WAR-WEDDING PRESENT.

My wife's niece, Adeline, has been engaged for nearly a year, but, her soldier-fiancé being away at the Front ever since, their marriage seemed so remote that we had never given a thought to the problem of what we were to give them as a wedding present. Last week we heard that he was coming over almost immediately for a fortnight, and that they were to be married the day after his arrival. This was rather short notice, but fortunately, as we then thought, we discovered in our Stores catalogue an illustration of a "Food-warmer for Table Use. Hammered copper top. One lamp. Price 26s. 6d.," which we decided was as suitable an offering for a young couple as we could reasonably afford in these times. It might, to be sure, be a long while before they would be able to enjoy the benefit of it; but then any gift for their joint use was open to that objection.

As, according to my wife, it was not so very much out of my way to Whitehall, I was deputed to go to the Stores myself, purchase the food-warmer and order it to be forwarded to the Rectory at once, with one of our cards, on which she had written, "With fondest love and best wishes."

Considering that I had faithfully executed both this commission and another with which I had been entrusted, I own I found it a little hard to be received by her, on my return home that evening, with the complaint that I really was the most hopeless person to ask to do anything. It appeared that the food-warmer had just been delivered at our own house, and without the card of good wishes that should have accompanied it.

"My dear Julia," I said, "I did all I could. I gave them Adeline's address at the Rectory as plainly as possible. But, after all, you've only to send the food-warmer on to her."

"And pay the carriage myself!" she said. "But that's not all, Peter. You forgot about ordering those things on the list I gave you. I thought that, as there was such a lot of them, there might be mistakes if I ordered them on the telephone. But even *that* would have been better than not getting them at all."

"There again," I remonstrated, "you are too hasty, Julia. I did *not* forget anything. I was rather in a hurry to get to the office, so I handed your list to the assistant in charge of the food-warmers, and he promised to see that it was attended to."

"I am sure you must have made *some* muddle," she insisted, "because they've sent the food-warmer to us—even you can't deny *that*, Peter. And I shouldn't be in the least surprised if all those articles I wanted for the home have gone to that poor girl, with our card of best wishes!"

I pointed out that such a double mistake was highly improbable, though the Stores were no doubt short-handed owing to the War—which was enough to account for any slight delay.

However, on the following evening the last post brought a letter for Julia, which, after reading, she passed on to me in significant silence. It was from Adeline, and as follows:

"DEAREST AUNT JULIA,—How perfectly ripping of you and Uncle Peter to send us such loads of things, and all of them *exactly* what I was longing for! I simply adore the ducky little white rug, with 'Bath Mat' on it in heavenly blue letters; and so will dear Jack when he is here to see it. And I know he will love, as I do, that most ingenious mouse-trap and insist on taking it back with him to his dug-out, where the rats have been such a nuisance to him, poor darling. I daresay he sometimes has time for afternoon tea in the trenches, and then the charming 'anti-incrustator' for collecting 'fur' in kettles will be a real boon and blessing. So, when he is in billets away from the firing-line, will be the pretty little packets of bath-mustard. It was too dear and clever of you to have thought of all that. The dainty kitchen-shovel, the egg-whisk and artistic scullery tidy have set me longing for the day when I shall have a kitchen of my own to do honour to them. As for your *other* delightful gifts—the tins of powder-monkey and Harebell polish, the bars of household soap, the box of soup squares, the divine jar of pickled walnuts, those sweet little blacklead cubes, the bag of tapioca-flakes, and, above all, that fascinating bottle of horse-radish cream, they are all set out on one of the shelves in my den, and every now and then I absolutely *have* to rush upstairs to gloat over them. Altogether, I really can't find words to express my gratitude to you and dear Uncle Peter. If only our *other* wedding-presents were as refreshingly original and unconventional as yours are! *Would* you believe it? We have already been given no fewer than *four* food-warmers. All of them in hammered copper, too!"

"Well," I said, as I finished the letter, "Adeline seems satisfied, anyhow" (though I couldn't help thinking she had laid it on just a trifle thick). "So *that's* all right. And all those years we've been married we've never had a food-warmer. Now we can keep this one, and I shall no longer come down to breakfast and find my eggs-and-bacon stone-cold."

"I'm afraid," said Julia grimly, "you will continue to find them so, Peter, because I sent that food-warmer off to Adeline this afternoon."

We have not heard again from Adeline as yet. F. A.



THE BIG PUSH.

MUNITION WORKER. "WELL, I'M NOT TAKING A HOLIDAY MYSELF JUST YET, BUT I'M SENDING THESE KIDS OF MINE FOR A LITTLE TRIP ON THE CONTINENT."



Inquisitorial Visitor. "AND HOW MANY GERMANS DID YOU KILL?"

Bored Tommy. "I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY; BUT ONCE MY MATE SHOUTED, 'SHAKE YER BLOOMIN' BAYONET, BILL; THERE'S SIX ON IT!'"

THE STRAY LAMB.

*Letter from Ethel Smith to her friend,
Maud Brown.
Chatsworth, Tooting Common,
July 24th.*

DEAREST MAUD,—Just a line to say I'm going down to Westbourne this afternoon for a week or so. My address will be Marina House, The Esplanade. I mean to get in some tennis. George, who of course is over age and still very lame from his accident last year, is going to-night to Killarney for a fortnight, and Baby and Nurse left early this morning for Newquay. So much jollier than all going to the seaside together, as people used to do in the 'eighties. By the way, you haven't seen Babs since he was dipped. Nice sort of godmother, aren't you? He's a perfect duck. George is positively cracked about him and buys him the most absurdly expensive presents, birthday and un-birthday ones. Do write to me next week. I shall probably be feeling rather lonely, and wondering whether my little lamb is quite safe, though Jane is very trustworthy. She's a great treasure.

Yours, ETHEL.

*Telegram from George Smith to Jane Kidwash.
Regent Street, July 24th.*

Have ordered toy lamb at Gamleys for Baby call railway parcel office.—SMITH.

*Letter from Jane Kidwash to Ethel Smith.
376, Sea View Terrace, Newquay,
July 25th.*

DEAR MISTRESS,—I hadn't no time for to write last night has our train got here so late, but we arrived safe which this house faces the sea as is very nice, after breakfast this morning being well cooked and good we went down to the shore and baby was took by a man sittin on my lap. He ad on his new perlissee an the blew shoes. It was all over in two or three minits which baby never made no sound. I opes you will not blame me for lettin the man take baby and im sittin on my knee lookin so sweat.

I called at the station this afternoon but the little lamb wasn't their. I will call again to-morrow and opes for better news so no more at present.

From yours obedient,
JANE KIDWASH.

*Telegram from Ethel to George.
Westbourne, July 26th.*

Nurse writes baby stolen been police station no news wire what do letter follows.—ETHEL.

*Letter from Ethel to George.
Marina House, Westbourne,
July 26th.*

DEAR OLD BOY,—I had a letter from Nurse this morning, saying she and Baby arrived safely, and that Baby had

been taken from her by a man this morning while on the shore. I am so upset I don't know what to do. It has put me right off my game. For goodness' sake suggest something or I shall go mad. Nurse has been to the police-station, but they have heard nothing of our darling.

Your distracted ETHEL.

Telegram from George to Ethel.

Killarney, July 26th.

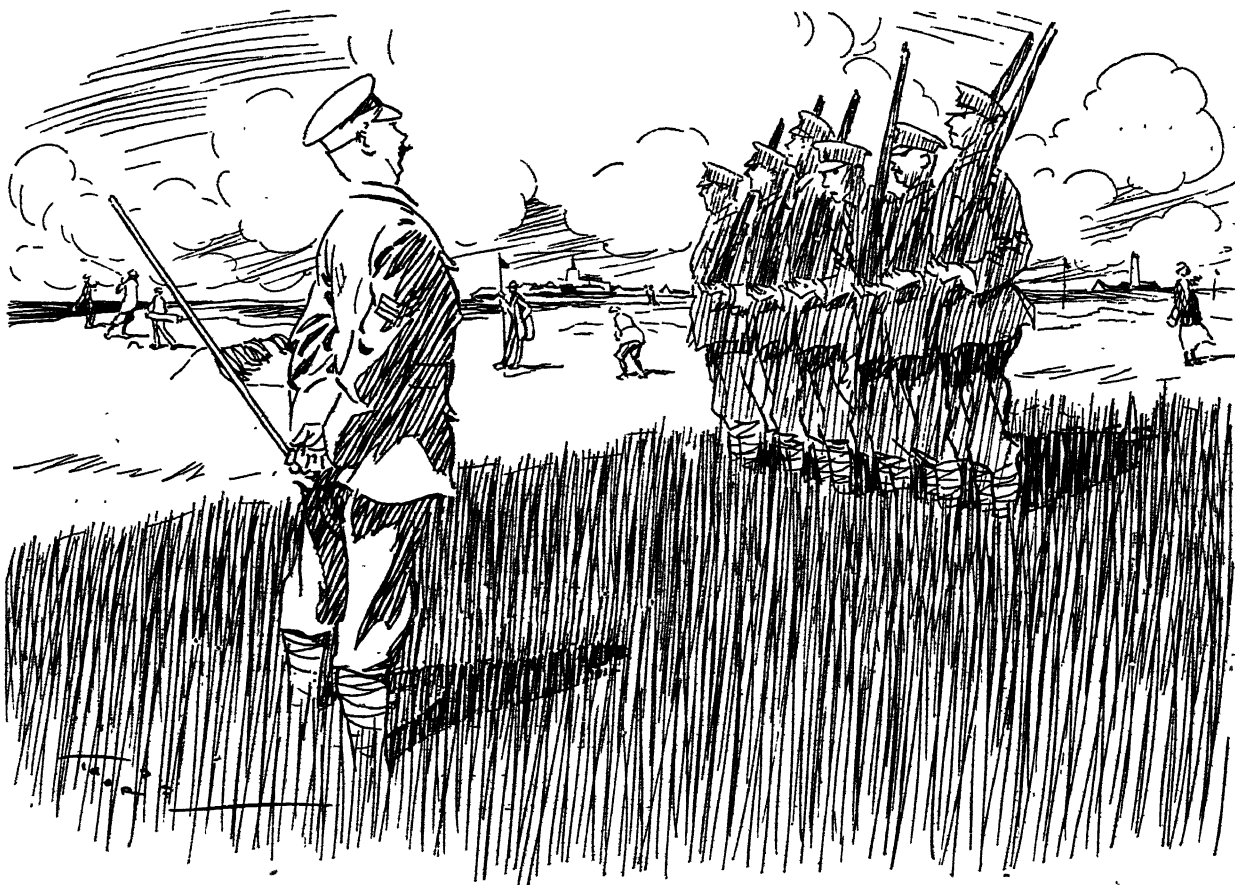
Laid up influenza telegraphed police offering 50 pounds reward.—GEORGE.

*Letter from Jane Kidwash to Ethel.
Newquay, July 27th.*

DEAR MISTRESS,—The little lamb is still missing though knowing as you will be anxious I ave called regular at the station every morning and afternoon but they hasn't no news. Howsever I darsay has it'll all come right in the hend so no use worriting. Im glad I thought to bring a pack of cards which serves to pass the time of an evening as is long and wearysome but their you mustn't grumbl as the sayin is. I shall miss the post if I don't close this now so no more.

From your obediently,
JANE KIDWASH.

P.S.—I ave proof what the young man as took baby as done. It's just like him.



IN THE ROUGH.

"'OLD YER 'ED UP, NUMBER FOUR! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING DOWN THERE FOR?"

"I USED TO BE A CADDIE HERE, SERGEANT."

Letter from Ethel to George.

Marina House, July 27th.

DEAR OLD BOY,—I have just heard from Nurse again. Our darling has not been found yet and I'm nearly demented. It has put me so much off my game that Alice Robinson, who is down here too, beat me in a single this morning 6-1, 6-3, and you know that she hardly knows one end of a racquet from the other.

Nurse says she has proof who did it, and says it is just like him, which shows it was someone she knows pretty well. And from the way she put it in her first letter I can't be certain whether it was the young man or Baby who was sitting on her knee at the time. I forgot to mention this before, through being so upset. In fact, beyond a game or two of tennis in the morning, listening to the band in the afternoon, and a quiet rubber or two of bridge in the evening, if we can get a four together, I do nothing but mope. I do hope your flu is better and that you will be able to do something in the matter soon. I would run down to Newquay if I thought I should be of any use, but

I couldn't do anything if the police can't, could I?

Your heartbroken ETHEL.

P.S.—I bought a perfectly ducky blue-and-white bowl in an antique dealer's shop here yesterday. It will look sweet on the small table in the hall, and will do for cards.

Telegram from Jane to Ethel.

July 29th.

Lamb turned up but one leg broken will get mended here.

Telegram from Ethel to George.

July 29th.

Baby found leg broken nurse called in local surgeon am wiring Sir Bruce Shinn to go down.—ETHEL.

Letter from Jane to Ethel.

Newquay, July 31st.

DEAR MISTRESS,—I have took the liberty to send you one of baby's potos what the young man took, and opes as you will like it wich I think is bewtiful and just like him. They was 2 shilling for 6 which I opes you will not be cross the young man was so perlite. I have ad the lamb's leg mended and baby is

quite took up with it and takes it to bed with him being sticky throo jam what baby was trying to feed it, oping you and Master are both quite well.

Yours respectful,

JANE KIDWASH.

I forgot to say as a very nice gentleman, name of Shin, called this morning to see baby, who took to him wonderful, tho he pulled is legs about a deal too much for my fancy.

Telegram from Ethel to George.

Westbourne, August 1st.

Heard from nurse all well sorry my mistake.

"Before Mr. Asquith rose Sir Edward Carson had made a conciliatory speech and had suggested that Mr. Carson and himself should shake hands on the floor of the House."

The Star.

This somewhat clumsily disguised suggestion that Sir EDWARD is actually shaking hands with his former self over the failure of the Irish negotiations is, we understand, repudiated by the right honourable gentleman with characteristic vigour.

A RECITATION IN REST-BILLETS.

IN a way the C.O. was to blame. His constant desire to amuse the men while in rest-billets greatly taxed the resources of the officer whose duty it was to arrange the concerts. Briggs, being the "Intelligence" Officer and erroneously credited with a certain allowance of this quality, had been entrusted with the re-shuffling of the items we all knew so well. As in the trenches the men bore the attack bravely. They would let their pent-up feelings burst forth in joining in the choruses, and then applaud their own efforts vigorously; further, should the Chaplain not be present, a Scottish Sergeant would amuse them considerably, while the officers looked up at the ceiling. It happened that Briggs's difficulty over the lack of fresh talent reached the ears of our latest arrival, one Captain Knibb, who was small and had trouble with his eyeglass. Approaching our little group before luncheon on the day of the concert, he casually observed to Briggs that if he were short of turns he wouldn't mind reciting something. For a moment Briggs looked dubious; but, after all, a cadaverous subaltern named Byson had recited "Gunga Din" at every concert held, and it was quite good fun to prompt him from the "stalls" when he broke down.

"What will you recite?" asked Briggs cautiously.

"Oh! I've written a little topical thing for the men," replied Knibb modestly, and we all looked grave. On reflection I hold the opinion that Briggs should have put his foot down then and there, but, failing to realize the possibilities of the situation, he weakly said, "Good," and was led away to hear "the little topical thing." When Briggs returned we knew by his face that the worst could be anticipated.

"It's simply ghastly!" he muttered when the mess-waiter had tended him into a state of coherence. "The men will never stand it. It begins like an election address, something about—

'Colonel Blankney and the boys he leads,
Ye who have fought because Belgium
bleeds'—

and yards of similar piffle." We shuddered, knowing the men's sense of humour. Still, you can't tell a Captain he's going to make an ass of himself, so with dismal forebodings Briggs wrote, "Captain Knibb—recitation—selected," on the programme, and hardly touched his food.

The concert began at six. It was, as usual, packed, being held on a pay-

day, which may have accounted for the battalion conjurer's total incompetence and the officers' lack of enthusiasm when he wanted to borrow a watch; however, since we knew that he *could* do the tricks when he was all right, his exit was triumphant. When "Gunga Din" had been duly rendered according to custom and B Co.'s Sergeant-Major had illustrated with a cornet that "Where my caravan has rested" was a place to be avoided, and the Scottish Sergeant had been dragged off the stage owing to the presence of the Chaplain—when, in fact, everything was proceeding with customary smoothness, the audience received the pleasant shock of Briggs's announcement that a new item would be given: "Captain Knibb—recitation—selected." For a moment the C.O. seemed pleased that one of his captains should help in the entertainment, but when Captain Knibb strolled dramatically on to the four-by-two stage and bowed unctuously to his Colonel, the latter stiffened visibly. You could have heard the habitual pin drop, the men seemed so determined to give him a respectful and sporting chance. Slowly and heavily he began—

"Colonel Blankney and the boys he leads,
Ye who have fought because Belgium
bleeds."

This was followed by a slight pause, during which the Captain's servant hastily applauded, the Q.M.S. shouted, "Order please!" and several subs turned their profiles on the C.O. The Chaplain seemed to scent competition.

"I speak of the 'Batling Seventh's' name!
Men of imperishable fame!"

At this point "Defaulters" sounded jarringly outside, and several "men of imperishable fame" left the building hurriedly; and amidst the general disorder the "Batling Seventh" choked audibly.

Growing more and more impressive our White Hope and KIPLING's Despair unburdened himself still further of the result of a late supper, and louder and louder grew the gurgling, until, as he ended the first stanza with the terrific climax—

"Men of the 'Batling Seventh,' charge!"—a thin voice cried, "As you were!" and even the C.O. swung on his moustache with both hands and rocked helplessly.

What would have happened then Heaven and the Staff alone know, but in the midst of the unrestrained emotion which now pervaded the audience an orderly flew in and whispered, "Test gas alarm, Sir!" to the C.O., who turned purple and in a choked voice repeated the order to the assembly. Never have I seen the men so reluctant to get

into their gas-helmets, and it was with strangled splutterings of protest that they hurried away to "stand to."

* * * * *
Indisposition has robbed us of Captain Knibb for a while, but we are all hoping that he is busy in his leisure moments.

THE R.H.A. DRIVER.

LAST year he studied to be polite,
After the code of the soft goods trade,
From prosy morning till welcome night,
Concerning the traffic of silk and
suede.

But now he lives in the open air
Or builds a "bivvy" of odds and ends;
His work, to wait on a sturdy pair
Of tall gun-horses he counts for
friends.

He thrives on wettings, he takes hard
knocks,
Grows tough on rations and work
and fun;
Though mud may mount to his horses'
hocks,
He makes them shine in the coy
French sun.

He drives through the rain and the
troubled dark,
By the lure of the flickering star-
shell led,
And thrills with soldierly pride to hark
The guns grow louder that boom
ahead.

The boy who served in the draper's
shop
Wears knightly spurs, and he's won
them well;
He'll drive till he or his horses drop,
If they order his gun to the gates
of Hell!

The Power behind the Throne.

From the Preface to *The Statesman's Year-Book* :—

"As usual the British Empire has been under the charge of Mr. A. D. Webb."

"WILL the GENTLEMAN who FELL OUT OF TRAIN arriving at West Ealing at 12.01 mid-night, April 29, COMMUNICATE with Mr. — who fell with him."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Happily the two appear to be strangers. We should not like to think of old friends falling out with one another.

"Tokyo, Monday.

The Government yesterday issued the unsatisfying in contrast with the unending whose brevity strikes a new note and seems unsatisfying in contrast with the unending Press speculations during the past week. Press comment is unenlightening."

Provincial Paper.

We are at one with our contemporary on this point.

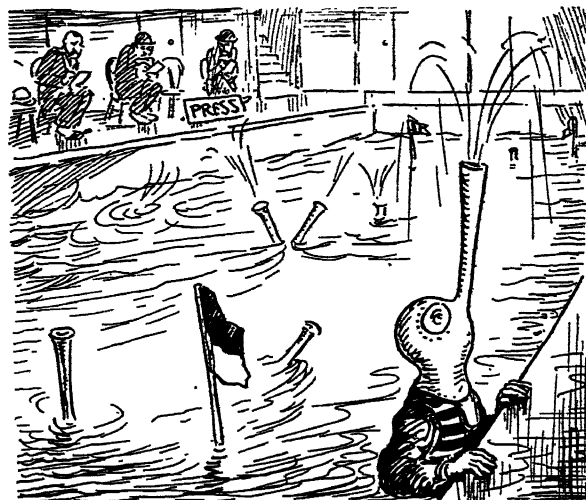
NEW SUMMER GAMES WITH A STRONG WAR FLAVOUR.



TRENCH CRICKET ON THE SANDS. THE RICOCHET FROM THE SIDES INTRODUCES A COMPLETELY NEW ELEMENT INTO THE GAME.



"KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING." PICNIC STOVE-LIGHTING. THE ONLY COMPETITION WHICH GOES BEST IN BAD WEATHER.



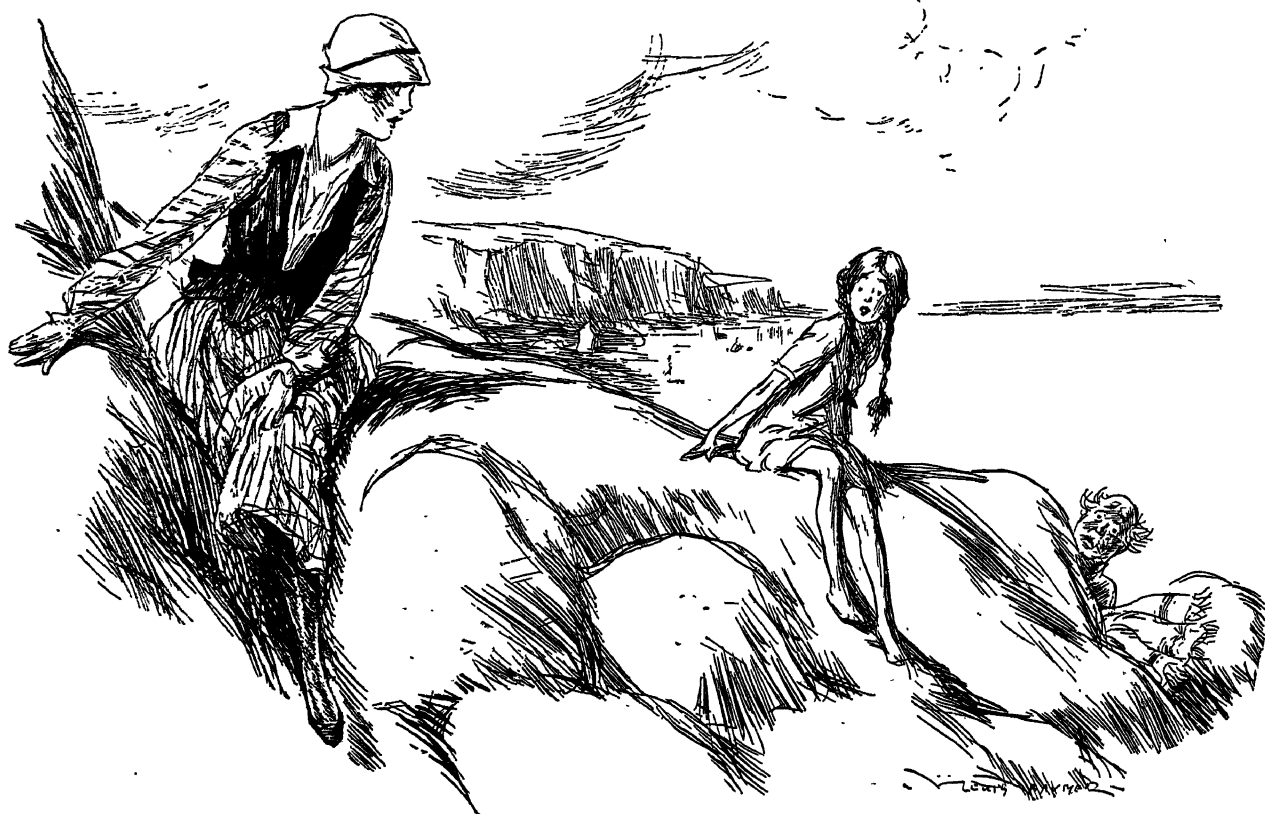
SUBMARINE WATER POLO. PLAYED WITH A NON-FLOATING BALL. NOT RECOMMENDED AT GATE-MONEY SHOWS, AS THE GAME APPEALS MORE TO THE PLAYERS THAN THE SPECTATORS.



TESTING SAND-BAGS.



TENT-PITCHING COMPETITION. EQUALLY SUITABLE FOR MARGATE OR RANELAGH.



THE PERILS OF MODESTY.

Little Girl (in loud whisper). "MABEL! MABEL! COME QUICK AND LOOK OVER HERE! I BELIEVE I'VE SPOTTED A GERMAN SPY!"

THE PERFECT PANEGYRIST.

(With acknowledgments to the poetic eulogies composed by Sir PHILIP BURNE-JONES, and read at the Fête of the Three Arts, held at Grosvenor House for the Women's Employment Fund.

To SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Your namesake, King of Macedon,
Was great among commanders;
Your other namesake puts new heart
Into our line in Flanders:
But you surpass them both and all
Georges and Alexanders.

To HENRY AINLEY.
Whether your rôles are handsome or
ungainly,
Whether you treat them freakishly or
sanely,
Whether you stammer or speak very
plainly,
You are my favourite actor, HENRY
AINLEY.

To MRS. BARCLAY.
Dear MRS. BARCLAY, how can I express
My admiration of your huge success?

Of old your noble name was linked
with—beer;
Now you have raised it to th' angelic
sphere,
Where, high enthroned with WHEELER
WILCOX (ELLA),
You lavishly distil *celestia mella*.

To HILAIRE BELLOC.
Dear BELLOC, from your weekly dose
Of wise prognostications
I grow more strongly bellocose
Against the Central Nations.

To G. K. CHESTERTON.
Dear Mr. CHESTERTON, your name
Rings loud upon the trump of fame,
And in these days you hugely loom
Athwart the circumambient gloom,
Though bound by paradox's fetters,
The largest of our men of letters.

To MASTER ANTHONY ASQUITH.
Dear Boy, who by your Christian name
suggest
The Mark you're bound to make among
the best,
And for the honoured surname that you
bear
Are welcomed with effusion everywhere,

Go on and shed a new and lustrous
tint on
The grey old halls of mediæval Winton.

To LADY BATHURST.
Dear Lady BATHURST, you who rule
the roast
As guardian angel of *The Morning Post*,
Accept my heartfelt tribute for the skill
With which you "voice" the Nation's
iron will.

To THE EDITOR OF *THE WESTMINSTER
GAZETTE*.

Dear Mr. SPENDER, though I much
adore
The Russian dancers when they take
the floor,
Your daily egg-dance gives me even
more
Delight than any kind of ballet corps.

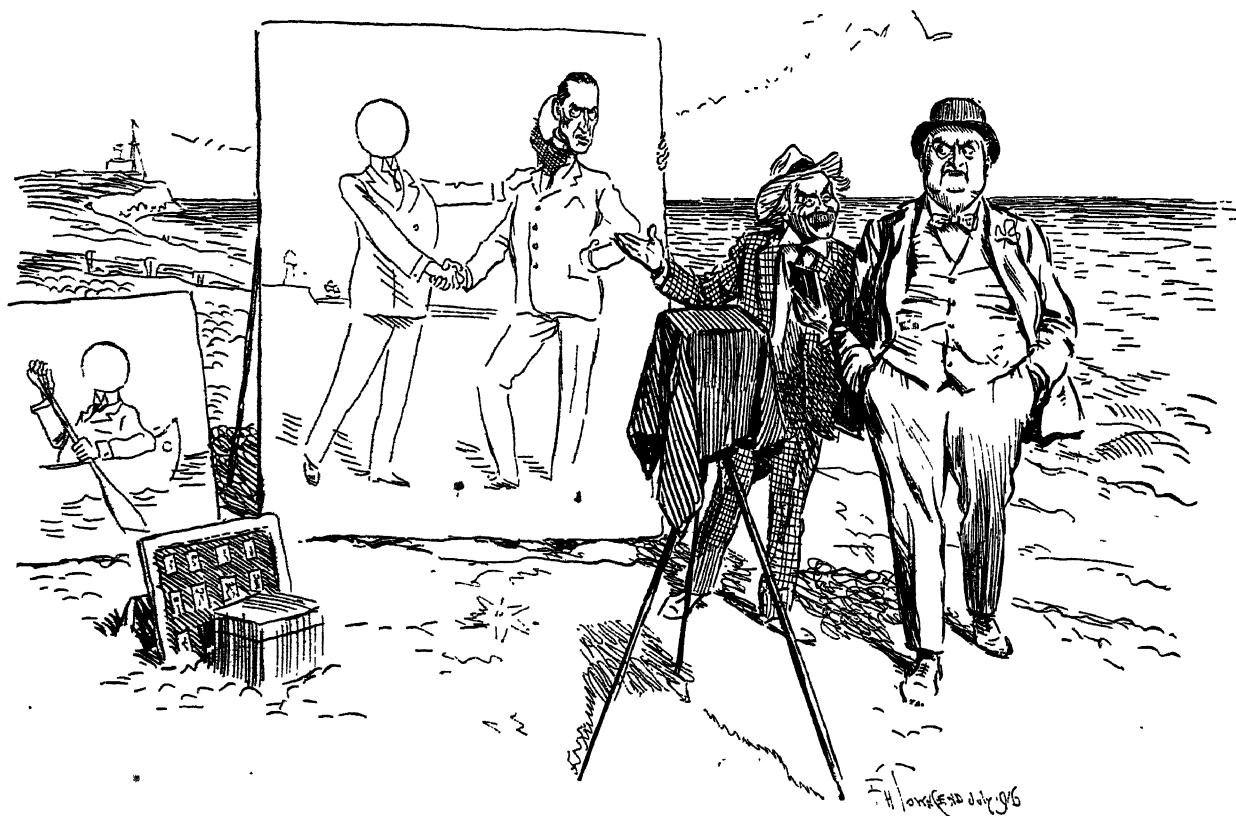
From a house-agent's advertisement:
"SUFFOLK.—A genuine old XIIIth Century
Tudor Residence, standing high up in open
country, to be let either furnished or un-
furnished."
If we were not assured that this very
early Tudor residence was standing up
we should have suspected it of lying.



THE NON-STOP CAR.

ERIN. "COME ON OUT O' THAT NOW, DARLINT, OR YE'LL BE KILT INTIRELY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Photographer LLOYD GEORGE. "NICE DAY FOR A CHARMING GROUP PHOTO, SIR, WITH THIS OTHER GENTLEMAN—A WAR-TIME STUDY—PEACE IN THE HOME-CIRCLE—AND SO FORTH."

Monday, July 24th.—Sir EDWARD CARSON is apparently the only Irishman who wants Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's scheme to go through. He is ready to make any sacrifice—even to embrace Mr. REDMOND on the floor of the House—to secure Home Rule for the rest of Ireland, provided that his own six counties are not forced to come under it. On the contrary, the Nationalist leaders, though they protested with great vigour that, as usual, Ireland had been betrayed, are perhaps not sorry to be relieved of the responsibility of governing their beloved country in its present condition.

Somehow I fancy that Mr. DILLON, for example, much prefers the excitement of denouncing with adjectival ferocity the misdeeds of British administrators to the drudgery of correcting those misdeeds as President of the Irish Local Government Board. And I am sure that LABRÁS UASAL MAG FIONNGAIL (*né* GINNELL) would feel (like his famous countryman *O'Thella*) that his occupation was gone if he could no longer run a tilt against the windmills of the Treasury Bench.

In such brief moments as could be spared from Irish affairs the PRIME MINISTER proposed a Vote of Credit for

£450,000,000, and the new MINISTER FOR WAR, in a cheerful survey of the situation, paid a well-deserved tribute to the labours of the late MINISTER OF MUNITIONS.

A fragment from Question-time:—

Mr. HOGGE: "On what authority does the right hon. gentleman say that pensions are terminable?"

Mr. McKENNA (triumphantly): "Because persons are mortal."

Mr. HOGGE (after an interval for reflection): "Does that apply to the Cabinet?"

Tuesday, July 25th.—Lord CREWE gave an example this afternoon of the noble self-sacrifice of British statesmen. Lord TEMPLETOWN had suggested that Mr. HUGHES should be invited to return from Australia in order to help the Government in conducting the War. Lord CREWE was most sympathetic. No one knew better than himself how active Mr. HUGHES had been during his visit here. But he was sure that the Australians wanted him even more than we did, and therefore he could not think of pressing him to return.

Mr. REDMOND having intimated last night that the Nationalists would now feel it their duty to resume independent

criticism of the Government, there was renewed activity, quite reminiscent of old times, on the Irish benches to-day. Mr. SAMUEL bore the brunt of most of the questioning, and remained unperturbed even when Mr. HEALY reverted to an impertinence worthy of his worst days.

Not long ago Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL demanded that the Duke of CUMBERLAND, now in arms against us, should be deprived of his British titles, on the ground, *inter alia*, that he ought no longer to be associated with the county represented by Mr. SPEAKER. He now revealed the further fact that this traitorous person takes precedence of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Unmoved by this shocking revelation Mr. ASQUITH replied that the matter required legislation, and was not urgent; but later on, finding the House for once in sympathy with Mr. MACNEILL, he promised to purge the Peerage of its enemy Dukes.

Wednesday, July 26th.—Royal Commissions, said Lord CREWE this afternoon, resemble the River Nile, which, after flowing with a strong and steady current for most of its course, is dissipated into a thousand channels before it reaches the sea.

However true this disparaging description may be it is hardly tactful towards the PRIME MINISTER, who, having already set up a hundred or so of Commissions, Committees and Courts of Inquiry, had just announced the appointment of two more.

The Right Hon. Sir HENRY DALZIEL objected to Lord GEORGE HAMILTON as Chairman of the Mesopotamian Commission, on the ground that he was in receipt of a political pension. "We want no Government hacks," was the elegant form which his objection took. Mr. ASQUITH contented himself with rehearsing Lord GEORGE's long and varied public services, but I think he must begin to wonder whether his recommendations for Privy Councillorships have been always quite judicious.

Mr. DILLON dilated on the dilatoriness of Commissions, and made the sensible suggestion that the Mesopotamian Commissioners should be instructed to report on the medical arrangements within two months. Mr. HOLT, fresh from championing the cause of the conscientious objectors, urged that the indemnity to witnesses ought not to save incompetent officers from sharing the fate of Admiral BYNG. He has no objection, it would seem, to the shedding of blood, provided that it is not German.

Thursday, July 27th.—Until this afternoon Sir COLIN KEPPEL has had a comparatively easy time since he became Serjeant-at-Arms. But he was evidently nonplussed when the SPEAKER called upon him to remove Mr. GINNELL. The traditional procedure on these occasions is for the culprit to wait until the Sergeant has touched him lightly on the shoulder and then, yielding to this technical display of force, to depart without more ado.

Mr. GINNELL, always original, showed no disposition to move, and Sir COLIN found his varied naval and military experience, even though it included shifting "fuzzy-wuzzies" in the Soudan, of no use to him in this emergency. If for a moment he thought of prodding this human hedgehog into activity with his pretty little sword of office he quickly abandoned the idea, and at last returned to the SPEAKER with the intimation that the hon. Member declined to obey his ruling.

Here, I think, Mr. FLAVIN missed a great chance. On a famous occasion, in the far-off old unhappy days when the suspension of an Irish Member was an almost daily occurrence, he was in the position occupied by Mr. GINNELL. He too refused to submit to the symbolical violence of the Serjeant-at-Arms and had to be carried out kicking by six



SOUVENIRS DE VOYAGE.

Guest. "NICE BIT O' SOAP, BILL. WHAT IS IT?"

Host. "GREAT WESTERN."

stalwart policemen. What a splendid *amende* for his conduct on that occasion it would have been if he had now stooped down, picked up his obstinate colleague in his gigantic arms and borne him forth from the House like the naughty baby that he is.

If one gallant Admiral had to admit defeat another scored a notable success. In a plea for the appointment of naval and military representatives to the new Commissions Sir HEDWORTH MEUX pleasantly reminded Mr. ASQUITH that BYNG was shot because the Prime Minister of the day ought to have been hanged. Mr. ASQUITH, with great discretion, thereupon conceded the point.

Cause and Effect.

"GERMANY'S FOOD SHORTAGE.
UNEASINESS IN THE INTERIOR."

Lincolnshire Echo.

A Venial Error.

"NEUTRALS TAKING FISH FOR GERMANS."
Daily Chronicle.

"In the Thames, at Windsor, a fine carp weighing 11lb. 2oz., has been caught by Mr. J. W. Campbell. It is the largest fish of its kind taken by an angler in this river for a number of years."—*Daily Telegraph*, July 26.

"The largest carp caught in the Thames for a number of years, weighing 17lbs. 2oz., has been taken by Mr. J. W. Campbell at Windsor."—*Star*, same date.

This shows how rapidly even the truest fish story expands.



THE CRIMEA TOUCH.

The Orator. "WHAT IS IT, I ASK YOU, BARRIN' THE NAVY, STANDS BETWEEN YOU AND THE BLOOMIN' HUNS THIS DAY? WHY, NOTHING, I SAYS, BUT A THIN RED LINE OF KHAKI."

RUNNING REPAIRS.

As the car swerved up the drive of "The Holmes" a small party appeared in the doorway. Some of them wore splints, some had crutches, and the remainder were more or less restricted in their activities by skilfully wound bandages; but their cheerfulness was unfailing.

"Got 'Bunny agin,'" exclaimed one of them, indicating the small and weedy chauffeur.

"You be careful, Swish, or 'e'll go an' eat yer," commented another. The chauffeur smiled upon them as one who knew and appreciated their idiosyncrasies.

"Any'ow," said a gigantic sapper, "I shouldn't care to take on 'Bunny' with me left 'and tied be'ind me." He laughed boisterously at his own joke, but he was the only one who did. His right arm had been amputated at the shoulder.

"Come on, let's git into the 'utch," said "Swish," who, being a cavalry man, entertained an extreme objection to marking time.

They climbed in, clamouring with the chauffeur to drive them to places

ranging from Hammersmith Broadway to Berlin.

"Somethink like, this," remarked Gunner Toady as the car sped along a green-boughed lane. His neighbour, a monosyllabic Highlander with crutches, did not waste even a monosyllable on such an obvious statement, but instead sniffed appreciatively the smell of the raw fresh earth and made an instinctive movement which thrust his crutches further from him.

For some miles they drove in the silent bliss (if you except an occasional exchange of badinage with other wayfarers) which can only be diffused by a summer day and six perfectly working cylinders. Then, in a deep and narrow Somerset lane, the machinery, in its usual arbitrary manner, suddenly revolted.

The chauffeur climbed down, lifted up the bonnet and irritated the mechanism with the assurance of one who can make all things right. But the minutes passed and nothing happened, so "Swish" poked a splinted leg over the footboard and cautiously descended from the front seat.

"'Ere, you git back," exclaimed the diminutive chauffeur, trying to look

fierce. "You know you ain't allowed out 'ere."

"Swish" patted him affectionately on the back and dipped his hands into the machinery.

"Wonderful what a knowledge of machinery one gits 'anging round the supply waggons."

The one-armed sapper spoke to the blue heavens, and "Swish" breathed deeply and hit something with a spanner. The chauffeur danced with apprehension.

"'Ere, take 'im away, some of you," he cried.

It was a rash invitation and was answered with unexpected celerity. Everybody except the Highlander vacated the car and proceeded to relieve "Swish" of his command by the simple expedient of taking it over himself. In a few minutes a varied assortment of caps and blue jackets were scattered about and every available tool was either in use or about to be. The Highlander could endure it no longer; casting his crutches into the road he "joined up," asserting that "his brither Donal" drove a trolley-car in Dundee."

The rightful chauffeur of the car threw a despairing glance at his

exuberant charges and the raffle lying round about. He wondered vaguely whether he ought to fetch a policeman, and if, when fetched, he would turn out to be another expert in machinery.

Then a car slid slowly round the corner and came to a standstill because it had no choice in the matter.

And behold a miracle happened!

The sapper snatched up his coat and leapt for the footboard; "Swish" hopped valiantly and regardless of pain into the front seat; the remainder downed tools and made a combined rush; only the Highlander was left behind, groping frantically for his crutches. The chauffeur handed them to him in mute astonishment. Then he turned and became aware that a small alert-looking woman had descended from the other car. She advanced fearlessly and pointed an accusing finger at what might have been a band of children caught raiding the store-cupboard. Her words were few and simple, and, to the further astonishment of the chauffeur, did not draw forth a single retort. It was entirely contrary to his own experience.

With the aid of the other driver the car was at last successfully readjusted, but it was not until the accursed spot had been left far behind that the deep and enduring silence of the party was broken by "Swish," who remarked thoughtfully to no one in particular, "Fancy meetin' Sister in that there blighted wilderness!" and then, addressing himself solely to the still indignant man at the wheel, added, "Next time you pulls the wrong 'andle you'll 'ave to mend the 'ole tin can yourself. We ain't goin' to 'elp yer."

The chauffeur opened his mouth to reply, but closed it again for want of an adequate repartee.

THE REVUE FORMULA.

SOME day, said a philosopher, all things will be made clear to us. That is good news. Among the questions I shall then ask is this—Why is it that the Press is unanimous in the decision that the present craze for revue is detrimental to the best interests both of the stage and the music-hall, and yet it hails each new revue as an addition to the gaiety and delight of the multitudes?

Most forms of journalism can be anticipated with accuracy by the intelligent student of the papers, but none with such certainty as the notice of a new revue. Thus:—

Last night saw the opening performance, more than once postponed, of the much-talked-of revue at the Blank. We may say at once that it



VOLUNTEER PROBLEMS.

"PARDON ME, SIR, HOW DO YOU SALUTE WHEN YOU'VE GOT A RIFLE IN ONE HAND AND A CIGAR IN THE OTHER?"

was worth waiting for, and that Mr. Dash has again done well by his many patrons. For several hours the eye was amazed and fascinated by wonderful schemes of prismatic harmony or contrast. Novelty having long since been voted *vieux jeu* by our most successful producers, it need hardly be said that the scenes include a representation of a revue during rehearsal, and a wild glimpse of a night club in full swing. Such plot as there is is soon disposed of; but that is of no consequence, for the succession of beautiful dresses and tuneful numbers is continuous. If we were so ungrateful as to be in the mood to be critical, which we are not, we might hint that the *raison d'être* of a revue is possibly to review something, and that the many authors who have laid their heads together to produce this agreeable medley might be wittier; but no doubt in the course of a week or so redundancies will go and jokes will come in. Mean-

while everyone is to be congratulated on a remarkable performance, and we never saw a better drilled chorus. We venture to prophesy that it will be a long time before Mr. Dash need concern himself about a successor to last night's triumph.

Any editor who wishes to employ his dramatic critic on other tasks than a visit to the next new revue is at liberty to use the foregoing notice without fee or even acknowledgment. It will be found adequate.

A Chance for Caravanners.

"A most comfortable Board Residence—Paying Guests received in well appointed House on penny tram."—*Irish Paper*.

"FOR SALE.—Low-down milk wagon: also sulky."—*American Paper*.

Feels its want of breeding, no doubt.

"How many Russians does it take to make one offensive?"

"Don't know, but forty Poles make one rood."

IN THE BLACK KITTEN'S WAKE.

THE following facts must be taken for what they are worth. I merely premise that they are facts.

I was recently playing lawn tennis, when, just as I was about to serve, a black kitten suddenly appeared from nowhere and walked slowly towards me across the court. Looking neither to the right nor the left, it came close to me and began to rub its cheek, its side and its bushy tail against my skirt and boots. Meanwhile the game was suspended.

Being a woman I knew enough of beneficent portents and mascots to remain perfectly still, even if I had not been adjured to do so by the other players, one of whom was my hostess.

"Don't drive it away!" they said.

"That's a bit of luck, if you like!" they said.

"Well, you are fortunate to be singled out like that!" said they.

And so on.

I needed no such counsel, for I was myself by no means insensible to the compliment or to the beatitudes obviously before me.

After a minute or so the black kitten retreated into the limbo from which it had emerged and the game proceeded.

That no one there had ever seen it before did not in any way lessen the aura of distinction which its preference had set about me.

A little later, twisting my ankle, I had to stop playing.

The next day I merely had one of my worst headaches.

The day after, I left my house, carrying, as usual, a bag, since women have not yet progressed so far on the road to all-round efficiency as to have sensible pockets. In this bag were a number of Treasury notes to the amount of about twenty pounds, and a cheque for a like amount, and a child's bank deposit book, all of which I was taking to a place of safety. The bag, which, with various predecessors, I have carried safely for years, never left my hand; but when I reached my destination the valuables were not in it. I then remembered that in the Tube a man had sat closer to me than there was any need. That is more than a week ago, and every effort to trace the property has failed.

Since then one of my closest friends has been taken ill, and I have sustained two bereavements.

These are major ills. I have also suffered from a number of trifling but irritating minor troubles, every one of which has afflicted me since that black kitten so carefully picked me out among women to be lucky.

It is therefore that I herewith enter into a solemn undertaking henceforward to lose no opportunity of walking under ladders, spilling salt, sitting down thirteen at table, seeing single magpies, crossing my spoon and fork, cutting my nails on Sunday, breaking mirrors, and sailing on a Friday; and if ever a strange black kitten dares to approach me again, it will do so at the risk of its life.

REVERSION TO TYPE.

WITH bombs, bullets, mortars and whizz-bangs

We continue to harry the Hun,
Each sportsman, wherever he is, bangs
Away with his rifle or gun;

No day but we snipe at his loopholes,
No night but we sever his wire,
Or with dummy heads stuck on a few poles

Encourage his ire.

We have learnt the philosopher's motto
That for man the best study is man,

And to study we find we have got to
Annihilate all that we can;

Alternately hunter and quarry,
Successively sniper and snipe,

We have suffered a sudden and sorry
Reversion to type.

We crawl with green paint on our faces
And ivy leaves stuck in our hair,
Imitating in suitable places

The centipede, walrus, or bear;

With feverish underground spade-work
We emulate crapulous moles,

Like beavers the dams we have made
work

Relief for our souls. . . .

We slay with the joy of the leopard,

We stalk with the craft of the fox;

Our food is the pie of the shepherd

Or a section of Argentine ox;

We shall try, when on leave, to be
sane, but

We're sure to be *gauche* and aloof,

Apt to plunge like a rat in the rain-butts,

Or sleep on the roof.

There are joys in the animal kingdom

Unknown to the prudent and prim,

Joy in counting the slain when you've
winged 'em,

Joy in safely retaining a limb;

So kindly excuse if, instead o' tea,

We worry a bone on the mat;

Read DARWIN'S remarks on Heredity,

And leave it at that.

"At the conference of the Miners' Federation at Buxton, on Thursday, a resolution was passed urging the Government to increase the old age pensions to not less than 7s. 6d. a week and to reduce the age limit from 70 to 85."

Border Counties Advertiser.

If this is what the old age pensioners really want Mr. McKENNA may be ready to oblige.

CONSCIENTIOUS PROGRESS.

February 5.—Before tribunal. Brutal minion of a debased militarism on bench. Declines to hear my views. Awarded non-combatant service with feeble sarcasms upon big able-bodied slackers.

February 10.—Appeal. Award confirmed; yet none of these jingoists can define non-combatant service. Shall refuse to serve until I am allowed to state my views.

February 20.—Police-court; charged as absentee. Bench cuts short the expression of my views with display of fatuous ignorance and idiocy. Fined forty shillings and handed over to the military despots.

February 22.—Khaki; disgusting bilious colour. Squad-drill. Digging.

February 23.—More digging; making road for the feet of these slaves of militarist tyranny.

February 24.—Swaggering ruffian shoots off his mouth about slacking cowards in front of me in canteen. Biff him on the nose; land him again on solar plexus; clump one of his beastly associates on the jaw. Great uproar. N.C.O. interferes. Feel distinctly better. But is such action quite consistent with my special views?

July 20.—In France. Loathsome country. Only maniac militarists would slay their fellow-men to get a few acres of sludge.

July 27.—In front of trenches at night. Driving in posts for wire with heavy maul. Miss my shot. Maul strikes a globular object with a sickening crunch and somehow cannons into another turnip-shaped obstacle. Judge from language that I am hitting Germans on the head. Horrible position for a conscientious objector! Hurl the accursed maul into space. The wretched instrument stops short with a thud, and sounds are heard like a pump sucking dry. What have I done? "Retire, you blinking owl!" yells the Sergeant.

July 28.—Day of shame. "Conscientious objector, are yer?" says the Sergeant. "Wish they was all as conscientious. 'Ow's this for a non-combatant? Bashes in the 'ead of one Bosch wiv 'is maul, pushes in the fice of another, an' crumples up a third in the bread-basket. Non-combatant! Yer a fraud!"

I am. The Sergeant is right. I have nothing to say.

Later.—Interview with Captain. Horrid compliments. Says I have lost my reputation for ever as a non-combatant. Thinks I had better transfer to a fighting unit. More fun and less digging. Think I will.



WHEN WEST MEETS EAST.

The Hon. D'Arcy Laburnham (come to the aid of Lady Ditchborough's side show). "LADIES AND—AH—GENTLEMEN! THIS WAY FOR THE—AH—COCOANUT SHY. STEP THIS WAY AND TRY—ER—YOUR LUCK. COCOANUTS ALL—AH—MILKY, WHAT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LORD CHARNWOOD is to be congratulated on having had the opportunity of writing the biography of so great a man as ABRAHAM LINCOLN. He is not less to be congratulated on the manner in which, in *Abraham Lincoln* (CONSTABLE), he has achieved his task. The book is well and attractively put together, for Lord CHARNWOOD—how indeed, could he help it?—has a genuine affection and reverence for the man whose life he relates. He has mastered the details of his career and he is able to unravel the tangled skein of American politics in the period immediately preceding the Civil War. He has realized, as few Englishmen, perhaps, have realized, that the Southern States seceded not so much by way of protest against the alleged tyranny of a Northern majority typified by ABRAHAM LINCOLN, as in order to maintain untouched the institution of slavery. ALEXANDER STEPHENS, the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, declared that, whereas the leading statesmen of the old Constitution had thought that the enslavement of the African was wrong in principle socially, morally and politically, the new Government was founded upon exactly the opposite idea; and he hailed slavery as "the great physical, philosophical and moral truth" upon which the new Government was based. If the Union perished slavery must triumph; if the Union survived slavery was doomed. The election of LINCOLN to the Presidency proved the determination of the large body of the American democracy to wash out the great blot upon their civilisation. To all this movement, slow at

first and often foiled, but at last gloriously triumphant, and to ABRAHAM LINCOLN as its unconquerable leader, Lord CHARNWOOD does full justice. It is a story from which we, at such a moment as this, may draw comfort and inspiration.

It was my misfortune that I approached *Backwater* (Duckworth) with no knowledge of the previous book by Miss DOROTHY RICHARDSON to which it is a sequel. Or, perhaps I should rather say, without having read the first instalment of the very long story of which *Backwater* is the second, but not the last, portion. I confess that my chief emotion was a mild surprise at finding so flourishing an example of just the style of writing that we were assured the War had killed. For this is detail in *excelsis*. Throughout the two hundred-and-eighty pages of *Backwater* nothing whatsoever happens, except that the heroine, whom, if you have the advantage of me, you left returning from her term as an assistant teacher at a German school, takes a similar post at an establishment for young ladies in South London. Don't imagine though that you are going to have any topical contrasts between English and Teutonic systems of education. Nothing so sensational. Poor *Miriam* simply exists through her time at *Miss Perne's*, mildly hating it; and at the end the girls subscribe to give her an umbrella. *Voilà tout!* And if you object that it is somewhat little I will not contradict you. What there is about the book that gives it value is a quite unusually intimate style, and the sense it conveys of youth as a time when the trivialities of life have not lost their tremendous and almost overpowering significance. There is real art in this. Whether it is the

kind of art over which you wish to linger is a matter for individual taste.

It was no doubt right that there should be some account of a man so ingenious and so unorthodox as SAMUEL BUTLER, but I am not quite certain that Mr. JOHN F. HARRIS has set about it in the right way in his *Samuel Butler, Author of Erewhon* (GRANT RICHARDS). Mr. HARRIS is too easily diverted from his path. He starts to write an introduction, and in a moment he is off after WALTER BAGEHOT, "that alert critic of the mid-Victorians," and in another flash he has tackled WORDSWORTH (whom he patronises), FIELDING, Mrs. SHERWOOD, BENTHAM, Individualism, Victorian complacency, GEORGE ELIOT (whose tea-parties he denounces) and Mr. CHESTERTON. There are others, but these will do as a sample. The result is a general feeling of having got things mixed up and a particular impression that Mr. HARRIS is violently scornful and not a little angry, and that the Victorian age has in some mysterious way done him a mortal injury. SAMUEL BUTLER was a serious man, but he disguised his seriousness in jest and could laugh at himself as well as at his fellow-creatures. It must have given him keen pleasure to write *The Fair Haven*, but that pleasure must have been trebled when *The Record* accepted the author of that book as a valuable supporter of orthodox views. Now Mr. HARRIS, like BUTLER, is a serious man, but he never permits himself any disguise. He is always to be observed fuming away at the very top notch of seriousness; and the mood is not, I think, that which serves best for the discussion of the life and works of such a man as BUTLER, a gay philosopher if ever there was one. In this last sentence I feel that I have fallen into Mr. HARRIS's style, and I therefore conclude lest I should become more deeply involved in it.

The heroine of *Helen in Love* (HURST AND BLACKETT) was a determined, almost a pugnacious, kisser. "It was some weeks before anyone else kissed Helen," are the opening words of Chapter XVI., and I read them with a sigh of relief, as if I had been given a well-earned holiday. But the holiday was all too short, for *Helen* was at it again on the very next page. Not that there was any harm in her; she just kissed when she was "in the mood for it"; I think she must have done it for exercise. With meticulous care and no little insight AMBER REEVES draws this osculatory maiden as she kissed her way up the social ladder, and if you are not impressed by the process the reason cannot be that her feelings are not fully described. I am a little surprised that a novelist of AMBER REEVES' ability should have condescended to analyse such a character as *Helen's*. She was scarcely worth the trouble or the skill expended on her. However, as the War breaks out before she has shed her last kiss, I shall hope that she is now making munitions like a man.

I have before now owed and gratefully acknowledged so much entertainment to Mr. COSMO HAMILTON's amusing

stories that I am bound to say I found *Joan and the Babies and I* (HURST AND BLACKETT) a little below expectation. Apparently the author wrote it with a purpose, to show that divorce should be made easier. But I hardly think he has quite brought it off. *John Mainwaring* was a novelist who made the acquaintance, at an American "coastal resort," of two attractive small children. Learning from them that they lived with "Mudder and Nannie," he traced them to their house, and promptly fell in love with their female parent. The father was at this time in New York, and forgetting to send cheques. So *John* said, "I love you," and *Joan* (the mother) said, "Same here;" and in an incredibly short time he had paid the overdue bills and established himself, on strictly platonic lines, at the villa. Then the *de jure* proprietor arrives on the scene—and you wouldn't believe the scorn with which *John* and Mr. HAMILTON overwhelm him. Whenever the poor wretch opens his lips in protest—and really the position did make demands upon his patience—he is called hypocritical, theatrical, and I don't know what. Even his relations join in the outcry; the uncle from whom he hopes to inherit saying in

effect, "Give her up, you dog, to this attractive stranger, or I cut you out of my will!" Eventually, of course, he does give her up, and leaves me marvelling at his reluctance to do so earlier. There are pleasant things in the book, notably the neighbours of *John's* English home; but otherwise I should not call it worthy of its witty author.



UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE OF A SMALL BOY WHO TOOK HIS FATHER'S CHERISHED SOUVENIR TO PLAY WITH.

I FANCY that *The Dim Bourne* (GRANT RICHARDS) is a first novel. Certainly the name of the writer, HARTMAN LAXDALE, is unfamiliar to me. But though I should therefore wish to temper justice with all possible consideration the best I can do for Mr. LAXDALE is a tactful regret that his next novel was not his first in publication. To put the same idea more frankly, I hardly think he (or she, more probably) has quite got the hang of writing a long story so that its reading shall be a pleasure. *The Dim Bourne* staggers and reels like the schooner *Hesperus*, chiefly, I think, because the characters are allowed to develop the let-me-tell-you-the-story-of-my-life habit till the baffled reader is utterly fogged as to the point of time and place that he is actually supposed to have reached. It is a North-country tale, set chiefly in Lancashire and the Lake District; and the crux of the whole matter is that a gentleman about to be married broke off his engagement because his fiancée confessed that, against her will, another man had kissed her. Frankly, I don't believe it even of the Lake District, any more than I can accept the author's quaint comparison of Cairo and Southport, towns which I should have supposed to possess in common only a superfluity of sand. So that's that. Sorry.

"Fortified by this consensus of opinion, the British Government sanctioned the advance. Was ever tragic blunder supported by so great a weight of authority?"—*Daily Chronicle*.

We agree that "consensus" is a blunder, but think that our contemporary takes an exaggerated view in describing it as tragic.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Parliamentary correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle* is quoted by *The Pall Mall Gazette* as having stated that the inquiry into allegations respecting the grant of commissions in the Army will be "by Court-martial." This matrimonial form of trial lends piquancy to *The Pall Mall's* heading, "HINT OF PETTICOAT INFLUENCE."

The United States is contemplating the acquisition of the Galapagos Islands. These islands are chiefly famous as the home of the Giant Tortoise, and it is believed that a movement is on foot for the adoption of this dignified animal as the national emblem, in place of the eagle, which is considered by many as being too warlike in its symbolism.

According to *The Evening News*, "chemical herbs are being grown on Ditchling Common, Sussex." Such interesting native plants as the Lesser Coal Tar and the Blue-flowered Borax should figure in the collection.

"Moss gathering" has been added to the list of Waroccupations. It comes under the same category, of course, as "wool gathering," the occupation in which some of our brightest public minds have earned their exemption badges.

Coffee has been declared by the Prize Court to be a "food." Even at the risk of being considered unpatriotic we shall continue to confine ourselves to consuming the gravy in which it has been cooked.

The presence in London of two Pitcairn Islanders continues to excite much interest, and a prominent daily is said to be preparing an agitation for their appointment as advisory members of the next "Allies' Trade Conference."

The Kentish cob-nut crop has been a total failure, and the opinion is freely expressed in the Board of Agriculture that only the issue of cob-nut cards can save the situation.

"The commencement of Greek learning was the beginning of this country's greatness," said Canon ALEXANDER in a recent address. The news seems to have taken a long time to get to Greece itself, where they have only just begun

to appreciate our greatness, though their ancestors were apparently responsible for its initiation.

In preparing for the funeral of the late YUAN SHIH KAI the Chinese Government, it appears, applied to the United States for information as to the correct method of conducting the obsequies of a Republican President. They ought, of course, to have applied to THEODORE ROOSEVELT, who personally conducted the obsequies of the last one.

"In this matter as in others," says a contemporary, discussing the question of possible reprisals, "we shall no doubt strike the happy medium." To continue striking the German medium, and striking hard, is certainly as good a way

The L.C.C. have decided to write off as "irrecoverable" five shillings, the value of a park duck injured by a visitor, who, fortunately for himself, does not seem to have been in any way the aggressor in this extremely regrettable affair.

Invited to pillory a provincial paper for having described a well-known Yorkshire lady as "The Meuse of History," we emphatically decline to do so. The Meuse has made too much glorious history in the last six months for us to regard the description, however irrelevant, as a solecism.

Having it both ways.

(1) Extract from a telegram sent by a special German correspondent to the Amsterdam papers:—

"The French are trying to keep up with the enormous effort being made by their British Allies."

(2) Extract from a letter (said to have been written by the KAISER himself) to the *North German Gazette*:—

"On the Somme she [France] has dragged along her hesitating British Ally."

Murderous designs.

"On Monday four Zeppelins were seen manœuvring about, with the evident intention of killing time until the approach of dusk."—*Western Mail*.

They don't seem to have killed anything else.

"The steamer *Windermere* was sunk by an enemy submarine on the evening of 27th June, the screw escaping in two boats."

Liverpool Journal of Commerce.

Selfish pluralist!

"The idea of the building of this submarine [the *Deutschland*] emanated from Mr. Alfred Lohmann, the president of the Bremen Chamber of Commerce. He brought his idea in the fall of last year confidentially before a small circle of friends, and the idea was taken up at once."—*Toronto Daily Star*.

We suspected this from the first.

It is well known that the constant use of the second *l* that figures in so many Welsh names puts a great strain upon the letter in the stock of newspaper type. A painful instance of this is seen in the following passage from *The Evening Express* (Llandaff):—

"In the Court of Session, Edinburgh, today, Lord Ormdae gave judgment in favour of the licence holders in the action raised to test the validity of a Scottish licensing court's prohibition of the sale of spirits. His Lordship held that the magistrates had acted without statutory warrant."



LET US HOPE, IF WE MUST HAVE LADY BUTLERS, THAT THIS KIND OF THING MAY BE AVOIDED—

—AND THAT THE DIGNITY OF THE PROFESSION MAY BE MAINTAINED.

as any other of dealing in the meanwhile with the situation.

The experiment is being tried of raising onions in the Lincolnshire fens. The best way to catch them young is to use a decoy and net them while moving to the feeding grounds.

Although the activity of our anti-aircraft guns during recent Zeppelin raids has been the subject of a certain amount of criticism in Parliament, there is good reason to believe that, if some of them were silent, this was due to a laudable desire on the part of the authorities to keep the enemy in the dark as to the whereabouts of our most effective batteries.

"The Germans," said a speaker at Stratford-on-Avon, "did not ask for freedom but for sausages." We hasten to recognise that these two objects are mutually exclusive.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

SCENE I.

Ante-room of an Officers' Mess. Dinner is over and everybody is listening with an air of placid content to a gramophone, which is playing a lively ragtime. Everybody, that is, except Captain Mansell, who is poking restlessly about in the record-box.

The C.O. You make me feel tired, Mansell. What's the matter?

Capt. Mansell. Extraordinary thing, Sir, but both our decent records have vanished—the Kreisler solo and “Is Life a Boon?”

C.O. Well, what's wrong with this tune?

Capt. M. (with lofty scorn). Ragtime! What's ragtime to a musician? I wonder if the Mess Sergeant knows where those records are.

[*Exit to inquire.*]

Capt. Winstanley. You know, the man's dotty. Decent chap in other ways, but he seems to think music is his own invention and ragtime an infringement of his patent. I wonder what's happened to those two records he's always playing.

Major James. I've hidden 'em. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. I was sitting here on Sunday afternoon with one or two others, and he came in and played those damned things through half-a-dozen times on end. A sort of morbid fascination kept us glued to the spot. But after he'd gone I abolished them.

C.O. But what's his idea?

Major J. Education, Sir. Our standard is low and he wants to lead us to higher things. I used to delight in that Kreisler thing, too.

Capt. W. Me too—and “Is Life a Boon?” Now they give me the horrors.

[*Re-enter Mansell.*]

Major J. Found 'em?

Capt. M. Not a sign, Major. Very odd.

Major J. (drily). Most extraordinary.

C.O. With your tastes, Mansell, you ought to have joined the Nth. They've got Duncombe, the great musical critic, as an officer.

Capt. M. (eagerly). Have they really, Sir? By Jove, that's interesting! I should like to meet him—I always think he's our greatest authority.

Capt. W. (acidly). After yourself, of course. I bet you could tell him a few things, Mansell.

[*Capt. M. leaves the Mess without deigning to reply to this thrust.*]

Major J. This has got to be stopped before it wrecks our happy home. Johnson, you've a pal or two in the Nth, haven't you?

Second-Lieut. Johnson. Yes, Major. *Major J.* Well, come over here, my lad. I want to talk to you a minute. [*He does.*]

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

The dining-room on guest-night. The Colonel of the Nth has brought some of his officers. Next to one of these—a quiet-looking subaltern—Capt. Winstanley, as Mess President, has placed Capt. Mansell. Mansell is already deep in conversation on his favourite topic. The Subaltern has a listening part only.

Capt. M. In fact, no man who can even tolerate ragtime has any claim in my opinion to be called a true musician.

The Subaltern (unexpectedly and with heat). I disagree entirely. There is no place in the arts for stiffnecked Toryism of that kind. To my mind, “You made me love you” marks a big musical and rhythmical advance—almost a revolution. Nobody who underrates it can be much of a judge.

Capt. M. (thunderstruck, turning to Second-Lieut. Johnson on his left). Johnnie, who is this ignorant ass beside me?

S.-L. J. (in an awe-struck whisper). Why, that's the great Duncombe!

[*Collapse of Mansell, who spends the rest of the meal in respectful silence, while his neighbour lays down the law to the delighted Major James about Ragtime and its relation to High Art.*]

The C.O. (further up the table, to the C.O. of the Nth). Is your musical celebrity here to-night?

Colonel of Nth. Celebrity? Oh, you mean Duncombe. He was with us, but we've lost him, you know. He went out to France a fortnight ago.

CURTAIN.

The Election Egg.

“Pre-war Chancellors placed an unnecessary yolk upon the necks of the electors.”

Wallasey Chronicle.

“Mr. Lloyd George has promised to preside at the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Aberystwyth on August 18th, on the occasion of the Charing of the Bard.”—*The Times.*

It is reported that at the time-honoured challenge, “Is it Peace?” the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR will step forward and utter the classic phrase, “I don't think!”

“Lady — has had urgent demands for Violins and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tins of Acid Drops (as thirst quenchers) for the Tommies in France. Who will send them for the Dear Boys?”

Morning Post.

First Dear Boy to second ditto: “What's yours?—Violin or Acid Drop?”

“LONELY SOLDIERS.”

A PETITION TO THE LADY CORRESPONDENTS OF THESE FORTUNATES.

*THIS is the theory we advance:
All lonely soldiers aren't in France:
If you're out for loneliness, here's your chance.*

Now though they had the luck
To be chosen to go,
And we others got stuck
On the edge of the show,
We have tried to believe ourselves
Soldiers
And not altogether *de trop*.

*Camp and caravan, march and halt,
Works and Revenue, Forests and Salt,
If we aren't in Flanders it's not our fault.*

We would like to be there
As we need not discuss,
And we do not compare
Their position with us;
But we think we're sufficiently lonely
If anyone's making a fuss.

*Khond and Bhagata, Gond and Bhil;
Jungle to-day and to-morrow a jhil—
A season among 'em and how do you feel?*

We are free to admit
That the country is good;
We have excellent kit
And we've excellent food;
But we heard you were fond of the lonely;
So we thought you should know
how we stood.

*Bison drink where the nadi bends,
Deer come out where the jungle ends,
And they give us the sport, but they don't make friends.*

We've been out three-score
Clear days on the run,
And there's as many more
Ere the camp gets done;
And the wind and the rain to converse with,
And the moon and the stars and the sun.

*Coolie and orderly, cook and clerk,
One long worry from dawn till dark;
Thank heaven for dogs—but they only bark.*

So we wake in the night
And we wonder again
If you'd bother to write
To poor devils of men
Who've got stuck at the ends of the Empire
And are utterly out of your ken.

*We shan't see Flanders, we shan't see France—
Bound to have wallflowers at every dance—
And our folk have forgotten us . . .
Now's your chance.*



TRUTHLESS DAYS.

[English newspapers have now been excluded from Germany.]

THE WATCH DOGS.

XLV.

MR DEAR CHARLES,—And what do you suppose it is really like being along with the B.E.F. when it is in its pushful mood? Exciting? No. De-pressing? Hardly. Just ordinary—rather more ordinary than usual. Up to the last moment I cherished the fond belief that we should be able to climb up ridges and watch each other doing it. It would have been so nice and convincing to watch the other side, with beads of perspiration on their brow, sticking it out as long as they could, half turning to go, being prodded on from behind, smiling wanly at the pushers, suggesting a half-time interval, giving a little in the centre and fraying a little at the edges, finally breaking, running back some kilometres and then having another try. But no, there is no Grand Stand and there is even no Tape Machine. The men from behind eagerly accost the men returning from the front: the latter are most pleased to be accosted, because they want to be told all about it. Neither lot knows anything, but both might have said anything. For a time everybody was quite prepared to believe what everybody else said. A rumour or two did try to float about in the first days, but it got drowned.

Many of us were apt, at first, to discover at convenient intervals that we had pressing business with the Powers that Be in the Central Information Bureau. We just dropped in to test their lighting arrangements, to see if their telephone bells were behaving nicely, to ask if their food suited them, and whether there were any complaints. They are an unsociable lot; but that didn't stop us staying on a bit to talk about one thing and another, incidentally the War. Sometimes one did discover them so sweating with suppressed excitement that they had to speak out.

I think there is universally prevalent a strong touchwood feeling. All you get from asking direct questions of the people who ought to know is the very distinct impression either that there is no push at all, or else it is a SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL one. Even when my people at home had written and told me about Pozières, and I begged an authoritative friend to divulge, he took me round a corner, assured himself

that no one was within earshot, and then whispered furtively in my ear, "I don't think there is any cause for anxiety . . . Strictly between ourselves it's all right . . . Sh! . . . You know what I mean."

It was a useless effort searching for local colour. Least of all was there anything to be got out of the infantry man who had just left it. If he personally had secured a Bosch helmet things were rosy enough; otherwise they were a vague neutral tint. Beyond that there are no sensations. We seem to

however, is to imply that the Staff has done some little good. This is altogether contrary to established custom; it would be a monstrous suggestion. Better gloss the affair over than even hint that.

For yourself, then, continue to read your newspapers; they can do you no positive harm. As for me, if you'll just buy and send to me by return of post the most expensive cigar made (with a large gaudy band round it), I'll pay you in full next time I'm at home. Not that I'm optimistic or anything of that sort; don't for a moment think that. Tell anybody who asks you about my opinion that I sound vague and uncertain, possibly even worried about it. It just happens that I have a curious longing to lean back in my chair and make the most costly rings for the mere pleasure of blowing the expense. This time last year, my lad, Germany was just finishing off Russia, and we were waiting behind the parapet for the arrival of the phalanx which was to finish us off. Whereas now you may have noticed that . . . but let me talk of something else.

Soda-water is the subject chosen for the purpose by the man in the ranks. "Wonderful," he declares to the persistent seekers after the thrilling descriptions of war. "You never see the like. Across in them trenches there was real soda-water in bottles."

"Yes," they say, humouring him and leading him gradually to the point.

"And what about the battle?"

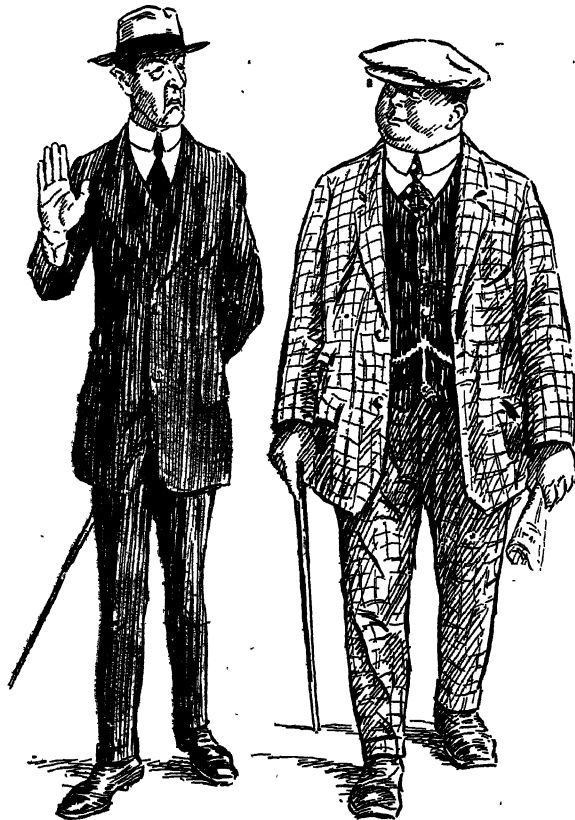
"The bottle?" he asks.

"No, the battle—what you've just been through."

"Ah, yes," he says, "I've been through it, and so has all our chaps. And when we came to their trenches we could hardly believe it. 'Appened I came across old George there, and 'e was the same as me. Amazed, like. As 'e remarked to me, 'Did you ever see the like?' 'e says, 'Soda-water in bottles.' And there it was—bottles of it."

You get no further than that, except perhaps to learn that the soda-water, as well as being bottled, was also "aired."

I have only one picture for you: a dusty man arriving at a cage with a dozen prisoners, who, contrasted with their warder, are comparatively cheerful. You would think a man who had never before commanded so much as one



Optimist. "WE'RE GIVING THE GERMANS BEANS."
Pessimist. "NOW ISN'T THAT EXACTLY LIKE THIS GOVERNMENT? THEY'LL BE GIVING THEM BACON NEXT."

have ceased to have sensations out here. It is a matter of business; the only question is, how long is it going to take to complete? But, for heaven's sake, don't let anybody know that I have gone even as far as that. If you do I shall be court-martialled as a marplot, in that I did speak, utter and allege certain boastful sentiments and did tempt Providence to be wroth with the Allied Powers, thus imperilling a certain enterprise upon which His Majesty's Forces are at present engaged.

A reason of this attitude may be that it was always known the fighting would be done all right, and so there is no cause to be surprised or to comment on it. To mention the word success,



Conductor. "RITZ 'OTEL?"

small boy would be proud of his position. There is nothing of that. It is merely, "Where shall I put them, Major?" to the warrant-officer in charge of the cage. "There's a corporal behind with more. The officer gave him the papers." He takes a war-worn cigarette from behind his ear and lights it. "If I had my way," he says, "there wouldn't be no prisoners and there wouldn't be no papers." He spits on the ground and casts a gloomy eye round the enclosure. It dwells for a moment on the catch of the season. "And him a Colonel, too," he says almost angrily as he departs.

The Corporal arrived later and explained. The man was a poor walker and disliked that kind of exercise, unless it was for an essential purpose. Without in any way wishing to be vindictive he had felt, upon being told off for escort, that this was a purpose which might have been avoided.

I saw this same Colonel later, proceeding. It was intended every time to be a fine performance, but it had a pathetic end. His bearing was the truly dignified, his expression the stonily impersonal and the magnificently inscrutable. Always and above all he was an officer and a gentleman; other officers, however nationally deficient, were, at

any rate, officers and to be saluted as such. It was unfortunate that my large and not too reputable friend, Georges Lefebvre, was in the street at this moment wearing his most special and glaring uniform. Whatever he may seem to be, Georges is really a *fonctionnaire*, who plays about with the tickets and the signals and the luggage, twice a day, at the somewhat degenerate railway station. We all got our recognition in turn from the captured Colonel, but the salute of the day went to Georges Lefebvre.

There are very many remarkable men in these parts nowadays, but one contingent in particular catches the eye. I am told it is the deuce to keep quiet even when it is supposed to be lying down and taking a little rest. When I think what it must be like when it is officially on the loose . . . Well, Charles, I simply can't help being a little sorry for the Bosch now that his wild oats are coming home to roost.

I think perhaps I'll have a cigar with two bands round it, please.

Yours ever, HENRY.

Commercial Candour.

"SERVICE" FLATS

Provide catering and attendance equal to that obtainable at the best hotels at half the cost." *The Times.*

The Champion Sporpot.

In May of last year Mr. Punch described the Sporpot of our little Belgian guests (more correctly spelt Spaerpot, and, anyhow, meaning savings-box) — a domestic institution in their own land. This account of the Sporpot had the happy effect of inspiring a competition between the schools of Grahams-town, S. Africa, to see which could fill the biggest Sporpot, the contents of all competing Sporpots to be made into a fund for helping to build up again the homes of Belgian exiles when they return to their country. The competition extended over the October and Easter terms, and Mr. Punch has the honour to announce that the championship is divided between St. Aidan's College (for boys) and the Wesleyan High School (for girls). He offers his best compliments to the winners and his blessing to all who shared in this sacrifice for the cause of their fellow-children. The total sum collected has been forwarded to the author of the *Punch* article, to be used by him for the purpose desired when the day comes.

"WANTED, good home for young cat (neutral)." — *Scots Paper.*

But a pro-Ally, we trust.

MIXED STATISTICS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—A few days ago there appeared in *The Star* a letter from a gentleman who claimed to have established a new record—as that of the most rejected man in England. To quote his own words:—

“This is my record in round numbers:—

Rejected by theatrical managers, 100 times.

Rejected by publishers and editors, 50 times.

Rejected by the Army medical officer, twice.

Rejected by girls, twice.

Rejected by dramatic pioneers like Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. J. T. Grein, 10 times.

Failed in 100 prize competitions.

Total: 264 failures.

Many men have committed suicide for far less than this, but I intend to live for England as long as possible. Still, I do get a bit downhearted when I reflect that a man with imagination, intellect, originality and humour should be doomed to the ‘blind cave of eternal night,’ intellectually, while Charlie Chaplin gets £130,000 per annum for wearing an inane smile and baggy trousers.

I’m afraid there is something wrong with England’s soul.”

Of course there is. Has there ever been a time when there wasn’t? But that is no reason why the writer should endeavour to claim especial distinction for his personal statistics. Anybody can establish some sort of a record. My father, for example, ate more green peas at a sitting than any man of his time, but our family never attained eminence until I became available for obloquy and adulation. Here are a few of my figures, all carefully compiled from records kept in my diaries for the last thirty years:—

Hissed in the theatre or public places, 290 times.

Photographed at my own expense, twice; ditto gratuitously (including the nude), 2,940 times.

Interviewed in the public prints, 3,762 times; by self, 3,760 times; with portrait, 3,680 times.

Proposals of marriage received, 390.

Challenges to fight duels, 410.

Criminals whose cause I have espoused, 213.

Number of occasions on which I have sided with the majority—*Nil*.

Epithets, eulogistic, bestowed on self, 2,379,666.

Ditto, ditto bestowed on other authors and playwrights, 3.

Appreciations, testimonials and invitations received from hostile Powers, 1071.

Ditto, ditto from Allies—*Nil*.

It is a wonderful record. Ordinary men, by a judicious selection of facts and figures, can assume a spurious importance, but only genius is extraordinary in the true sense of the word. And I feel that in the third year of the War nobody of British name and parentage has a more remarkable international reputation—not even Mr. HOUSTON CHAMBERLAIN—than

Yours in the finest of feather,
WORMWOOD PSRAW.

THE REVUE KING’S COURIER.

THE Revue King begs to state that he has taken steps to communicate periodically information of a vital character concerning his numerous theatrical devices for parting the public from their money.

The New Offensive.

At the risk—but it’s a very slight one—of wearying you with minute details of the lives and genius of the better revue artists, I propose, at my own expense, to contribute a column of such chatter to the papers every week. But this will not, I trust, have the effect of diverting the eyes of the Mr. Gossips and Mr. Ramblers and all the other camp-followers of the revue from also noticing the members of my various companies. In spite of my poor efforts these will still be, as before, on view both in town, principally at lunch, and, on Sundays, on the river, and therefore available for paragraphic attention. Now and then I may be visible too.

Best Comic Song.

What is the best comic song sung in revue just now? I may be prejudiced, but if my opinion were asked I should plump for one of the songs sung by actors in my employ. It is a question whether it is “All the Fun of the Front” at the Remedy, or “Where’s the War?” at the Diplomats’.

A Coincidence.

Some people collect coincidences. Here is one for them. The other day at lunch at Dearo’s I overheard someone ask a Cabinet Minister who was the most beautiful woman in London. At dinner at the Fritz the same night I overheard someone ask an ex-Cabinet Minister the same question. The remarkable part of the coincidence is that both made the same reply. Both named Madame Exquisia.

Cur Real Heroes.

Who are the people who are making history to-day? The artists in revue. Who else could it be?

“Laughter holding both its sides.”

I suppose all managers have heavy correspondence. I know that I do. I have received to date one hundred and forty-three letters, all imploring me not to make my forthcoming revue so funny as the others. My correspondents say that they can’t stand it. I have handed over the missives to my various authors, who are certainly among the wittiest men in London. It is up to them, as our American cousins say. But there is no doubt as to the laughter which my revues cause. I think I never saw anyone laugh so heartily as Lord BRYCE did at little Able Bustle at the Remedy the other night.

Comedian and Warrior Too.

Some people might be so mistaken as not to expect much patriotic enthusiasm from revue actors, but they would be wrong. I can point to one of my men who has joined up. The military authorities, however, knowing when to temper justice with mercy, allow him not to miss any performance, not even the Saturday matinée.

Esprit de Corps.

I suppose every one has noticed that the programmes on sale both at the Diplomats’ and the Remedy are made of paper. This is because no other material is so serviceable. Our stage is lighted by electricity for the same reason. The comfort and happiness of our patrons is the first thought of every member of the *personnel*, from myself to that very original and remarkable character, the call-boy.

Quaint Behaviour of a U-boat.

From a description of the capture of U C 5:—

“There remained scarcely time to appreciate the quaintness of the encounter, for, after the submarine jumped into the sea and swam for dear life from the vessel, there followed a series of explosions.”—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

You should see it treading water off the Temple Pier.

Under the heading, “The Lion’s Bite,” *The Evening News* quotes the following passage from *The Times*’ Paris correspondent:—

“The whole offensive is mathematical, inexorable. What has been taken will not be lost. It is not so much ‘nibbling’ as chewing the cud.”

This lion must be a kind of heraldic beast, first rampant, then rodent, and finally ruminant.

HORROCKS' PRIDE.

WHEN the spring came there was every indication of a long stay for our battery in the ruins of —, and naturally enough, with the first buds, our thoughts turned to the home gardens overseas. I think most of us found ourselves longing to be back pottering about the old beds with a trowel in one hand and a packet of seeds in the other. It was the Doctor who first gave us any ideas in this direction. One day at tea he produced some mustard and cress which he had grown on the Adjutant's sponge. He said it would go very well with bread-and-butter, but we pointed out that it was the Adjutant's property and he had the right to eat it. Not long after, some of the men started to dig a piece of land behind the gun-pits. Seeds were sent out to them from home and soon nearly half the battery had secured plots of earth, where they gardened in their spells off duty. The C.O. thoroughly approved of this and offered a prize to the one who could put up the best show by Midsummer Day.

The scheme was hailed with enthusiasm. So far as I could see there was only one drawback to it, and that lay in the bitter feud which existed between Drivers McVie and Horrocks. Taken alone, better men or gunners never lived, but each exhibited the most extraordinary antipathy towards the other. Nobody knew how it started, although the Sergeant-Major professed to trace it back to an evening when Horrocks had compared the Trossachs with Hampstead ponds, to the overwhelming advantage of the latter. As it was, the men worked in their gardens, each with a savage determination to outdo the other. Each had made up his mind to win the Colonel's prize, and as the great day drew near it became increasingly evident that the award would have to be made to one of the two. Their gardens were wonderful to see. McVie favoured a border made of empty shell cases, Horrocks preferring a more conventional arrangement of broken bricks, which he brought from the village. The Scotchman's seeds came from his native farm in the glens of Perthshire, while Horrocks had been content with penny packets culled from the window of a Mile End sweet-shop. And the wonder was that the Cockney had succeeded. Never was such an array of phloxes, stocks and poppies, and, although his garden could not boast the goodly collection of carrots and radishes that his rival had raised, I had little doubt as to who would be the winner.

Then, on the afternoon before Mid-



"MY SON WAS REJECTED, MR. PYKE, BECAUSE HIS TEETH DIDN'T FIT PROPER. THE DOCTOR SAID 'E MIGHT 'AVE 'EM KNOCKED DOWN 'IS THROAT AND BE CHOKED IF 'E GOT ONE OF THEM CANNON-BALLS IN 'IS FACE."

summer Day, a shell whirled up and burst over the gun emplacement, and McVie dropped with a piece of shrapnel in his leg. It chanced that Horrocks was nearest to him at the time. Picking him up as tenderly as one of his beloved seedlings he bandaged the wound, and later, when the ambulance had arrived, insisted on arranging the rugs and cushions round his ancient foe.

Finally he handed him his last box of cigarettes to comfort him on the journey over the uneven roads to the base. Just before he left I saw McVie

reach out and take Horrocks by the hand.

"Man," said he, "but ye'll win the morn, and I kenned it all along. When I come back I'm thenkin' I'll hae to ask ye to gie me some gardenin' lessons."

I didn't quite catch Horrocks' reply, but I fancy it was something to the effect of giving him his "'ole bloomin' flower-show for one o' them bunches o' carrots."

Next day after lunch the C.O. went down to judge the gardens. From one to another we passed until we arrived



Cyril (whose father has just had the telephone installed). "—AND BLESS FATHER AND MOTHER, AND MAKE ME A GOOD BOY—AND KEEP AWAY ALL ZEPPELINS (pause). WATKINS JUNIOR IS SPEAKING."

at the patch which the rest of the battery had long ago dubbed "Horrocks' Pride." To our great astonishment he was standing dejectedly beside a mass of uprooted flowers, while at his feet yawned a tremendous hole with a shell fragment lying conspicuously at the bottom.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said the C.O., looking at him for an explanation.

"One o' them sixty-punders must ha' dropped on it in the night, Sir," said Horrocks. "I thought I 'eard some-think this mornin'. Abaht two o'clock it was, or it might 'ave been 'alf-past. This 'ere little garding weren't never meant to be planted with German 'igh explosive," he continued mournfully.

"Well, it's hard luck, Horrocks, because it rather alters things," said the C.O., moving away to the next garden. "McVie, I think, wins the prize," he went on after some minutes' deliberation. I nodded agreement and walked away thoughtfully.

That night after dinner the letters were brought to me for censoring. In one envelope, which had apparently seen service as a receptacle for tobacco, I found a well-thumbed note:—

DEAR McVIE,—Just a line to say yer garding looked a treet and no mistake. they have give you the prize. the Colonel said to me, "Horrocks, them carrots is the work of a real artist such as you aint and never will be."

hoping this finds you cheerfull as it leeves me,

Yer frend, DANIEL HORROCKS.

Later on I strolled down to the field, where I found him trying to repair the damage which his beloved garden had sustained. For a minute or two neither of us spoke, and then I looked him straight in the face. "Curious," I said, "what clean holes some of these shells make. This, for instance, might almost have been done with a spade."

Horrocks stood stiffly to attention, but he didn't speak.

"It was far and away the best piece of marksmanship along the whole Front to-day," I went on. "The gunner, who did it ought to be a happy man, and, Bosch or no Bosch, I know he's a right down good one."

"Thank you, Sir," he said gravely, and we shook hands.

"The shortage of mineral oils is not so severe, and Galician benzine is actually being consigned to Denmark. On the other hand, the alarming shortage of industrial oils and fats have not improved at all, and there is every sign of a coming soap famine. The retail price of soap in May was 2s. 8d. per lb., or more than the price of butter."

Manchester Guardian.

We infer that our contemporary has got over its prejudice against Chinese Labour and is now employing it in the compound—we beg pardon—the composing-room.

An Easy Way of Being Good.

From the programme of a Sunday concert in New Zealand:—

"The public are requested to observe the Sabbath by NOT applauding with the feet."

"Cleanliness Next to Godliness."

"PERTSHIRE.—Board-residence, 2 ladies; Episcopal Church; bath (h. & c.)."
Scotsman.

A Fugal Movement.

"We'd just come out of trenches, and were standing outside our billet, watching one of our 'planes chasing a Boche piano."
Sunday Paper.

"Typical Pekingese Dog, with extra tail, carriage, and feathering."

Portsmouth Evening News.

Surely the supplementary tail can't be really "typical."

"We are people of one language, one tradition, one ideal of civilisation. If there could be anything worse than this world war it would be an estrangement between Great Britain and Dr. J. Fort Newton."

Bristol Evening News.

We simply cannot bear to think of it.

"About 2 in the morning I was wakened by an annoying and peculiar hammering noise. I looked out and on all four sides of us lightning was cutting down in the most terrific sky. The noise was the men silently and feverishly hammering in their bivouac pegs. It was macabre to a degree."—The Times.

These silent noises are most disturbing.



THE OATH.

BRITANNIA. "THERE SHALL BE NO PEACE TILL THE PENALTY HAS BEEN PAID
IN PERSON."

[The Government are taking steps to discover the identity of all those who are in any way responsible for the judicial murder of Captain FRYATT.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 31st.—The Great Irish Tragedy develops, *more suo*, into the Great Irish Joke. Two months ago the PRIME MINISTER, fresh from surveying the ruins of Dublin, declared that the Irish system of administration had so completely broken down that it must at once be replaced by something entirely different. The Hardinge Commission report confirmed his judgment. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was taken off his proper work of making shells and put on to conciliation. Unfortunately a little bit of high explosive made a fatal intrusion. Unionist Ministers, who had consoled themselves with the reflection that they were at least getting rid of some of the Nationalist incubus, could not stomach the idea that, pending a final settlement (if any) of the Irish question, the Irish Brigade was to remain in full force at Westminster.

Thrown back on his own resources, Mr. ASQUITH was struck with a brilliant notion. It was true the Dublin Castle jaunting-car had run into the ditch, but that might have been due to the too jaunty driving of its late jarvey. Where a Liberal lawyer had failed a Unionist might do better. Let DUKE, K.C., succeed BIRRELL, K.C., and all might be well.

I think the Nationalists, although pretending to resent it, rather enjoyed Mr. ASQUITH's little jest. Mr. REDMOND, while denouncing the appointment, spoke in almost affectionate terms of Mr. DUKE, whom he had known since they were boys together at Gray's Inn. Mr. DEVLIN declared that his dearest wish was to take part in the division that should turn out the Coalition, and invited the assistance of Sir EDWARD CARSON to that end.

While Members were waiting for a reply from Sir EDWARD CARSON that never came, they had the advantage of hearing a couple of back-bench speeches that threw more light upon the real nature of the Irish problem than the official luminaries had provided. In feature and in the thunderous quality of their voices, Mr. NUGENT of Dublin and Mr. COOTE of Tyrone are strangely alike. But, because they happen to

live on different sides of the Boyne Water, these brothers Boanerges take a diametrically opposite view of Irish politics. It seems hopeless to think of any plan that would bring them into a common policy, were it not even more preposterous to imagine that men so naturally akin should be artificially sundered.

Another complication of the problem was furnished by Mr. LOUGH. As Lieutenant of the County of Cavan he has been busy recruiting for the British Army, and found one of his

Mr. ASQUITH does not seem to enjoy the prospect of Irish obstruction so much as my cynical friend, and has been dropping numerous hints of the Weary Titan order. To-day, for example, when asked if private Members would have their privileges restored next session, he replied that he had not the faintest idea who would be responsible for the Government next session.

It is one thing, however, to talk about retirement oneself, and quite another to have other people suggesting the same thing. When it was urged that some of the members of the new Commissions were rather old for the work, Mr. ASQUITH promptly retorted that Lord BEACONSFIELD was Prime Minister at the age of seventy-five, and might have lived much longer but for his release from the cares of office. Somebody then quoted PLATO's dictum that no one was fit to travel after sixty, and the PRIME MINISTER (recalling, no doubt, his recent visit to Italy) dismissed this as "a very foolish remark." So I think we may conclude that he has no present intention of following the example of Viscount GREY of Falloden, who this afternoon—a gallant young figure in scarlet and gold—made his ceremonial appearance in the House of Lords.

Wednesday, August 2nd.

—From want of practice the Irish obstructionists are a little off their game. True, they kept the House sitting till five o'clock this

morning, but they did not show their old fertility of resource. In the good old days the Expiring Laws (Continuance) Bill was an unfailing excuse for several hours' debate, any old Act furnishing a peg for discussion. On this occasion it slipped through while they were hunting through the schedules for a suitable topic.

When the House resumed this afternoon, one of the first questions addressed to the PRIME MINISTER related to the reduction of the Irish representation; and jaded Members, hardly yet awake, heard with annoyance and surprise that in his opinion the matter was "no longer of immediate practical importance."

Perhaps this was one of the reasons



THE AFTER-WAR.

Hun Commercial. "PUT, MATAM, DEY VOS FERY SHEAP."

Housekeeper Asquith. "NO, THANK YOU. AS I SAID ON AUGUST 2, 1916, 'THE WAR HAS OPENED OUR EYES.'"

principal obstacles to be the difficulty of getting the local Orangemen to distinguish between WILLIAM THE SECOND and WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Tuesday, August 1st.—The Nationalists have resumed their freedom of action, and are displaying an embarrassing industry reminiscent of the eighties. A cynical Member of a somewhat reactionary habit openly rejoices in this reversion to type. He is opposed to Home Rule on principle, but, unlike his leader, Mr. BONAR LAW (popularly believed in Ireland to be a brother of Martial Law), thinks it would be tolerable, provided that the Irish Members remained at Westminster to put their spoke in the wheel of (alleged) progress.



"READING THE HISTORY OF THE WAR, MOTHER?"

"WHY NOT?"

"BECAUSE YOU CAN'T LOOK AT THE END FIRST."

why some of the Radicals below the Gangway were so rude when Mr. ASQUITH proceeded to expound the Paris resolutions, and to state—in somewhat vague outline—how we and our Allies proposed to prevent Germany from renewing after the War the policy of peaceful penetration which has cost us all so dearly during the campaign.

In vain he protested that the resolutions were drafted by Mr. RUNCIMAN, an orthodox Cobdenite if ever there was one, and that he himself was as good a Free-Trader as ever. The little knot of malcontents received nearly all his statements with derisive cheers. Sir JOHN SIMON declared with super-feline amenity that the Liberal Members of the Cabinet were evidently as devoted to Free Trade as they were to voluntary service and to self-government for Ireland; and Mr. SNOWDEN acidly asserted that the only thing the PRIME MINISTER now had to surrender was his office, and the sooner he did so the better.

It was refreshing to turn from these reminders of prehistoric controversies (as Mr. BONAR LAW described them) to the common-sense of Mr. HODGE, who did not want our men returning from the trenches to find themselves unem-

ployed through German dumping, and advocated Lord KITCHENER's plan of subjecting Germany to a twenty-one years' penance.

Thursday, August 3rd.—I hope the hon. Member who suggested that Lord CROMER was rather too old to be Chairman of the Dardanelles Commission was present in the House of Lords this afternoon to hear that lively young septuagenarian expound his conception of his duties. Something like a spring-cleaning—but without its whitewash—is his intention. Even His Majesty's Ministers, present and past, are, if the Chairman has his way, to be thoroughly overhauled and made to yield up the secrets of the Cabinet. Some of them are already beginning to think that CROMER in the Autumn will be too "bracing."

"Our troops found 84 hostile corpses, including that of a captain, and captured three prisoners. Our osses were trifling."—*Times*.

This explains why we have been using cavalry so little; our horses *will* not take things seriously enough.

"500,000 SIXPENCES FOR MR. MCKENNA. London Workmen Giving Him the Lead." *Evening News*.

We believe, however, he is holding out for silver.

SOLD A PUP.

As Phyllis walked in London town

She met a hawker fellow

With Pekies of seductive brown

And soft and silky yellow;

"I've often longed for one of these!"

She cried with artless candour;

The merchant with the Pekinese

Selected one to hand her.

"Jest tike an' look at 'im," he said;

"Now there you 'ave a thriver,

A nardy dawg an' thoroughbred—

The price to you's a fiver."

"I couldn't run to that," said she;

And, deaf to all his jargon,

She brought him down from five to three

Before she clinched the bargain.

Then Phyllis sought a doggy friend

And showed him Peky-Peky;

He felt the beast from end to end,

And said, "A trifle squeaky!

Whenever I get taken in

I do my best to hide it;

If I were you I'd burn the skin

And drown the rat inside it."

"Man wanted as woman grieve."

Scotsman.

"For men must work, and women must weep."



Pat (one of a raiding party returning under heavy fire). "COME ON, TIM. PHWAT FOR ARE YE SHANDIN' THERE?"
Tim. "I'M JUST WAITIN' TILL THE LITTLE SHORM IS OVER. IF YEZ SHAND STILL YE'LL ONLY GIT WHAT'S FALLIN' IN THE WAN PLACE; BUT IF YE'LL BE RUNNIN' ABOUT THE DIVIL KNOWS PWHAT YE MIGHT MEET IN WITH!"

SCIENCE.

"Francesca," I said, "they are talking about education again."

"I didn't know," she said, "that they had ever stopped. They've been going on ever since I can remember."

"Well," I said, "perhaps you are right; but sometimes they talk louder than they do at other times, and this time they—"

"That," she said, "is an impossible sentence. I really can't allow it to continue."

"It's a cruel thing," I said, "to cut off a sentence in its prime."

"It was such a poor sentence," said Francesca.

"But poverty in a sentence is no crime any more than it is in a man. Besides, you didn't let it finish. It might have redeemed itself by its last words."

"No," she said, "those sort of sentences never do."

"Francesca," I said, "as a speaker of pure and perfect English you really take the bisc—ahem—I mean the first prize."

"Oh dear," she said, "what have I done now?"

"You have talked execrable grammar," I said; "and it's all the worse for you, because they pretended to teach English grammar to girls—in fact, they still pretend to; whereas if I had said such an awful thing it wouldn't have mattered."

"Why not?"

"Because it's well known that men of my generation never were taught English grammar. They only learnt Latin and Greek, and, according to all accounts, they learnt

them very badly. The consequence is they've never had any success in the world, and all the places they might have filled at huge salaries have been taken from them by men who have learnt chemistry and botany, and conchology and all the other ologies. In future everybody's got to learn everything that isn't Latin or Greek, and then we shall all be able to boast about our splendid training in Science."

"But you," she said, "won't be able to boast much, will you? You'll be rather left out in the cold."

"They shan't put me there without a struggle," I said. "When they accuse me of Latin Elegiacs or Greek Iambics, or try to make me responsible for the moods and tenses in a passage of indirect narration, I shall plead in my defence that I used to do some pretty tricks in electricity with a glass cylinder and a sheet of silk and that I once got a prize for dried flowers."

"You won't be let off," she said, "and you won't deserve to be."

"Don't you be too sure."

"I'm not too sure; I'm just sure enough. In future everybody's got to be really scientific. A ten-and-sixpenny box of 'marvels for the home' won't pass you. You'll have to know astronomy."

"I know the Great Bear all right," I said.

"And chemistry," she said.

"Can you tell me," I said, "why a chemist sometimes calls himself a chymist? Is a chymist a sort of aristocrat among chemists, or what else does the y imply?"

"That," she said, "is not at all the chemistry you'll have to learn about."

"I know," I said; "it'll be something which involves a



A CHANCE SPECIMEN OF THE RARE "CAMBERWELL BEAUTY" BUTTERFLY AROUSES THE COLLECTOR'S PASSION IN PRIVATE BLOGGSON, LATE ASSISTANT ENTOMOLOGIST AT A FAMOUS UNIVERSITY MUSEUM.

glass retort and a blue flame. I think I can manage that. And then I shall be a scientist—jolly word, isn't it?—in spite of my hideous classical past. In fact, we shall be a nation of scientists."

"Bah!" she said. "Just like the Germans."

"Not a bit like the Germans," I said.

"Yes," she said.

"Not at all."

"Yes, at all."

"NO," I shouted. "Our science will be a much better science than the German. Take chemistry, for instance. We shall leave all the explosions and the nasty smells to the Germans, and we shall keep to ourselves all the beautiful experiments and the inventions that cost about fourpence a time and bring you in ever so many thousands a year."

"Hurrah!" she cried. "Let's begin at once making Frederick a scientific man. At nine years he's not too old. Don't stand there gaping. Rush away and fetch him immediately."

"No," I said, "I will not fetch him. I shouldn't know what to do with him when I had got him. Besides, when I last saw him half an hour ago he was engaged in a scientific pursuit. Silkworms are science, aren't they?"

"Yes," she said, "I suppose they are in a sort of way."

"Well," I said, "he was busy with his silkworms. It was supposed that Front-de-Boeuf was about to begin to spin himself in."

"Front-de-what?" said Francesca. "What are you talking about it?"

"Didn't you know?" I said. "He has been reading *Ivanhoe* and has called all his silkworms after the characters

of that romance. Cedric is a fine hearty upstanding Saxon silkworm, and Richard has the bearing of a warrior king. Fortunately Rebecca and Rowena show no signs of rivalry, and the Disinherited Knight can face his troubles without the complications created by love. Come along and see the rage of the indomitable Templar as he feels the toils closing round him."

"Yes," she said, "let's go and have a look at them. But there's one thing we shall have to insist on."

"What's that?" I said.

"We must make Frederick drop all allusions to literature. He must be absolutely and solely scientific."

"Well, he can call his worms Hydrogen, Oxygen, and so on."

"We'll suggest it to him," she said. R. C. L.

Another Impending Apology?

"Mr. Redmond's speech was a model of good sense and good feeling. . . . Mr. Redmond's speech was quite exceptional in tone." *Parliamentary Correspondent of "Westminster Gazette."*

"In another case a passenger was saved from injury, and possibly loss of life, by alighting from a train in motion and falling between the platform and footboard."—*Sunday Paper.*

Unless you are an acrobat, however, the ordinary method of alighting is safer still.

"Professor H. S. Foxwell, lecturing on 'The Finance of the War' at the Royal Institution, said that there were large boards in India and he could not understand why we had not tried to tap them for war purposes."—*Rangoon Times.*

Mr. McKenna is already described by some people as a cormorant. Is he now to be a woodpecker as well?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SISTER-IN-LAW."

FOR most of us the problem of the deceased wife's sister never had any but an academic interest, and even that has passed with the Edwardian age. But there remains, and must ever remain, the far more poignant problem of the living wife's sister. And now that mothers-in-law as a theme for easy ribaldry have become discredited, British drama, ever seeking for new fountains of inspiration, has discovered the sister-in-law. She has this advantage, that whereas there can never be more than two mothers-in-law in any *ménage*, there is practically no limit (within nature and reason) to the number of possible sisters-in-law.

MR. CYRIL HALLWARD, however, does not exercise his full option. Though each of his female characters (I except the parlour-maid, about whose family relations we were left in ignorance) is a sister-in-law, they only total three. I think he ought to have had more, for some of us got rather tired before the end and wanted a change.

From the very moment of the *Bawtreys'* return from their honeymoon—indeed *Mrs. Bawtreys* would have welcomed her at an even earlier stage—*Dolly Marston*, her sister, had planted herself upon this pair, and ruled the domestic hearth. Two years had already elapsed, and it was only the intervention of *Bawtreys'* sister that forced him to recognise that it was time for *Dolly* to go. Strongly supported by her sister, she declines to move, and *Bawtreys'* only way to freedom is to push her into a marriage with *Lawrence Hill*, stockbroker. At the same time he has the misfortune (though I personally did not regard it as such) to quarrel with his wife, who goes off to stay indefinitely with the newly-married *Dolly*.

We have now, at the *Hills'*, an almost perfect replica of the first state of things—a sister-in-law firmly established in a household where she is not wanted by the husband. There might have been a pleasant irony in this if it had satisfied (as far as comedy may) the conditions of Greek tragedy—if, that is to say, the stockbroker had in some way been responsible for the original arrangement *à trois*, and was now, in his own case, paying the penalty that best fitted his offence. Unhappily the author was innocent of any such design.

To be candid, his own scheme was not handled as well as it might have been, and though it had its very pleasant spasms of fun it never achieved the boisterous gaiety which excuses a lack of technique. We suffered a good deal of tedious repetition before we got

our first chance of amusing ourselves; and what should have been the best character in the cast—the critic who had always abused *Bawtreys'* plays and ended by marrying his sister and turning eulogist—was never mentioned till the last Act and put in no appearance at all.

MR. HALLWARD calls his play a light comedy. I will not quarrel with his epithet, though what is light to him may be heavy to me, but I must make one more protest against the employment, in a comedy, of the license of farce. In a farce nobody has any right to object if a character enters upon a full stage and turns detached somersaults without considering their ethical relationship to the other characters or to the matter in hand. In a comedy one resents this behaviour. Yet that, in effect, is what MR. HALLWARD permits in his characters. Somebody comes on and takes the stage to himself for his own purpose, leaving the rest of the figures in an equipose of suspended animation. Among them may be the wife from whom he has been severed for months, but he is not to be put out of his stride by that or any other distraction. Even in a light comedy the disregard of probabilities in small things may be just as annoying as any defiance, in a serious play, of the larger laws of human nature.

An excellent cast, including Miss MARIE ILLINGTON, MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, MR. SAM SOTHERN, Miss CHRISTINE SILVER and MR. HIGNETT (the applause accorded to MR. HIGNETT on his first entry was a tribute rarely accorded to a man-servant), made the most of a rather undistinguished play. Miss MARY O'FARRELL, who was the original sister-in-law, showed well when she was angry, but was not very effective with the lighter side of her part. Certainly she failed to convey to me the piquancy which she herself appeared to discover in it.

I should like to think that it was my fault, and that *The Sister-in-Law* found me in an unappreciative mood. At the close the general verdict of the audience was favourable to her. Let us hope they were right and that she is in for a long run, if that is a kind wish for her. I myself should not like to run very far in this weather. O. S.

Putting off the Evil Day.

"Wanted, Respectable Woman to help with spring cleaning. 'Sept. 29th to Oct. 13th.'"
Dartmouth Chronicle.

"Cook General and Housemaid Waitress Wanted, for elderly lady and son: son called up: happy home."—*Provincial Paper.*
We do not like this sinister suggestion of past strife.

THE FUTURE OF BOOKS.

THE interesting symposium recently published in *The Weekly Dispatch* on the future of the book-world had only one drawback. It was not complete, and Mr. Punch is glad to be able to remedy this defect by adding the views of some leading publishers who were unaccountably omitted from the record.

Sir John Odder, Bart., of the firm of Odder and Odder, declines to prophesy, justifying himself by the refusal of the Grand Duke NICHOLAS to indulge in prognostications, but he is certain that the shilling novel has come to stay. "People no longer buy books singly, but in handfuls. They are indispensable not merely as mental pabulum but as upholstery. Look at the number of shelves in bedrooms nowadays as compared with twenty years ago, and remember that, as some poet remarks somewhere, 'Shelves without books are like kitchens without cooks.'"

MR. THICKER, of the house of Thicker and Steep, expresses a fervent hope that the anæmic six-shilling novel will die, and that its place will be taken by the cheap robust novel, "full of the red corpuscles of realism." He is of opinion that the circulating libraries have been the great stumbling-block in the way of strong and live literature.

MR. BLESSING declares that the shilling novel is the greatest boon to humanity since the days of GAXTON. "The 'shocker' is only the logical corollary of shock-tactics in war, and is absolutely indispensable as a means of counteracting the lethargy of a sophisticated generation." Mr. Blessing notes as an interesting fact that one of the twenty-seven variants in the spelling of SHAKESPEARE's name is "Shockspear."

Per contra Mr. Goethemann thinks that the shilling novel has *not* come to stay, because he anticipates that the Government will find it necessary to lay an embargo on it, as on cocaine, because of its demoralising and disintegrating influence. In fine, he thinks it not improbable that the old 31s. 6d. three-volume novel will be reintroduced with a statutory sanction, the price to be net, in order to prevent the dissemination of cheap literary garbage.

MR. CUTHBERT SIMPSON thinks that the shilling is not the enemy but the ally of the six shilling novel, since the result of a too prolonged immersion in sensational fiction is to promote an inevitable reaction towards sobriety. Besides, novelists cannot live on the profits of shilling books. Even publishers, Mr. Simpson added in a moment of heroic expansion, find it difficult, and he himself has sold twenty million copies of *The Young Blood's Library*.



The Captain. "YOUR BROTHER IS DOING SPLENDIDLY IN THE BATTALION. BEFORE LONG HE 'LL BE OUR BEST MAN."
The Sister. "OH, REGINALD! REALLY THIS IS SO VERY SUDDEN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Uncensored Letters from the Dardanelles (HEINEMANN), written by a French Doctor and translated by his English wife, has not been too happily named, for part of this correspondence, and not by any means the least interesting, was written after the author had left Gallipoli for Serbia. But one cannot quarrel with the title of so absorbing a book. Time after time, in most revealing flashes, the writer brings before our eyes the insuperable difficulties which the Allies had to face; but, although the story of these heroic ventures is pathetic enough, we are saved here from any depression by a wonderfully infectious spirit of cheerfulness and courage. The tighter the place the more our Doctor (he will forgive the proprietary epithet) braced himself to deal with it. Fortunately, like most brave men, he is also modest; but, from the mere facts which he tells without laying any stress on them, it is impossible not to think of him as a very capable person. He gives us not only a clear account of determined fighting against overwhelming odds, but a very distinct and vivid impression that nothing can ever break or beat an army which has stood the supremest of tests and still retained its *moral*. It is a gallant book, not only in its pictures of the War, but also in its attitude towards the lady to whom these letters

were written. If no Bosches had broken loose over Europe the Doctor could have written love-letters which would have fluttered the feminine world. But, as it is, his mingling of Love with War will please countless people who cannot face an undiluted draught of either.

It is possible that, if you share my own most pleasant recollections of *Mrs. Barnet—Robes*, and *The Hat Shop*, you may agree with me that in *A Mrs. Jones* (LANE) that clever writer, Mrs. C. S. PEEL, has done herself something less than justice. It is not that the book lacks humour or character or charm; it abounds in them all; but somehow these gifts never seem to come by their due effect. Perhaps the reason of this is the absence of form in the story. Mrs. PEEL appears to have become a convert to the theory that if you conduct a central character from infancy to middle-age you have done all that is required to make a novel. Nothing very much happens to *Dorothy*, her present protagonist, though the reader is kept in a constant expectation of events on the next page. After being wooed by various more-or-less romantic suitors, she marries a placid man named *Jones*, and bears him a daughter in whom placidity degenerates into vacuity. Towards the dangerous age of forty poor *Mrs. Jones* gets so deadly bored with the pair of them that she sets off alone for the other side of the world. Here for a moment romance

touches her, but having got it over she returns calmed to the life of domestic affluence. Not much of a story; but fortunately this is the least part of the book. The best of it are the chapters in which financial stringency drives Mrs. Jones into supporting the family income by journalism on a ladies' paper. And there are many happy touches, such as Dorothy's very human outburst against her placid husband for not getting angry at bad food. Clearly Mrs. PEEL appreciates the drawbacks of living with the equably-tempered. I hope next time that she will put her good things into a more artistic setting.

Very few novelists succeed nowadays in evading the War, but were it not for her dedication Miss KATE HORN, in *Love's Law* (STANLEY PAUL), would be of their slender company. Her story is of a young woman possessed of two qualities that are meat and drink to traffickers in fiction, (a) beauty and (b) a determination to have nothing to do with marriage or men. Given such material the end is, of course, always in sight, and it is merely a matter of pages before the triumphant wooer—in this case the suave, tactful and middle-aged *Major Dawne*—wins his bride. There are *en route* some not very convincing pictures of a suburban pair of love-birds whose bliss is ruined (as it never would have been in real life) by the wife's instant readiness, after years of married trust and felicity, to believe the first anonymous story of her husband's infidelity; and the author's later draft upon the bank of melodrama to discredit her heroine is not much better. That a writer with Miss HORN's gift for making direct transcripts from life should dip into the reservoir of clichés at all is a mystery. But she is evidently more fond of convention, even when it is hollow, than originality, or she would have also resisted the temptation, which now besets every young novelist, to lay some of her scenes in Cornwall, a sadly overworked county.

Mr. S. P. B. MAIS is a tilter, and in the sketches of which *A Public School in War-Time* (MURRAY) is comprised, he delivers many a hefty thrust, and has, I should guess, thoroughly enjoyed his bout. While sympathising with his aims, especially where he urges the cultivation of a taste for good literature in boys, I cannot repose a complete confidence in him. On page 66 he writes, "Boys are born actors; let them act, encourage them at all times to act; boys have a far finer imagination than most adults." Agreeing cordially with this sentiment, it was a shock to me to find, a few pages later, "Remember, please, boys have no imagination." What does Mr. MAIS really mean? If a boy has no imagination and yet a far finer one than most adults, where do the unfortunate majority of us come in? I cannot help resenting this confusion, because it has shaken my faith in the tilter; if not in the tilt. Still, much can be forgiven to such an enthusiast as Mr. MAIS. He shows here a real affection for boys; his attitude towards the much

discussed question of games is absolutely sound, and to a certain extent he appreciates the changes which War has brought about in the thoughts and ambitions of public-school boys. That a man who has such strong opinions and also the courage of them should be attacked in his turn is only to be expected, but when opponents talk of his "upsetting, irrational, nonsensical notions," he could quite easily afford to smile instead of being at times "dispirited," as he tells us he is.

One does not want to discourage versatility and experimentalisation in authors; but it is a question whether their attempts at new departures should necessarily find their way into print. Artists (at any rate most artists: I except in this connection Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN) do not hang all their sketches, so why should authors publish all their tentative efforts? These remarks occur to me after reading *The Captain's Furniture* (MILLS AND BOON), by JOHN TREVENA.

Hitherto Mr. TREVENA has been known to me as the writer of stern and uncompromising novels of a dour and passionate peasantry. One of these was called *Furze the Cruel*, and another *Granite*, and they indicated (as has indeed been done before) what fierce emotions can smoulder beneath the simple exteriors of the dwellers in Devon. But in *The Captain's Furniture*, where Devon is still the background, there is nothing but farce, and farce long drawn out and, alas! not funny. There is hardly a creature in the book in whom one can believe, which of course matters nothing in a farce so long as we are hustled into laughter, but matters very much if (as in the present case) we are not.

It is not every day that you can watch folk-lore in the making. Yet that was the agreeable feeling that I derived from a little volume written by Mr.

NORMAN DOUGLAS, under the title of *London Street Games* (ST. CATHERINE'S PRESS). Perhaps you know already Mr. DOUGLAS's gift of racy humour, as shown in his Italian journey-books. This time he has wandered no further than the pavements of various London districts, watching the children at play there, and noting down I could not count how many different games. The result is interesting, amusing, and at times not a little pathetic—though perhaps this last feeling is an unjustified sentimentalism, since children at play, whether among lamp-posts or orchards, are always in their proper kingdom. More genuinely sad is the conclusion to which Mr. DOUGLAS's observations have led him, that modern conditions, and especially the ubiquitous flicker-palace, are tending to destroy in London children the power of imagination by which these street games have been evolved. Therefore he hastens to take note of them for future historians. This is a grim saying. But one may at least be glad that some of the only gold with which London streets were ever paved, the make-believe of childhood, has been stored so sympathetically, if only for a museum.



LADY'S MAID ON THE LAND.

CHARIVARIA.

A DAILY paper quotes the correspondent of the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, who says of Berlin, "It is by no means so quiet as is usual here in the dog days." As, however, the foregoing statement is reprinted by our contemporary under the heading, "Ham To-morrow!" it looks as if the dog days were on the point of being pleasantly interrupted.

The Amsterdam *Telegraaf* learns from the German frontier that caricatures of the KAISER are appearing mysteriously on walls and hoardings in Germany, and the EMPEROR, whose own artistic talent has not lately had much exercise, is said to be anxiously looking around for a subject worthy of execution.

"I am afraid he has seen too much of high life," said the West London magistrate when a small boy was charged with gambling. This authoritative statement makes more inexplicable the failure of the promoters of London's latest morality crusade to take official cognizance of the great and growing popularity of pitch-and-toss among our idle rich.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Tyd* states that within a few months gigantic Zeppelins will cross the Atlantic as journalistic air-liners.

In the meantime they are doing excellent service on the other side of the Atlantic as journalistic head-liners.

The Parliamentary Correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* states that "much interest" was displayed in the House of Commons in the presentation of an anti-drink petition, two-and-a-quarter miles long, which was carried up to the Table by two officials. More gratifying still was the public excitement exhibited when the official carrying the tail-end of the petition turned down into Whitehall from the Strand forty-five minutes after the first man had entered Palace Yard.

The Worthing visitor who, finding the light showing outside his house, laid information against himself, is understood to be so incensed at the action of the Bench in dismissing the case that in the event of a second offence he has determined to take the law into his

own hands by entering the premises and extinguishing the light.

Mr. BONAR LAW's description of the Ministry as "an efficient Cabinet as Cabinets go" has not, we understand, entirely satisfied some of the members of his party, who are hoping to have an early opportunity of forming their own opinion as to its efficiency in these circumstances.

A number of German Generals are preaching Fletcherism, or prolonged chewing of food, to the public in this time of short rations. It has, however, apparently escaped the notice of these reformers that the present unhappy

KAISER for permitting his wild swine to escape from their enclosure and damage neighbouring property. It would be interesting to know if Prince LEOPOLD excused himself on the ground that he had merely followed the All Highest's distinguished example.

A Covent Garden porter stated to the West London Police Court that he "must either thieve or fight, and preferred to thieve." Notwithstanding the shining example set by a prominent reigning house it does not seem to have occurred to the fellow that he could just as well do both at the same time.

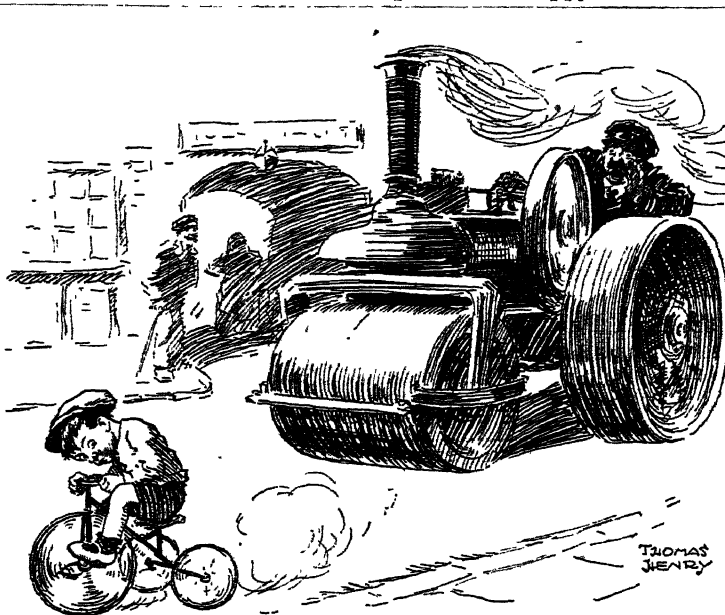
A man found sleeping on a doorstep with a farthing in his pocket described himself to the North London magistrate as a "diamond merchant of Hatton Garden and Paris." He was nevertheless remanded, and yet another patriotic exhibition of war-time economy must perish untimely beneath the heel of unimaginative officialdom.

"Every British soldier," says a graceful writer in the *Paris Journal*, "will henceforth have the soul of a Wellington." He might have added that once we get going it will be a lucky German that has a sole to his Bluchers.

One hundred conscientious objectors are to be employed raising gravel for the West Suffolk County Council. It is to be hoped that some of them will raise a little grit in the process.

An ex-soldier with a wooden leg, who was found lying in the road, was ordered to pay 7s. 6d. at Roehampton Police Court. A brief account of the event is correctly, but not, we think, sympathetically, provided by an evening contemporary under the heading, "Lost His Balance."

Allied officers recently removed from a Greek passenger ship a German woman in whose baggage were found three torpedo capsules. It is understood that, notwithstanding her explanation that she was taking the capsules for the purpose of reducing flesh, the woman was removed for investigation.



RUSSIANISM.

Steam Roller Driver. "NAH THEN! AHT O' THE WAY, FRANCIS JOSEPH!"

position of the German people is due to the fact that they have already bitten off considerably more than they are able to chew.

"Everything that a brewer uses has gone up by leaps and bounds," said Mr. H. COSMO BONSOR, presiding at the annual meeting of a well-known brewing company. This, of course, must be more than a little disturbing to an industry that has been built up on hops.

The editor of the *Vorwaerts* has again been arrested, the reason assigned being that the newspaper does not truthfully represent Germany's position in the War. If the title of the organ is any indication of its contents the charge would appear to be more than justified.

According to the German papers Prince FREDERICK LEOPOLD of Prussia has been severely reprimanded by the

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH and the GERMAN KAISER.*)

Francis Joseph. You may say what you please, but I shall maintain my opinion. Things are not going well, and your Germans are no better off than my Austrians. Thousands of your men are taken prisoners; you lose guns and are forced to retire by the French, the British, and the Russians, and then you choose such a moment to come to me and ask me to put my forces under the command of your VON HINDENBURG. Really it is a little too much. Heaven knows I'm not short-tempered as a rule, but this proposal is enough to make even the most patient and amiable man in the world flare up.

The German Kaiser (aside). The old man's peevish. I must attempt to humour him. (*Aloud*) My dear Emperor, how you mistake me. Can you possibly think that I am capable of inflicting a slight upon the glorious Austrian army and its beloved chief? No, no. Put the idea out of your mind at once. All I suggest is that at this critical time it would be a convenience for both of us that the commands of the armies should be to some extent united, so that there may be no conflicts of authority and no waste of time. That is all.

Francis Joseph. And you suggest that VON HINDENBURG should command in chief?

The German Kaiser. It was merely an idea of mine put forward for your consideration. I'm not wedded to it; but, if we don't fix on VON HINDENBURG, whom else do you suggest?

Francis Joseph. To tell you the truth, I'm not particularly favourable to VON HINDENBURG. There's something about him that I can't say I care for—something overbearing and harsh. Isn't he just a little too Prussian even for your taste?

The German Kaiser. Really, I must ask your Majesty to remember in whose presence you are speaking.

Francis Joseph. Do you think I'm likely to forget it? I know well enough who you are and from whom you descend. Fatal, indeed, have your ancestors been to the Austrian Empire, and fatal must you be with your rashness, your ambition, and—since I must say it—your impetuous desire to offend by your want of tact and your bad manners those whom you cannot otherwise control.

The German Kaiser. Upon my soul, this is too much. Rashness you may charge me with in having bound myself to take up your cause, and ambition is no dishonourable quality, but that I should live to be accused of bad manners and want of tact—that is beyond all belief. I leave you and shall leave your shattered armies to the punishment you and they deserve (*he makes for the door*). You'll be sorry for this, you know.

Francis Joseph. Oh, come away from that door, do. I take back what I said and acknowledge you to be the best mannered and the most tactful of men.

The German Kaiser. Well, I'll forgive you just this once, but you must listen to reason. There's something in the air at the Eastern Front which doesn't seem to suit the Austrian soldiers quite so well as it suits the Russians, and all I propose is—

Francis Joseph. Yes, I know what you propose. You needn't rub it in more than is absolutely necessary. I submit, and consent that my armies should be placed under the command of VON HINDENBURG.

The German Kaiser. Your Majesty will have no reason to regret it. Henceforth our front will be truly united, and we shall swiftly defeat those who have set themselves to destroy the German nation and its arts and sciences.

Francis Joseph. But that is just what is worrying me.

I can see no signs of this swift victory for our arms anywhere. Come, you know, you will have to put on that shining armour I used to hear you talk about.

The German Kaiser. And you, for your part, will perhaps say a word or two to your Archdukes. After all, you may as well remember that it was you who began the War.

Francis Joseph. Nonsense, it was you. All I blame myself for is that I didn't check you in time.

(*Left disagreeing.*)

MULES.

I NEVER would 'ave done it if I'd known what it would be. I thought it meant promotion an' some extra pay for me; I thought I'd miss a drill or two with packs an' trenchin' tools,

So I said I'd 'andled 'orses—an' they set me 'andlin' mules.

Now 'orses they are 'orses, but a mule 'e is a mule
(Bit o' devil, bit o' monkey, bit o' bloomin' boundin' fool!)
Oh, I'm usin' all the adjectives I didn't learn at school
On the prancin', glancin', rag-time dancin' Army Transport mule.

If I'd been Father NOAH when the cargo walked aboard,
I'd 'ave let the bears an' tigers in, an' never spoke a word;
But I'd 'ave shoved a placard out to say the 'ouse was full,
An' shut the Ark up suddent when I saw the Army mule.

They buck you off when ridden, they squish your leg when led;

They're mostly sittin' on their tail or standin' on their 'ead;
They reach their yellow grinders out an' gently chew your ear,

An' their necks is indiarubber for attackin' in the rear.

They're as mincein' when they're 'appy as a ladies' ridin'-school,

But when the fancy takes 'em they're like nothin' but a mule—

With the off wheels in the gutter an' the near wheels in the air,

An' a leg across the traces, an' the driver Lord knows where.

They're 'orrid in the stable, they're worse upon the road;
They'll bolt with any rider, they'll jib with any load;
But soon we're bound beyond the seas, an' when we cross the foam

I don't care where we go to if we leave the mules at 'ome.

For 'orses they are 'orses, but a mule 'e is a mule
(Bit o' devil, bit o' monkey, bit o' bloomin' boundin' fool!)
Oh, I'm usin' all the adjectives I never learnt at school

On the rampin', rawboned, cast-steel-jawboned Army Transport mule.

Rapid Promotion of a War-Worker.

"Thetford Town Council has appointed the 15-year-old daughter of the town crier to fulfil the duties of the office during her father's absence serving with the colours."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Thetford Town Council has appointed the fifteen-year-old daughter of the Town Clerk to fulfil the duties of the office during her father's absence with the colours."—*Western Daily Mercury*.

From a picture-palace programme:—

"The fight actually cost the daring woman her life, and but for the timely revolver-shot of her lover in the play she would assuredly have been killed."

As it was she displayed unusual vitality even for a cinema-heroine.



ITALY'S DAY!

INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.

HE was sick of the tyranny of martial law in his poor down-trodden country. A "Pathiot" could no longer shoot a policeman without interference from the brutal British soldiery. Ireland was no sort of a place for a man any more. She was oppressed, ground down, but England was the favoured country—always had been. So he made up his mind to go there and enjoy the freedom denied him at home.

On arrival in London he was asked for his registration card. He hadn't one. He explained at the police-station that he was normally resident in Ireland and he was a free man again. It was 3 P.M. and he was thirsty, so at a near-by bar he called for a whisky-and-soda. He was told he could have the soda now, but he must wait for some hours for the rest. He waited, miserable. At last the hour struck and, being lonely, he fell into chat with a stranger. Soon he asked an obvious question. His new-found friend said he was sorry, and explained, "No treating allowed, you know." The exile was sad as it neared the ridiculously early closing time. Well, he would take a drop home against the night, so he called for a bottle. The busy barmaid was sorry he could not have it and told him to come again next week. It was Friday night. He did not understand, and at throwing-out time, when the day had just gone, he sought a bus to take him to his lodging. No bus. He asked a policeman—the Spirit of London, who knows all things. "Sorry Sir, Route 397 is off." He hailed a taxi, but after a few hundred yards the taxi-man explained. "Sorry, Sir, can't go on; Government allowance of petrol run out." Everyone was very polite and very sorry. Our exile proceeded on foot, but in dark streets he banged into people and was cursed and condemned. Dublin, even after the "Home Fires" in Sackville Street had ceased burning, was better lighted than this.

He got to his lodging at last and sat down by his open window in the cool night air. He was soon disturbed by his landlady knocking sharply. She was sorry, but he must close the window and draw the curtains, "on account of them Zeppelins, you know." He didn't know, and he went stuffily to

bed, for he loved fresh air. Next morning he went forth determined to be early enough, but he had to wait until 12 noon. He would have his flask filled anyhow, for he had learned that one could always get soda-water. But when 12 noon did come they were sorry they could not sell him less than a reputed quart of spirits, and anyhow it was Saturday, and he must wait until 12 noon on Monday. He decided that London was a dismal place and

gone ahead in his luggage in the carrier's cart, and anyhow the delivery for the week had gone that very day. He still had a hope: would the merchant be so good as to send his man for orders? But the merchant was again sorry: that was against the law, and his man could not take money at the door. Sad and thirsty our exile tramped to the far place and arrived just after closing time. In desperation he decided to be taken suddenly ill. He did it quite well outside a licensed place and collected a sympathetic crowd. He begged for brandy, whisky, beer—anything, but was told he must produce a doctor's prescription. He recovered sufficiently to crawl home.

On the morrow he looked round and was pleased to find the little harbour full of strange and interesting craft. He had his camera with him, but he had not carried it far when a Naval policeman was sorry but he had to confiscate it. He was asked for a registration card again several times and to explain why, being apparently fit and of military age, he was unregistered and not in uniform.

So he gave it up. He hit off the right day and time at last, and purchased three of the most reputed quarts he could find. Then he bought a time-table and looked up a train and a boat that would bring him back to Ireland and the tyrannies of martial law.



Special. "BE CALM, MADAM. THEY'VE DRIVEN OFF THE ZEPPELINS."

Young Mother. "OH, CONSTABLE, DARE I VENTURE TO TAKE BABY OUT OF THE SAFE?"

he fled towards the sea; but nearing his destination he was asked for his permit to be in that area, which was prohibited. He fled again, and this time he got to where he wanted to go—a wild spot on the coast, three miles from a town. He was beginning to learn, he would make no more people sorry, he would interview a wine merchant in the town and then walk out to the place by the sea. But the wine merchant was sorry, he could only take orders for cash, and he only delivered to the far place once a week. The poor exile gasped, his cheque-book and all his money but a few shillings had

"He owes £3,050, and his sole asset is a watch and chain, valued at £8. The Official Receiver will wind up the estate."—*Provincial Paper.*

Every night?

"About 3 I sat up and stood above the thistles like an ant watching a flaming forest."—*Mr. Philip Gibbs in "The Daily Chronicle."*

A captious correspondent wants to know (i.) how one sits standing, and (ii.) what variety of ant can see over a thistle?

"When German regiments are ordered to storm a position it is not necessary, we are assured, for the commander to issue a sultry order to stimulate them."—*Egyptian Mail.* He just does it in cold blood.

Overheard.

Jones. I don't think.

Brown. I know you don't. You can't.

Jones. Yes, I can.

Brown. Well, think, then.

Jones. So I do think.

Brown. I don't think.

CHARITABLE INTERPRETATIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—How little do we yet understand of the habits of our enemies! It is not by bandying reckless accusations that we shall bring about the equitable peace which we hope for. For this reason I have been very thankful to read the following in a recent issue of the *Cologne Gazette*, which disposes once and for all of the dreadful calumny that the German officers are capable of using the cat-o'-nine-tails to encourage and inspire their men:—

"The glorious citizen army of Herr Asquith is apparently not accustomed to thoroughly cleansing its uniforms. Otherwise the object of the nine-tailed whip could not be so completely unknown."

(The slight note of asperity will be gladly overlooked in the circumstances). This effectively disposes of the stories, related by prisoners, of Prussian officers belabouring their men with the cat. Even the uniforms of privates in so punctilious an army must need dusting, and there could be no more convenient method.

Would it be too much to say that cleanliness is the leading passion of the German Army, whether in the field or in the houses in which they are billeted? Had that fact been borne in mind we should not have fallen into another similar error with regard to what have been termed (even in official messages) "Flame-projectors." The simplest explanation is generally the best. One has only to ask how the Turkish carpets and costly tapestries that furnish the front-line dug-outs of the enemy are to be kept in decent order without a liberal use of vacuum-cleaners.

And, again, may we not assume that the bludgeons, studded with projecting nails, of which we have read as being used in hand-to-hand conflict by the Germans, and which a Paris newspaper has rashly termed "the weapon of the apache rather than the soldier," are entirely innocent in intention? It would be idle to deny that they may be snatched up absent-mindedly in the heat of battle, but is it not clear that their proper office is to be used at physical drill as Indian clubs? The presence of the projecting nails is easily explained and shows the usual Teutonic thoroughness. It would tend to correct slipshod work and render the performer less likely to hit himself carelessly about the head.

I think it will be found, if we can get rid of this terrible atmosphere of suspicion, that other simple explanations will be forthcoming. I do not



Bluejacket (to Chinese Ship's Steward). "NOW LOOK 'ERE, OSWALD. YOU CAN'T TEACH ME ANYTHING ABOUT CHINA. I KNOW, 'COS I'VE BEEN THERE."

wish to dogmatize. I have no sufficient knowledge. But let us consider the German use of poisons in many forms. It will be found, I think, that their *raison-d'être* is horticultural, though I again admit that in the heat of battle they may be diverted to combative purposes. It cannot be easy to grow either primroses or mustard and cress in the trenches without the use of weed-killers. And surely the horrible suggestion that Germans have been found chained to their machine-guns is wide of the mark. I am not closely acquainted with the machine-gun (far from it), but I understand it to be a complicated piece of mechanism. May

they not have become inadvertently involved in it?

I feel sure that if we were all more amiable the War would soon be over.

I remain, Yours faithfully,

INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL.

"He asked the young Canadian the question: 'Are you willing to give your blood to the Frenchman?' 'At once, sir,' was the reply.

A quarter of an hour later the surgeon performed the operation of transgression with admirable success."—*The Star*.

In this instance the way of the transgressor seems to have been comparatively easy.

THE PINCH OF WAR.

I CAME across him on the rim of the bog. He stood before a whitewashed cabin glaring fiercely over the brown world.

A coal-black dudeen hung empty and bottom up from his puckered mouth, a rumpled frieze cap was perilously balanced a-top of a fringe of white hair. His full figure, upholstered in a worn velvet waistcoat, was thrust well forward as if daring Fate to hit it another blow.

At the moment he was acting as a scratching-post to a large white billy-goat, which chafed itself luxuriously to and fro against his straddled legs. At the sound of my horse's hoofs he turned his head. At the sight of my uniform his eyes brightened, he withdrew a smutty hand from a corduroy pocket and made a travesty of a salute towards his cap, which almost lost its balance.

"Hey! Good day to ye, Captain!" (I am a second-lieutenant, but in Ireland every lance-corporal has visionary batons on his shoulder-straps.)

I replied suitably, agreed that the weather was fine for the second and trusted, if we were good, we might have an hour of it.

"How is it wid the War this mornin', yer honour?"

I replied that, as far as I knew, it was still there, had passed a quiet night and was doing nicely, thanks.

"Was you ever at the Front, Captain?"

I nodded, and at that his eyes gleamed.

"Begob!—then 'tis yerself has the luck. Wait till I tell you a minute. I'm afther wishin' be all the Blessed Saints I was twinty year younger, 'tis meself would be the first afther them German Daygoes—I would so, the dirty, desthroyin' blagyards! Tell me now, Captain dear, did you ever kill wan of them at all?"

He hung on my answer to such an extent that the white billy tore a tatter from his canvas coat and ate it unrebuked.

I wagged my head. "Don't know—couldn't say."

"Och, shure, no! What would a grand gentleman like yourself be wantin' wid such dirty work—'tis a common private's job, so it is. But was meself twinty year younger 'twould be a job I would take great delight in the doin' of it. I would take great delight in landin' wan o' them blagyards a puck wid a bay'net that would let the daylight through him. I would have great courage an' delight in a war wid such as they be, that's the blessed

truth, the dirty, desthroyin', murderin' divils! Arragh! I hate them!"

He shook a grimy fist in the general direction of America, and the billy, undisturbed, reached up and ate another ribbon off his coat.

"Beggin' yer pardon, but will yer honour be goin' back to the War?"

I said I hoped so some day.

"Listen, then—I'm wishin' ye would kill a German, two Germans, d'ye hear me now? Two Germans I'm afther wishin' ye."

Again he brandished a trembling fist aloft and again the billy, fearing naught, grazed its way up his back.

"Thanks, very good of you," said I.

"I'll remember. Good day."

"Good day it is, an' God save yer honour!"

Then with an overwhelming burst of generosity he promoted me two ranks at once and wished again.

"Colonel," he said solemnly, though shaking with passion, "I'm afther wishin' ye three—ten—fifteen Germans!"

"Thanks," I said again, and picked up the reins, wondering if tragedy had shadowed the bogside that morning, if some grey-eyed, black-haired boy would come home no more from Flanders to that whitewashed cabin.

As I turned a beshawled girl poked her head round the door lintel and smiled at me.

"Och, faith, don't be noticin' the granda', yer honour; himself was beyond to the town this mornin', an' they've riz the price o' porther on him wan ha'penny. He do be as mad as the Sivinteen Divils!"

"SIMKIN."

To the sheer summit of the town,
Up from the marshes where the mill
is,

The High Street clambers, looking down
On willows, weirs, and water-lilies.
What goblin homes those gradients
bear,

Doors that for all their new deface-
ments

Date darkly, windows that out-wear
The centuries shining on their ease-
ments!

When Simkin shows you up the street
To pay a bill or post a letter,
Your urgency infects his feet,

He speeds as well as you, or better;
Moulding his Lilliputian stride

To your swift footfall's emulation
He walks unwavering by your side
Until you reach your destination.

Simkin, the urchin with the shock
Of curls rush-hatted, plainly preaches

The Age of Reason in a smock
And Liberty in holland breeches,
Yet all obediently he'll ramp
Against the counter, pressing closer
To watch you lick a ha'penny stamp
Or see you settle with the grocer.

But once your steps retrace the town
And "Home's" the goal your folly
mentions

A thousand projects of his own
Engage the sum of his attentions—
As when, precariously superb,

He mounts with two-year-old ac-
tivity

The great stone horse-block by the curb
Time-worn to glacial declivity.

Then debonair and unbarred

By the old hound, its casual sentry,
He dallies in "The Old George" yard
And greets the jackdaw in the entry;
Retracted to the street, he gains

A sombre door no sunshine mellows,
The smithy, where there glows and
wanes

Fire, at the bidding of the bellows.

A-tip-toe at the infrequent shops
Toys or tin kettles he appraises,
Seeds in bright packets, lollipops,
Through the dim oriels' greenish
glazes;

Then with two sturdy hands he shakes
The stripling sycamore that dapples
With shade the side-walk and awakes
Some ancient memory of apples.

Next he rejoins, beneath a sky
With willow-leaves and gnats a-
quiver,

The dapper martins where they ply
A clayey traffic by the river;
Watches the minnows in the warm
Near shallows with a smile per-
suading—

He could not come to any harm
On such a heaven-sent day for wading!

Home's gained at last. At last they
cease,

Coaxes, entreaties, threats, coercions;
An old gate's iron fleurs-de-lis
Shut upon Simkin's last diversions.
The garden crossed, the door stands
wide,

And, pouting like a wronged immortal,
But passive as a Roman bride,
Simkin is lifted through the portal.

"The Misses — gained great praise for
their Russian dance in approximate costume."
Provincial Paper.

The nearest they could get, no doubt.

Distressing experience of an educa-
tional reformer:—

"He had put his foot down on taking
children away from schools so early, and had
had it thrown in his teeth in the market-
place."—Camelford Weekly News.

HALF HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES.

Mr. Punch's representative is fortunate in obtaining a lightning interview with Miss Dainty Dimple (of *revue* fame) at her restful riverside retreat.



"COME RIGHT IN. JUST IN TIME FOR A CUP OF TEA."



"OF COURSE I ADORE GOLF. I GENERALLY MANAGE TO GET A ROUND IN DURING THE AFTERNOON."



"THEN I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT A PLUNGE IN THE RIVER."



"NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A GAME OF TENNIS?"



"YES—THIS IS MY FAVOURITE SPOT WHERE I REST MY JADED NERVES."



"NOW I MUST BID YOU GOOD-BYE, AS I HAVE TO CHANGE BEFORE MOTORING UP TO THE THEATRE."



Little Old Lady. "Do you know, when I write to my sister in America now, or she writes to me, our letters are opened by the censor? Doesn't it seem unnecessary? Just fancy—two old ladies!"

THE EGOIST.

(*A study in futility.*)

In Piccadilly lately,
When things were looking bright,
Strolling along sedately
I met Adolphus White,
Whose poetizing offers
Fine food for mirth to scoffers,
And who of golf and golfers
Still babbles day and night.

Together westward walking
We chatted for a while,
Though he did all the talking
For nearly half-a-mile,
Realities eluding,
Upon his worries brooding,
And finally concluding
In his accustomed style.

"Upon the Art of Climbing
If I had only spent
The years I've giv'n to rhyming
With generous intent,
I might have been requited
By being duly knighted,
Or possibly invited
To stand for Parliament.

"And if, instead of flying
To links—Welsh, English, Scots—
And spending months on trying
To master mashie-shots,
Those months I had devoted
To studying prices quoted,
And schemes that should be floated,
I might have piled up pots.

"For now, though skies are sunny
And sweet the scented limes,
I'm very short of money
And no one prints my rhymes;
And yet they would elate us—
They've got the true *afflatus*,
And would invigorate us
If published in *The Times*."

"O elderly inkslinger,"
To him I made reply,
"O ineffectual singer
Of songs that none will buy,
Give up your vain ambitions,
Your metric ebullitions,
Be off and make munitions—
You'll thank me ere you die."

Smith minor's latest:—

"Joan of Arc was a woman who was swallowed by a whale."

The Super-Pessimist.

"BACHELOR, not strong, and social outcast, wants homely APARTMENTS. Any inland district; if country, lonely, secluded. No special attention. 14s.; or with board (privately), 26s.; fires extra. State household (small). No young people or servants."—*Clerical Paper*.

"The Norwegian sailing vessel *Bams* and the Swedish sailing vessels *Juno* and *Ida* are reported to have been set on fire and are sinking."—*Provincial Paper*.

We did not realise before that a stammering compositor was likely to infect his machine.

"A piano tuner and repairer and manager of a music shop for aged parents was granted conditional exemption."—*Provincial Paper*.
Never having approved of the musical taste of the younger generation we are glad to hear of a music shop for aged parents.

"The writer has heard that Mr. Besant is powerful in England, how she can make whole Parliament tremble how she has only to press the button here and make Mr. Benard show Mr. Massingham ghams."—*Indian Patriot*.

We are afraid the writer has been misinformed.



LOYAL CO-OPERATION.

[THE AUSTRIAN ARMIES ON THE EASTERN FRONT HAVE BEEN PLACED UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE PRUSSIAN VON HINDENBURG.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 7th.—The House of Commons has been saddened by the untimely death of Sir ARTHUR MARKHAM. During his tempestuous career he had come into collision with nearly every prominent Member of the House. Yet the kindness that underlay his outward ferocity was universally recognised, and there was complete sincerity in the tributes paid to his memory by representatives of every party.

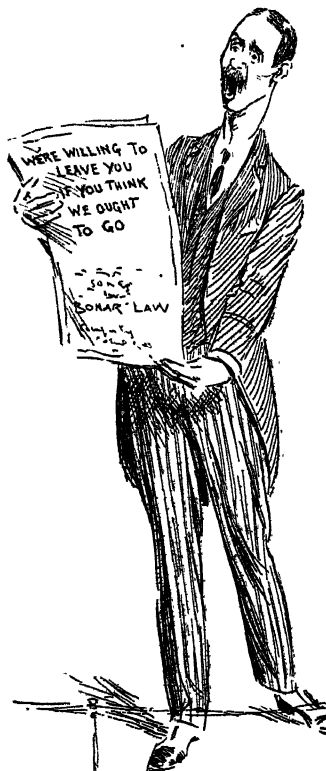
I see that one of his friends has described him as "the Greek Chorus of the House of Commons." A simile less apt could hardly be imagined. The Chorus—I quote from a dictionary definition—"acted the part of a dispassionate and right-minded spectator, inculcating the lessons of morality and resignation." MARKHAM was never dispassionate and he was often wrong-headed. Furthermore, he was never lugubrious, as the Chorus generally was, and he rarely waited to deliver his remarks until the principal actor had delivered his speech, but blurted out immediately whatever came into his mind. Some of his popularity was probably owing to this habit, for he often said about bores and humbugs what his more timid colleagues thought but were afraid to say.

By a strange coincidence the principal business of the day was the Army Act (Amendment) Bill, of which MARKHAM was, in a sense, the begetter. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has rarely displayed to more advantage his talent for steering an awkward craft through the Parliamentary quicksands. He proposed to dilute a Military Court of Inquiry with two civilian members, preferably Members of Parliament or Peers; he wanted to get the Bill through all its stages that day; and he was particularly anxious to avoid stating the circumstances that made this haste desirable.

At first his task appeared hopeless. Army Members did not see why a purely military court should not suffice; rigid Constitutionalists like Mr. HEALY objected to the House placing any of its members at the disposal of a military tribunal; and there seemed to be a general desire to worm out the details of the scandal, if scandal there was, before the Bill was allowed to pass. With infinite patience and tact the WAR SECRETARY managed to placate the objectors without lifting more than a very small corner of the curtain.

Tuesday, August 8th.—Before party-politics died the death, it was no uncommon sight to see a batch of House of Commons messengers advancing to the Table bearing huge packages of

paper containing the signatures of a petition praying "this honourable House" to do something or other, which in most cases there was precious little chance of its doing. I hope the



MR. BONAR LAW'S WAR-SONG—WITHOUT CHORUS.

petition presented to-day from 100,000 Ulstermen, praying that the nation should "follow the KING" and abstain from the use of intoxicating liquor during the War, will meet with better fortune.



Urchin (to Mr. McKenna). GOT A CIGARETTE PICTURE, MISTER? NO? THEN GIVE US A TREASURY BILL!"

During Question-time mention was made of the Australian Commonwealth's intention to spend twenty millions sterling in settling ex-soldiers on the land. Thoughts of this munificent scheme kept intruding on the mind as I listened to the prolonged discussion of the British Government's proposals for Naval and Military pensions. It may be quite true, as Mr. HAYES-FISHER said, that the scale proposed is more generous than that of any country after any war. But there has never been a war like this, and, but for the millions of men who have sacrificed everything to go and fight, there would be no country left. The House is not often in sympathy with Mr. HOGGE, but I think he expressed the general opinion when he said that the State should provide all the money that the soldier or his dependants ought to have.

Mr. McKENNA, who has already undertaken to provide seven and a half millions for supplementary pensions, undertook that more would be forthcoming if necessary. His only object, he declared, was to get a working scheme established while the House was in a generous mood, and before the inevitable "cold fit" had set in after the War.

Wednesday, August 9th.—Mr. BIRRELL had one great merit as Chief Secretary for Ireland. His answers to the numerous questions addressed to him were invariably audible all over the House. Mr. DUKE would perhaps not be well advised to imitate his predecessor in every respect, but in this at least he should strive to emulate him. At present he is a little inclined to mumble his replies. There was no hesitation, however, in his warning to the Dublin Metropolitan Police—some of the members of which admirable body have recently shown a tendency to get out of hand—that they must lay their grievances before the constituted authorities, and not seek the aid of politicians, however eminent.

Mr. BILLING seized the occasion furnished by the Zeppelin raid to take the air again, but his flight was not conspicuously successful. Major BAIRD, who answers for the Air Board, quietly remarked that these unfortunate incidents could not be avoided, and that no one knew better than the Germans how greatly we had improved our defences. But this was not enough for Mr. BILLING, who then sought to move the adjournment of the House, and was evidently chagrined when only four or five Members, instead of the necessary forty, rose to support him.

Although, as Mr. BONAR LAW told his Unionist supporters (and critics) this afternoon, the Coalition still holds the field it no longer exercises an un-



Battalion Humourist (to holiday-maker). "CHEER UP, GUVNER! A FORTNIGHT'S SOON OVER."

restricted initiative. The Opposition is much more active and critical than it was. To-day the Government proposed to suspend the eleven o'clock rule, with a view to proceeding, after the House had had its fill of Scottish Estimates, with a trio of Irish Bills.

Sir EDWARD CARSON (with him Mr. HEALY) flatly declined to have the affairs of his country discussed in the small hours. He would sooner sit upon a Friday—a prospect little relished by his fellow-members, most of whom have come to look upon Friday as a statutory holiday. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was so perturbed by this threat that he forthwith abandoned the motion.

Thanks to the Duke of SUTHERLAND, Mr. TENNANT made a promising *début* as Secretary for Scotland. He announced this evening that His Grace had presented to the Government an estate of 12,000 acres for the settlement of soldiers and sailors who had done good service to the State. All that is now wanted is that the DUKE should take a tour round the British Isles and bite all the other great landlords.

Thursday, August 10th.—The House of Commons is a curiously imitative assembly. There is hardly a Member on one side who has not his double on

the other; and any little innovation in costume is promptly received with the sincerest form of flattery. There has been a perfect epidemic of grey tall hats with broad black bands since Mr. WATT and Mr. HOGGE appeared one day in this headgear.

The latest victim of the sartorial plagiarist is Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. A few days ago he signalized the return of the hot weather by appearing in a hat of unusual appearance—a sort of straw "wide-awake," as our fathers used to call that particular shape. This afternoon Mr. BOOTH arrived in a hat precisely similar in shape, material and colour. As Mr. BOOTH occupied the corner seat on the third bench below the Gangway on the Ministerial side, while Mr. O'CONNOR sat in the exactly corresponding position on the Opposition side, the House for a few moments presented a charming symmetry—until "T. P.," resenting, perhaps, Mr. BOOTH's duplicity, walked out and spoiled it.

The apparent ease with which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER finds the money for the enormous outgoings of the War is a weekly wonder. Still he has his critics, who assert that there are too many "floaters" about.

Sir CHARLES HENRY, indeed, artlessly suggested that the CHANCELLOR should at once indicate his intention to issue another loan. Needless to say Mr. MCKENNA declined the invitation. He might have to resort to a loan later, but meanwhile he was quite content with his Treasury Bills. In fact he spoke with as much affection of his "yearlings" as if he were a breeder of thoroughbred stock.

A Belated Correction.

"R.H. AND R.F.A.—The Christian names of Sec. Lt. (now Capt.) — are as now described, and not as in *The Gazette* of Aug. 6, 1907."—*Morning Paper*.

From a recipe for bread-making:—

"Knead the dough thoroughly till the hands and pan are quite clean."—*Morning Paper*.

We believe, however, that no serious injury will be done to the dough if the hands are washed before they knead it.

"Edwin Bielby (7), farm man, and John Wm. Goodall (30), farm horseman, were appealed for by Messrs. Henry Briggs, Son and Co., Ltd., who stated in regard to the former that they had used every endeavour to secure an older man, but without success."

Pontefract Express.

They might, however, have tried to get a younger boy.



THE PETROL DIFFICULTY.

Keen motorist (hiring ancient dug-out). "I'M IN NO GREAT HURRY. GO QUIETLY—ABOUT 20 TO 25."

WAR-TIME.

THE carman was impatient to drive off. The van-boy, who held something hidden inside his jacket, was no less eager.

"Don't start yet," called an onlooker from the little crowd outside the public-house, "she's under the wheels." At some movement from one of the horses she came scurrying out from danger.

She was an anxious Irish terrier bitch. The arrival of this van outside her home had caused her deep concern, and she ran round and round it, on the alert to prevent, if she could, the ruin of her happiness which its presence seemed to threaten. One of the crowd stooped to stroke her head; she submitted for a moment, and then firmly but politely moved away to resume her agitated trot about and under the van, with a look on her puzzled face as if to say, "Thank you, but I have something else to think about just now than caresses, and if I'm not very careful——"

She got among the feet of the crowd. "Now you can go, Bill," called one of

the men, and the carman whipped up his horses and the van clattered away. Still holding the something against his chest, underneath his jacket, the van-boy smiled.

The terrier mother broke away and trotted after. It was then that I caught a glimpse of a little brown head with bright eyes peeping out from the boy's coat; but the mother did not see, and soon gave up following the van. She stood a moment and then returned to the public-house to run in and out, here and there, bewildered and very anxious because she had lost something exceedingly precious and failed to find it. I think there must have been a lump in her throat.

It is no good being sentimental about such things. Parents have to part with their offspring some day. The puppy could not always be under the eye of its mother. Why should the fresh-faced van-boy, who looked as if he possessed a heart not altogether hard, feel for the bereaved terrier? I do not think he did; on the contrary, he seemed only triumphant at getting away

with so little trouble. Why should the factory girls at the other side of the street say, "Poor thing! What a shame!"? They didn't; I thought they might have done, but they didn't.

The bent old man with the bristly chin and the bleary eyes did stoop and caress the unhappy mother, and offer a bit of meat from his sandwich to comfort her. But he belonged to the past—to the time before the War.

From "Answers to Correspondents" in a weekly paper:—

"L. S. (Hambrook).—David slew his enemy with the jaw-bone of an ass. Were he alive to-day he would not go short of ammunition."

Not so long as our contemporary keeps going, at any rate. But what about SAMSON?

From an account of the British air-raid on Ghent:—

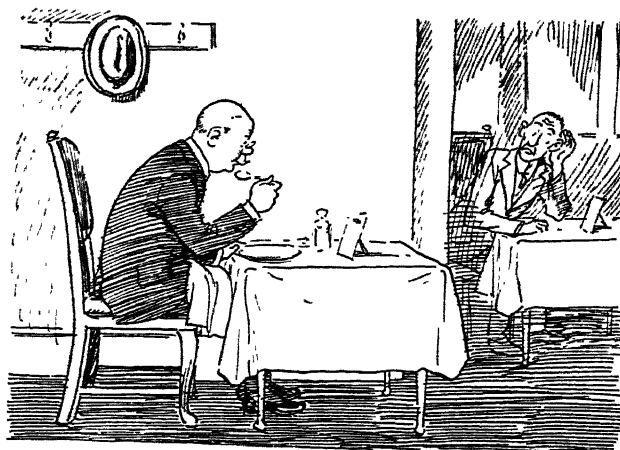
"Great damage was done to a newly-built superphos hate factory."—*Provincial Paper*.

Still, the Germans do not seem to be suffering from any shortage of this commodity.

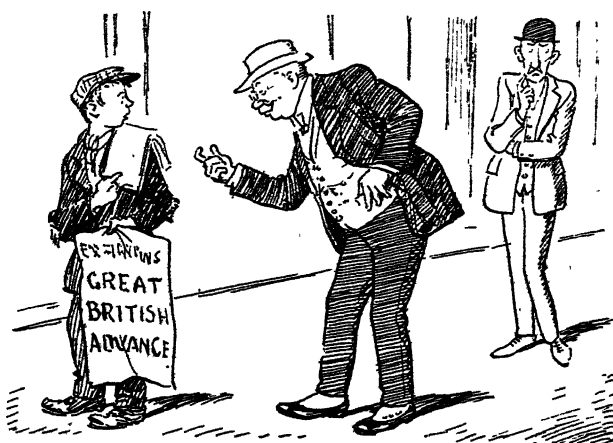
THE DETECTIVE ON THE GERMAN SPY-TRAIL.



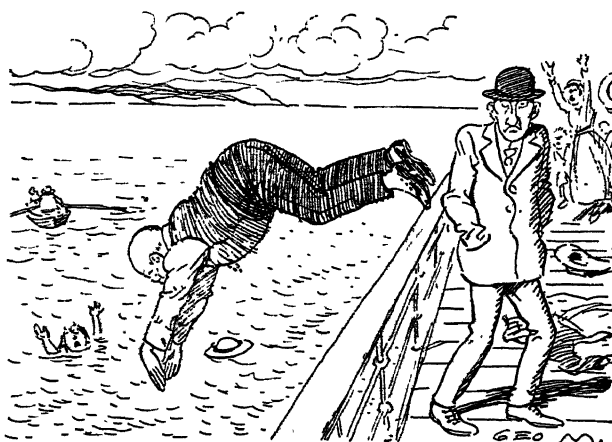
Detective. "I'M AFRAID I'M ON THE WRONG TRACK. THAT DOESN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A GERMAN."



"I HOPE I'M AFTER THE RIGHT MAN. HE DOESN'T SOUND A BIT LIKE A GERMAN."



"HE GETS LESS LIKE A GERMAN EVERY MINUTE. BUT PERHAPS IT'S HIS ARTFULNESS."



"I'D BETTER GO HOME. THIS HAS BEEN A WASTED DAY."

CONCERNING LEAVE.

CONSIDERING the fact that we lay in the Wilderness of Sin, with the mercury so high that we had to stand on tip-toe to read it, there was very little grumbling. We just watched ourselves melting away, and sang carols to keep ourselves cool. The trouble started when news came that urgent private reasons would be considered sufficient for a fortnight's leave to England. Then it was that we thought we had reached the high-watermark of endurance, and sat down to concoct urgent private reasons.

The first attempt was made by the Colonel, a man who believed in going straight for it over the parapet. He didn't even trouble to qualify his private reasons, and, when asked what they were, replied that they would no longer be private if he divulged them. Honesty never got a man out of the Wilderness of Sin.

One morning we saw the Senior Major blushing over a letter from home, and it transpired that he was the proud possessor of twins. This gave him his idea, and he applied for leave for the purpose of attending their christening. That never received due consideration, the Brigadier being a single man, and the reply was: "The Brigadier sends his sympathy but regrets that he cannot recommend," etc.

After that, we subalterns had a turn, and few reasons under heaven or earth were forgotten. One had the honour to apply for leave for the purpose of having his teeth stopped, as no other dentist understood his mouth. Another had farms laid waste by Zeppelins; and few of us could not rake up a dear relative in the last extremities. All were refused. Our chance of escaping a forty years' sojourn in the desert looked black. The Adjutant was our last hope. By the way he toyed with his rations we knew he was thinking

of a certain V.A.D. whom he had met in Cairo. His was the only genuine case, and there was an undercurrent of excitement when he applied for three days' leave for himself to be married in Cairo, and for the Senior Major to act as his best man.

This time the reply was satisfactory. The leave of the best man was granted, the bridegroom's was refused. Satisfactory, not perhaps for the Adjutant, for during the week which his best man spent in Cairo he was, if anything, more morose than ever; but satisfactory for the rest of us, because it showed that, in considering our applications, the authorities had at least worked on a system.

"Mr. Lloyd George said the Bill . . . empowered the summoning of civilian wits before a court of inquiry."—*Daily Sketch*.

Some of our alleged humourists consider that this is beyond a joke and are now wishing they had joined up.

INCORRIGIBLE.

You know the parrot, with a squawk
Audible, often, half-a-mile hence,
Who, if you *want* to hear him talk,
Is sure to sulk in utter silence;
You know the cherub, trotted in
That calling dames may gush and
drivel,
Who promptly chooses to begin
Behaving like a little divil;
You know, I say, these wayward folk
(Whether they're birds or babes or
what not),
Who love to have their little joke,
The point of which their victims
spot not.
Well, that's the kind I was in youth—
Branded a "brat, by all that's
cussed!" . . .
And now I feel there may be truth
In what, so oft, my ancient nuss said.
For still the same old game goes on;
The world has changed and times
are stirring;
My editor, guessing where I've gone,
Waits for a hint of warplanes whir-
ring,
Of guns that bellow, shells that whizz,
And all the thrills he thinks I've
penned him;
These are the hopes I know are his—
And here's the sort of stuff I send him!

A WRONG 'UN.

I FIND myself in the market-place
of —, Saturday night, on a journal-
istic mission to see if the working
classes are spending extravagantly.
A stout lady says to a cheesemonger,
"It's no good asking me tenpence-
'apenny, me lad. I can get it better
and stronger for tenpence."
"I'll eat all the tenpenny cheese
you can bring 'ere, Mother."
"Cut me 'arf-a-pound at tenpence
and 'old your noise."
The cheesemonger holds his noise
and cuts the half-pound. Not much
proof of extravagance here. However,
I see a cheap-jack get up on a chair.
He is flanked by rolls of linoleum.
Perhaps the people's money is being
wasted on household furnishing. The
cheap-jack looks up through a roll of
linoleum at the sky. "Orl right, ladies,"
he calls. "Safe from the Zeps 'ere.
Look at my anti-aircraft-gun. Now
rally round the ole flag, all you 'oo're
on munitions or over military age. I
don't lower myself by selling my lino
to anyone 'oo's got to be conscripted."
"He's right," confides a lady, who
is embracing a large haddock, to me.
"I've four at the Front meself."
I am not quite sure that he is right.
From the quality of the linoleum I

think it ought to be confined to con-
script homes.

"Before I starts selling," says the
cheap-jack, "I'll give you a free tip
'oo's goin' to win the War. It's the
British Army, because they're stickers.
They'll last as long as my lino."

The crowd murmurs approval. I can't
help hoping that the Army will last just
a trifle longer than the linoleum.

"Now 'ere," holding up a roll of
which pink peonies seem to form the
pattern, "oo'll brighten up the dear
old kitch for Pa when 'e comes 'ome
from munitions?"

A lady announces that she is dis-
posed to spend ninepence in this estim-
able work. A rash rival mounts to
one-and-three, and the roll is thrust
into her arms.

"You see, friends, I can sell cheap
because I pinch all my stuff. That's
'ow I do it at the price."

This sally is received with much joy,
especially by a genial policeman in the
background.

"Now 'oo'll bid for this fine roll—all
of ten yards. Cover the 'ouse cheap.
Make the 'ome 'appy."

"'Arf a dollar," says a muzzy gentle-
man amiably.

The roll is knocked down to him
before his mouth has properly closed.
He produces the money, shoulders the
roll, turns round to say, "Good night,
all," and the roll, sweeping round as he
turns, works devastation among hats.
Mine, of course, has gone. I trace his
progress by expostulations. Finally
there is a scrimmage in the distance.
I gather that the muzzy gentleman
has added a policeman's helmet to his
collection.

"This is the chance of a lifetime,"
says the cheap-jack, fixing me with
his eye. "Ten yards of best painted
lino guaranteed to last for ever. 'Oo
says two bob?"

Someone does; two-and-three follows.
The auctioneer's eye bores into me like
a gimlet. I lower my eyes so that I
shall not be hypnotised into buying.

"Two-and-nine, gent in front," says
the auctioneer, pointing to me.

"I say," I protest, "I didn't—"

"It's yours, Sir, all right," says the
auctioneer. "I brought my 'ammer
down jus' as you winked. The lady
bid three bob jus' after it'd fallen. But
I'm not the man to sell my honour for
thrippence."

What am I to do with the hideous
roll? I have a great idea.

"Here," I say, "put it up for auction
for the Red Cross."

"Right-O. Now 'oo'll bid a bob for
this for the wounded soldiers? You,
Ma, an' you'll give it back to be sold
again. Good ole Ma!"

The roll is sold a dozen times in five
minutes. Finally a very worn old lady
buys it.

"That'll do. No, Mother, you don't
give it back. You've got a sick 'usband
and a wounded son. You deserves the
bargain of the century. Thirteen bob,
friends all. Wot's it to be spent in?"

There is a general murmur of "Fags."

"'Ere," whispers the cheap-jack to
me, "you take it, Mister."

"No, you buy the cigarettes," I said.

"You'd best, Mister," he whispered.

"You see that sale's done in my crowd's
brass a bit an' I shall be short to-mor-
row. I've a awful thirst of a Sunday.
It'd be six to four on me blueing it in."

I have entitled my tale "A Wrong
'Un," and he certainly did do me out
of two-and-nine. But the next time
I tell it I think I shall call it "A
Right 'Un."

MEETING THE FOOD PROBLEM.

A NUMBER of experiments are being
made at our suburban tables for check-
ing the ardour of the hungry. One
clever woman contrives once or twice
a week to introduce the evening meal
with something which completely takes
away her husband's appetite—the
butcher's bill for the month, or an *hors
d'œuvre* in which a penny egg has been
concealed, or an accidental application
of cod-liver oil to the soup, or some
other little thing. She saves on his
breakfasts by deferring them until a
time when it is impossible for him both
to eat his food and to catch his train.

An elderly bank-clerk of iron will,
while continuing to devote not less
than twelve minutes to his breakfast
each morning, has formed a war-time
habit of masticating each mouthful
thirty-seven times, to the beat of a
slow-moving metronome.

Shops are now showing inexpensive
appliances which will help materially
to reduce the consumption of food.
One of the neatest inventions for this
purpose is the revolving carving-knife,
with a blade that is loose in the handle
and slips round when pressure is brought
to bear upon it.

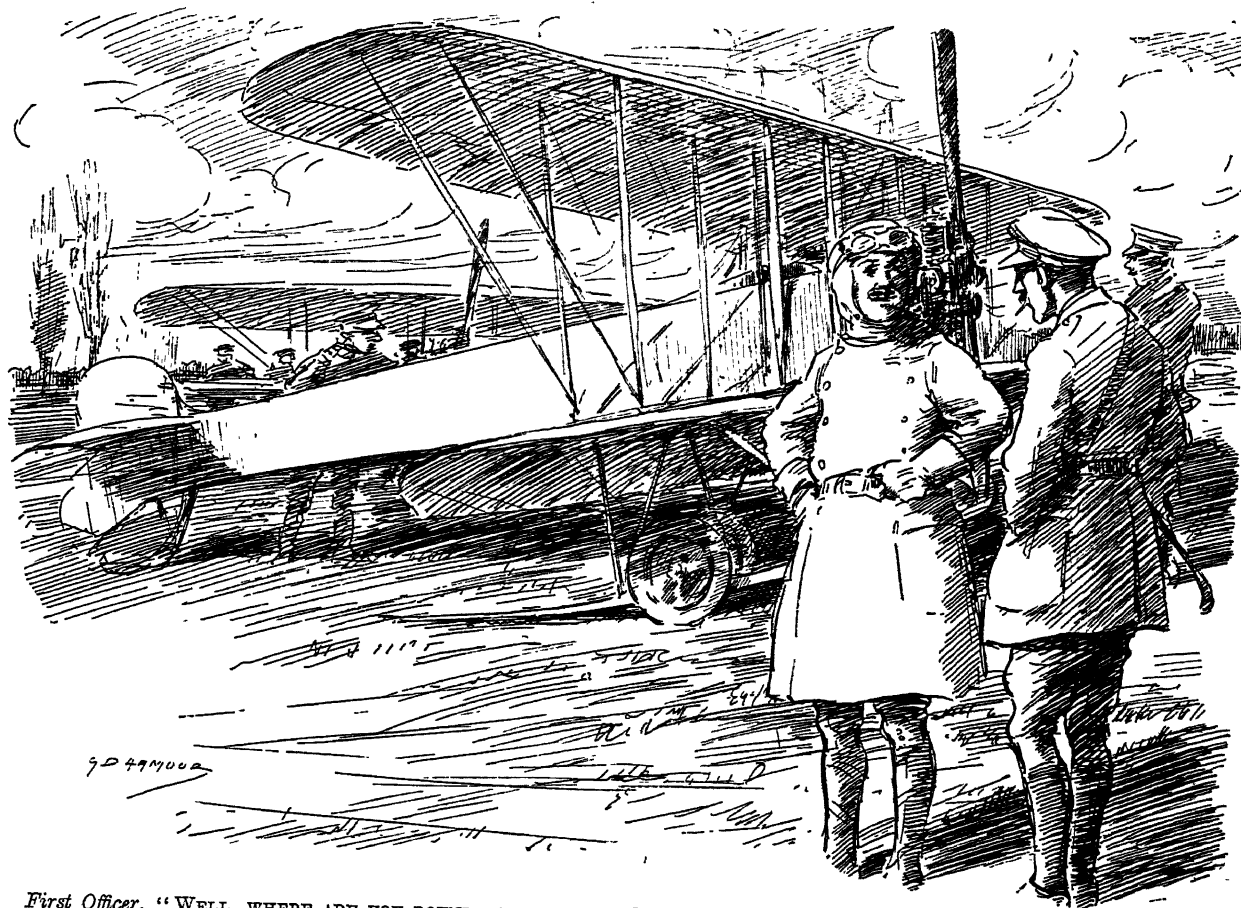
There is sure to be a steady sale for
a series of neat little ivorine tablets,
fitted with skewers and clips, for attach-
ing to joints or dishes. These bear
inscriptions, such as:—

"Carver, be careful with each slice;
This joint was an appalling price."

"Spread the sugar gently, pray;
Think how dear it is to-day."

"Steady with the cheese,
If you please."

A new line in "war-time dishes"
consists of imitation cakes, jellies, gal-
antines, etc. Being washable they can
be used again and again.



First Officer. "WELL, WHERE ARE YOU BOUND FOR, OLD CHAP?"

R.F.C. Officer. "GERMAN LINES. TWELFTH OF AUGUST. MUST GIVE THE BOSCHES SOME SHOOTING, DON'T YOU KNOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THOUGH you may have lately been somewhat overfed with War books, I must urge upon you to spare the shilling which is the modest price of yet one more, a slender volume called *From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles* (HEINEMANN). It is, as the sub-title explains, the log of a midshipman, edited by his mother; impressions of life on active service by a boy serving "in His Majesty's Fleet, with a real live enemy close at hand." It would be hard to over-praise the charm of them or their astonishing vitality—astonishing most of all when one remembers that the writer was barely sixteen. At times indeed some reminder of this youthfulness (among such manly work!) will assail the reader with a kind of shock, as for example when a thrilling story of a bombardment is followed by that of a "ripping tea," given to the writer by a lady in Durban who had a son at Osborne. I fancy that must have been a pleasant meal for the lady, if her guest talks as he writes. One gets the happiest, most heartening picture of him and his fellows from this record, which for its unaffected simplicity deserves to be widely welcomed. Now and then perhaps the comments of the editor seem a little sentimental; but what mother in the world wouldn't be sentimental under like circumstances! She tells us that she has left her son's manuscript practically untouched; it is clear therefore that he has a gift of words that may in the future provide us with other writing by the same hand. For the present, however, and for what it has already done, Mr. Punch would like, metaphorically, to take that very capable young

hand in his own, and proudly, a little enviously, and with the suspicion of a lump in his throat, to shake it in gratitude and appreciation.

Priests in the Firing Line, by RENÉ GAËLL (LONGMANS), gives an interesting glimpse of the life of the *poilu-padre* in the armies of France. It is written from the material of a priest's letters by a brother priest left at the base. The former, Duroy, who died from wounds after receiving the much coveted decoration for valour, writes simply and sincerely of the faith and hope that are in him, and informingly of the fine men and the dread things about him. Perhaps his friend rhapsodises overmuch for our self-conscious taste, but neither this nor the excess of zeal with which the translators have Englished the slang of the gay *piou-piou* need baulk the reader. The French *padre*, often detailed for ambulance work, has been in very many cases an actual combatant and escapes none of the hard routine of the ranks, adding to it the duties of his spiritual office. One can well imagine the momentary hesitation of a priest who found his opportunity to creep forward and silently strangle a German sentry. France in the hour of danger has been served by her priests better than she served them in the time of peace. They have taken a great revenge which will win more reverence for the black *soutane* when the fighting men come home.

It isn't perhaps unfair to guess that Mr. R. SCOTLAND LIDDELL, a resourceful journalist of the modern school, undertook his Red Cross work in the 7th Group of Polish Red Cross Volunteers as a means of seeing the War

On the Russian Front (SIMPSON), just as he had contrived to get *On the Track of the War* in Belgium in the capacity of a quite casual and unattached hospital orderly in the early unorganised days of the Red Cross service. Well, it is always pleasant to hear a gallant and sufficiently modest man talk interestingly about big events. His biggest was the Russian retreat last summer and the fall of Warsaw. It is indeed an encouraging narrative. If the Russians, desperately ill-equipped as they were, could stand such awful hammering without being broken, there is little they won't be able to do in these days of their recovery, when fairly matched in material with their enemy. Mr. LIDDELL saw in a certain hospital eight hundred wounded German prisoners, all wounded with *the bayonet alone*. Their captors, who had lost immeasurably more heavily, had fought up to the enemy trenches practically without ammunition. Constantly he testifies to the fine fighting qualities of the Russian infantryman. Also he records his soldierly kindness of heart and deed, especially to his prisoners, and (to make the picture complete) he mentions some of his little foibles. He photographed the man PILUGIN, whose tongue the Germans slit because he would not betray the Russian dispositions to his captors, from whom he afterwards escaped. It isn't a pleasant picture, but it is evidence. There are throughout the book excellent illustrations, the work of a man who knows how to use his camera.

In the *My Year Series* (MILLS AND BOON) it was a happy idea of the publishers to include Siberia. Of this country, vast in possibilities as in area, I confess my knowledge to have been of the slightest. Connected as it was in my mind, and, according to Miss CZAPLICKA, in the minds of many people, with political exiles, I was too content to leave it at that. One did not tarry in Siberia for choice, and that was all about it. Now *My Siberian Year* has convicted me of appalling ignorance. I do not think that the information which Miss CZAPLICKA has been at such pains to collect and distribute for her readers will make tourists rush Siberia-wards directly the War is over, but all the same it cannot fail to stimulate interest both in the people and the country visited by the author in her travels. Fully equipped with illustrations, map, glossary and index, *My Siberian Year* may in these crowded days have to wait for full recognition, but when the Bosches have ceased from troubling and the Bulgars are at rest, it ought assuredly to attract considerable attention.

Counter Currents (CONSTABLE) is an odd and unexpected little volume of essays on various questions, by Doctor AGNES REPPLIER. I call it unexpected, because of the attitude of the writer, who is so far advanced that with regard to most debated problems of the day she has (so to speak) come out on the other side, and passionately urges views that twenty years ago were old-fashioned. In other

words, she seems to have fulfilled the great object of life and outlived her disillusion. Under such headings as "The Cost of Modern Sentiment," "Our Loss of Nerve," and "The Repeal of Reticence," you find her dealing shrewdly with tendencies of thought and sentiment as she observes them in present-day America: especially sentiment, which indeed appears to be her special bugbear. The idea that everyone must be happy at any cost, that it is a sad thing to be compelled to earn one's living by the sweat of one's brow, and that nobody should be punished for anything—these are some of the sentimental theories ("revolts from the despotism of facts") that come under her lash. One may not always agree, but that is another matter. At times Dr. REPPLIER has been betrayed by her own earnestness into unconscious humour, as, for example, when, urging the dignity of domestic service, she speaks of "visions of a trim and white-capped parlourmaid dancing before her eyes," which I do not think that parlourmaids are expected to do even in New York. This is the sort of little book to present to some elderly relative, who will rejoice at such an instance of the wheel having come full circle.



INTENSIVE CULTURE AT SLOWMARSH.

"AY, SIR, IT DID BE A PEACEFUL VILLAGE AFORE THE WAR. BUT NOW, WHAT WITH FERTILISERS ON THE LAND AN' 'USTLIN' THE CHICKENS WITH EGG-INCREASERS, AND THE COOS WITH MILK-PRODUCERS, IT DO SEEM MORE LIKE THE ROAR O' LUNNON!"

There is one strong point in favour of Mr. JACK LONDON's book of short stories, *The Night Born* (MILLS AND BOON), and it is that the scenes of them are not laid in Europe. I defy you to read them and think of the Bosches at the same time, and if that is not a recommendation nothing can be. Again and again in this volume I have been struck by the freshness and fertility of Mr. LONDON's imagination. The most exacting demands are made upon it. In "The Mexican," "The Madness of John Harned," and "When the World was Young" there is enough enthralling incident to satisfy even those who have come to expect excitement for their daily food. And in practically all of these stories something original is offered. Indeed I found them a delightful relief from the fiction connected with the War, and a permissible respite from the facts of it, and if you are unable to snatch any other holiday just now I suggest that you purloin two or three hours of leisure and read *The Night Born*.

"POZIERES NOW
HELD BY U.S."

Egyptian Mail.

Won't President WILSON be pleased?

"YOUNG FARMER would like to Correspond with well-built Farmer's Daughter or lady who rents farm; view, matrimony."

Doncaster Gazette.

We are glad he put in the last word, or suspicious people might have thought "View, farm" expressed the situation.

From a tribunal report:—

"His father, although he was 55 years old and had been in England since he was 55 years old, had been interned."

Provincial Paper.

Yet some critics complain that the authorities are dilatory!

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER has again issued a statement denying that he is responsible for the War. Apparently he just saw the little thing running about and patted its head.

* *

The notorious Dr. KARL PETERS, in an article in the *Vorwärts*, declares that "the object of the War will not be attained until Germany has taken Egypt, the Suez Canal and India." This frank admission of what actually was the object of the War, coming from so well informed a source, should prove of singular assistance to those eminent Germans who are striving so hard to persuade the unenlightened masses that it was they, and not the effete English, who willed the glorious struggle in which the Fatherland still proceeds from victory to victory.

* *

A German professor, it appears, is advocating a method by which fat can be obtained from flies. A closer union between Germans and flies is only what we should expect under the circumstances. They are both subjects of Beelzebub.

* *

It is stated that the Germans are now using silk for sausage skins. To such an extent has the idea of concealing concentrated frightfulness beneath a smooth exterior become a part of the national life!

* *

A Berlin paper complains that women are altogether too fond of taking their children to the Zoological Gardens and leaving them there. Their hope is, of course, that if they leave them there long enough the little ones will be rewarded by the sight of British prisoners being fed to the lions, thereby acquiring a deeper insight into the beauties of Kultur than can be acquired from the dull pages of school books.

* *

The Committee of the Royal Botanic Society are reported to be sharply divided upon the question of prohibiting fishing in the lake of the Society's garden. On the one hand it is felt that nothing should be done at the present time, when the price of food is so high, to lessen the supply of tiddlers, while on the other hand it is realised that the presence of so many bent pins in the lake cannot but have a deleterious effect upon the valuable water plants that grow about its borders.

The order prohibiting whistling for cabs at night having gone into effect, the demand is now being made to put a stop to the pernicious habit, prevalent among cabmen, of whistling for rain.

* *

"At Bristol," we read, there is to be "a house-to-house search for rats, which will be examined at the University." In the absence of human students at the War it is perhaps as well that the authorities should do something to keep their hands in.

* *

Hearing that the Shoreditch Tribunal had granted two months' exemption to a man who is stated to have packed 250,000 plates for the Army without a

tions." For the benefit of the ultra-smart, however, it may be pointed out that the danger of going to extreme lengths in this respect is strikingly illustrated elsewhere in the same issue by a paragraph recording a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment passed upon a fair shopper who "was found to have two large pockets tied round her waist."

* *

The American House of Representatives has adopted the Big Navy Bill, which aims at making the U.S. the second Naval power, and the KAISER has promptly cabled to President WILSON a cordial expression of his gratification at the implied recognition of the invincibility of the ever-glorious German Fleet.

* *

To illustrate the skill of German snipers in East Africa a British soldier states that one night they shot the light from the Colonel's table. It is, however, satisfactory to know that an end was promptly put to this petty annoyance by the substitution of glowworms for the regulation lamp.

* *

"Our front was only held by troops of inferior quality," says the report from Austrian Headquarters in explanation of the retreat of General BOTHMER's Army north of the Dniester. We understand that in explanation of this explanation General BOTHMER has issued an address to his Army, in which he points out that the important post of Director of the Publicity Department at Headquarters is only held by a person of inferior

* *

Saxony has forbidden the digging up of potatoes which are not fully grown, and the German Press is making extensive use of the incident to correct the mistaken impression that Germany's necessity has compelled her to mobilise her youngest reserves.

"The achievements of the Hunitions Department."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

And a very good name for it too.

A Second-Class Dilemma.

From an Irish railway-guide:—

"TICKETS.—Second Class Tickets are not available by trains which are advertised FIRST and SECOND CLASS ONLY except on the condition that the holders travel THIRD CLASS, or if they wish to travel FIRST CLASS pay the difference between Second Class and First Class fares for the distance so travelled."



"WILL IT MAKE YER LAUGH OR CRY, GUVNOR?"

single break, a maid-of-all-work with sporting connections expressed the opinion that, while the thing was of course possible, it was nevertheless her matured conviction that the fellow couldn't have been trying.

* *

A dealer in wild beasts, complaining of the detrimental effect of the War upon his business, states that he has had one young elephant on his hands for two years. Personally, however, we feel that it is conveying a wrong impression to blame the War for this, as long before the outbreak of hostilities it was obvious to any unprejudiced observer that the Pekinese had supplanted the elephant as a domestic pet.

* *

A woman writer in an evening contemporary refers to the new craze for pockets, "which," she adds, "are beginning to assume very large propor-

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(HERR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG and BARON BURIAN.)

Baron Burian. The fact is, my dear Chancellor, that we were perhaps just a little too precipitate in our declarations and our actions. War isn't a picnic, you know.

Bethmann-Hollweg. I know exactly what you are going to say. You think my august one took the bit in his teeth and ran away down-hill at top speed.

Baron B. Your Imperial master certainly was in a most tremendous hurry. Our conversations with Russia were getting on quite nicely, thank you, when suddenly he begins to fling ultimatums about as if they were birthday-wishes or something of that sort, instead of being the deadly and irrevocable things they are. What was the use of it? That is a question I have been asking for some time, and as yet I have had no answer to it.

B.-H. Oh, come, come! Really that isn't quite fair. You were yourselves not so very backward with your ultimatum to the Serbians. A very stiff document that was, with its violent demands and its short time-limit.

Baron B. Well, you knew all about it before it was sent in. You told me yourself it was a masterpiece, and your august one, as you call him, was just as enthusiastic as you about it. Didn't he say it would bring the Russians to their senses to see so manly and vigorous a declaration?

B.-H. Oh, I don't know what he said at the time. He says so many things and gets so angry when affairs go wrong that it's no more use talking to him than to a spoilt child. He insisted, for instance, on going through Belgium, as the Generals desired, though I assured him that such a step would mean war with England. "Pooh," he said, "England is played out. She is on the brink of civil war in Ireland; her navy is over-rated; she has no army worth mentioning. She will make a little fuss and then resign herself. We shall be able to bluff her; and you," he added, pointing his finger at me, "are the man to do it." Well, I did my best, but I knew it was wasted labour before I started. Then, when the English decided not to be bluffed and insisted on making the invasion of Belgium a *casus belli*, you should have seen his fury. He destroyed three Dresden-china vases and a marble bust of BISMARCK—threw them at me, you know, one after another; but I ducked, not, I fear, very gracefully, and they broke in pieces on the wall behind. The EMPRESS came running in in a high state of alarm to see what had happened, and then he calmed down somewhat. You're a lucky man BURIAN, not to have to deal at first hand with such a crack-brained, impetuous, violent fellow as this Imperial master of mine. You are on velvet with your old man.

Baron B. So far as that goes I haven't much to complain of. The old man in nine cases out of ten is quite manageable, but in the tenth case the devil and all his legions couldn't move him. Still, he's a kind old party and it grieves me to see him so broken down by the misfortunes of the War and the jealousies of the Archdukes. I wish the whole gang of them could be shipped off to a desert island—KARL, JOSEPH, FERDINAND, SALVATOR, FRANCIS and all the rest of them.

B.-H. Oh, you're not so badly off as you imagine. At any rate you may think yourself lucky that you're not cursed with my whipper-snapper of a Crown Prince. For downright undiluted nothingness and immeasurable conceit you couldn't find his equal in the whole world.

Baron B. Ah, I daresay he's a tough customer. But hasn't Verdun taken it out of him a trifle?

B.-H. Not a bit of it. He has lost there a quarter of a million good Germans at the very least; he has gained no military object of the least importance, and he's as proud

of his deeds as if he were NAPOLEON and MOLTKE rolled into one.

Baron B. Certainly the War altogether is not going very well.

B.-H. Alas, I agree with you. The Russians are still alive and the Italians are moving.

Baron B. And the French and English are pushing on. We had better get someone to hint at the possibility of peace. Personally I'm thinking of retiring and cutting the whole concern.

B.-H. I wish I could.

THE PROSELYTE.

["... the Emperor William is less master of himself than is commonly supposed. I have known him more than once to allow his real thoughts to escape him."]

M. Jules Cambon, in the French White Book respecting the War.

WHEN fiery youth innerved my frame with vigour

I worshipped Mars, our good old tribal god,

And pushed his cult with unrelenting rigour:

In all his ways I trod.

All owned my strength, my skill, my erudition,

My godlike wisdom and my sterling worth;

Clear to probation was my heavenly mission,

Namely, to rule the earth.

Yet earth was stubborn, and each purblind neighbour

Prayed hard to Peace—prayed morning, noon and night,

And looked astonished when I waved the sabre:

He did not want to fight.

All very well; but who has had his innings

Must yield his place whilst others smite the ball;

Only the strong may hope to hold their winnings—

The weak go to the wall.

Die Zeit bringt Rosen. In a splendid quarrel,

Handled superbly and with all despatch,

I forced a war on those who took all war ill,

And started off at scratch.

And West and East I marched in triumph, dealing

Tremendous blows that echoed to the skies,

And smashed the hostile hordes, or sent them reeling

And filling earth with lies.

Well, I have won. My gains are great and glorious,

And now I would this bitter strife might cease;

Mars having served my turn, I, the Victorious,

Loathe war and yearn for Peace.

But—curséd spite!—these foes who used to whimper,

Nay, *fight* for Peace but two short years ago,

Knowing, I fear, my arm is growing limper,

Still keep on keeping on.

O lovely Peace, my soul thou hast converted!

Now that I love thee, grant, oh grant this boon—

Convert the rest, that Mars may be deserted,

And oh, let it be soon!

In an article on War Economy *The Daily Chronicle* refers to—

"The unquestioned fact that in the world of provisions, at all events, if not actually in the realm of dress, twelve shillings will only go as far now as a golden sovereign did, in those far-off days before the war."

Harassed housewives know, unfortunately, that the fact is "very otherwise."



IN THE GRIP.

PORTRAIT OF ANY AUSTRIAN GENERAL ON THE EASTERN FRONT.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

DINNER being over at the Royal Bellevue we were seated in The Lounge, singly or in little compact isolated groups, lolling as becomes respectable English holiday makers on Sunday evening, sipping coffee and smoking. The groups murmured in the usual cautious whispers; the solitary Loungers either read or contemplated infinity. There was no *camaraderie*. We did not know each other; we were islets in the estranging sea, and the majority of us were glad to be so. Most of the men were dressed; most of the women were in confections; but here and there was a man in a light suit of tweed or flannel, who was tacitly but unanimously voted poor form, and here and there was an officer in khaki, as he was entitled to be, with his head close to that of a Super Beauty. For officers now have all the luck.

I do not say that here and there a member of one group might not harbour the wish to join another, or that the solitary Loungers never cast eyes in each others' direction; for even in Loungers hearts beat. But so far there had been no blending; we were all on our dignity, or our guard, as the case may be; all very English and aloof. By-and-by we should get up and move carefully and self-consciously from the room, winding our way among the little tables and the big chairs and the palm-trees, and either go for another walk on the promenade or soar upwards in the lift to bed. The ladies in confections would leave The Lounge in couples, talking brightly together; the gentlemen in evening dress would have their hands in their pockets. But no strangers would have become acquaintances—that is certain. Not at the Royal Bellevue. It would need something very untoward to effect that.

(I don't pretend that we were ignorant of each other because so pinnacled. That would be going too far, even at the Royal Bellevue. We knew in fact a good deal, thanks to the head waiter, the hall porter, the manager, and our trusty auriculars. But that is a side issue.)

Two of the flannel-clad men, I should add, were further outraging us by talking above a whisper and laughing loudly in the tone that indicates to the trained

ear that something stronger than Aqua Pura, 1916, excellent as that vintage might be, had accompanied their *table d'hôte*. Now and then we raised our eyebrows deprecatingly as a louder burst than usual came from their corner, and we were relieved when they rose and went upstairs, for they made us nervous. The stairs, I should say, mounted upwards from the corner of The Lounge and were visible for some twenty steps.

Upon their departure peace and re-

laughed, the whole Lounge laughed; then the members of the various groups caught each other's eyes and, instead of avoiding them, laughed again; then The Lounge, now definitely out of cold storage, began to exchange remarks. The two contiguous groups nearest me moved their chairs closer, and the bald man in the dinner-jacket, who had been longing to have a word with the young wife of an officer in Mesopotamia, remarked to her that the slipperiness of the stairs would no doubt be the scapegoat, and, on her agreeing with a laugh adequate to the jest, he said that it was a comfortable hotel—take it all round as comfortable a hotel as there was in the town, and she agreed again. Then he said that in past years he had always stayed either at the Grand or the Suffolk, but now and henceforward this was his seaside home. That is, of course, so long as he came to the South Coast. When the War was over no doubt he should go to Cromer again. By this time he was launched, and we may leave him in his long-desired bliss.

The elderly lady in a toupee or transformation, who was known to be the widow of a South African magnate and was always in the company of two daughters-in-law and one Pekinese, laughed in the direction of the single lady with the many diamond rings who always read *The Morning Post* in the same chair, and hoped that she had had a pleasant ride this morning; and the lady, who regularly wore a habit at breakfast and mounted a sedate hack at ten-thirty, said that it was quite good because she had found a new strip of turf for a gallop; and so they passed genially to the discussion of what a delightful thing it is to come upon anything new and thus vary routine.

And suddenly at my ear I was conscious of a fluffy voice remarking that that was a nasty fall. A man, it went on, could be injured for life in that way. In fact it had once known a man, an Oxford Blue, who had been permanently crippled by falling on the stairs just like that. It hurried on to ask me if I had been on the links to-day. The speaker was the solitary grey gentleman who had a table near mine. I replied that I was not a golfer. There are good links here, he continued. Not that he was a great performer himself,



Sergeant (as new recruit grumbles about tunic). "WELL, WOT'S THE MATTER WI' THE TUNIC?"

Recruit. "WELL, THERE AIN'T NONE O' THEM STRIPES ON IT, SAME AS THERE IS ON YOURN."

finement again reigned. We returned to our discreet exchange of remarks, our reading, or our contemplative meditations. Even more securely we wrapped ourselves in our frigid and superior segregation.

And then suddenly the something untoward happened. One of the noisy men, returning from the upper regions, slipped as he descended the stairs, and in full view of The Lounge fell three or four steps with resonant and ignominious bumps. He gave us one hurried glance, realised that he had cut a very poor figure, and scrambled away bruised and humiliated.

But he had served his purpose. The effect was magical. First of all we

but a round did one good. One got the exercise and the fresh air. For himself he preferred the links at Littleton, and so forth.

And everywhere else among the palm-trees and the big chairs and the little tables voices were buzzing and barriers breaking.

Now, had a gentleman not taken just enough stimulant to render his feet a little independent of perfect muscular control, we should still be the poorer by all these confidences. So let the good work go on!

A FANTASY OF NEW FRUITS.

[The author of a recent book on fruit culture describes successful experiments in producing new varieties, amongst which he mentions the plum-cot, a blend of the plum and apricot.]

Tired of the everlasting round

Of too familiar fruits,
Long have I sought but never found
Efficient substitutes.
The loganberry caused a small
And transitory thrill,
But rapidly began to pall:
It never filled my bill.

But now I hear, with ear alert,
Of graftings rich and strange
Designed to vary my dessert
With unexpected change—
Of plums with apricots allied,
And other cunning blends,
Which show Mendelian laws applied
To gustatory ends.

Already with prophetic eye
I see myself at lunch
Partaking of the damify,
The pluffie or the plunch:
The luscious cherrypine I hail,
The sleek pomangosteen,
The mulbricot, the melokale,
The melting medlarine.

Science is great; I do not ask
She should abate her claims;
But Art is needed for the task
Of coining compound names.
And if Pomona, heavenly maid,
Is to be honoured duly
Our gardeners might invoke the aid
And culture of Yours truly.

Warm Welcome for a Hero.

"A round of hearty cheers was then given for Private Procter, amid a scene of much animation."—*Liverpool Echo*.

A Comprehensive Glance.

"One could see at a glance that his ancestors had fought on the Royalists' side and said, 'Gentlemen of the French Guard fire first!' and were bucks of the Regency, and that his great-great-grandfather had been a five-bottle man, and that his family had gone to the same tailor for ten generations."

...*Weekly Scotsman*.



Nimble Sailor (who has walked along footboard of train to guard's van). "WOT CHER, WILLIE?"

"SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.—A picnic and jumble sale in aid of the above was held on the Cloness Field, Chollerford."—*Hewham Herald*.

We notice the jumble all right.

From a sale catalogue:—

"The Autographs include two holograph letters from Lord Nelson to Sir Francis Drake."

Giving him a few tips, we suppose, on how to tackle the Armada.

"WANTED — A Wholetime B.A. Plucked private tutor to coach a boy of class VIII both morning and evening, and three other children for three hours at daytime, on Rs. 30 per month with free board and lodge."

Calcutta Paper.

There seems promise of more plucking for the applicant who gets this job.

Commercial Candour.

From a business card:—

"HIGH-CLASS PAINTING CONTRACTOR, &c.
Terms Moderate ? ? ?
? ? Satisfaction Guaranteed."

"The stately hall was now cunningly darkened by broad daylight."—*Daily Paper*.

This clever trick has often been done in an English summer.

"On October 19, 1914, early in the afternoon, the plaintiff's cab was being driven along a public highway towards Kenilworth at a moderate speed, when the driver saw a flock of 20 sheep unattended on the road about 200 yards ahead. He decreased his speed."

Post Magazine and Insurance Monitor.

Even with plenty of time on his hands the really careful motorist takes no chances.

"FOR THIS RELIEF——"

SELDOM in these troublous days
Parliament wins any praise
From the folk outside it.

Rather as a monkey-house,
Or a place where people grouse,
Or a home for freaks and cranks,
Charlatans and mountebanks,
One and all deride it.

Still, to give the deuce his due,
Once in a blue month or two

Parliament quits fooling,
And the sober voice of sense,
Purged of all inconsequence,
Rises clear above the ructions,
All fanatical obstructions
Sternly overruling.

Thus, to take the latest case
Of a brief return to grace,
Parliament has set its face

Hard against the sinners—
Taxi-whistling folk, who keep
Wounded Tommies from their sleep,
And exasperate their neighbours
Who are resting from their labours
After frugal dinners.

True, 'tis nothing much to boast of,
Still, we're bound to make the most of

Evidence that clearly
Proves a House which often tingles
With the screams of HOGGES and
PRINGLES

To be capable of dealing
With another form of squealing
Promptly and severely.

THE GRIST HOUSE.

[With acknowledgments for suggestions
received at the The Gift House,
48 Pall Mall.]

Evelyn has got some steady congenial work at last. She is helping at the Grist House, where they receive and sell gifts for the benefit of a great and deserving charity. She is engaged in selling other people's property at prices that draw even the dealers. In the Grist House you can buy anything from a Great Dane dog to a lock of hair from the head of MARIE ANTOINETTE's maid-in-waiting. All these things are given, or one might almost say extorted, from citizens who have spent long years in collecting. Evelyn has taken her degree in the art of extortion. She goes to a friend's house to dinner in London, or in the country for a week-end, and comes away with perhaps a hundred pounds' worth of pictures, plate, postage-stamps, pottery, old prints. She takes these to the Grist House and tickets them. Every time she is asked out she brings grist to the Grist House; so beware.

The men and women who hand over these things in their generous after-

dinner moods often relent when they come down to breakfast and look the matter over in the light of day. Then they come to the Grist House and buy them back. They come up from their country-houses disguised and wearing false whiskers and false *sangfroid*. At the end of the street they remove the former, and the latter falls from them automatically. If they are lucky they strike a day when Evelyn is not on duty and they are able to buy back their treasures at a rate that would seem impossible if they had time to think about it at all. If she is there, they come in with a air of charity, and end up by buying a great many things that they have no use for. This is the essence of the business. It is a great thing to consolidate the supply and demand in one person. If you can persuade a man to give a piece of tapestry worth £200 and buy it back at double that price, you are exactly £400 to the good.

I went into the Grist House the other day and found Evelyn attired in a holland overall and a disarming smile. She started on me before I had decided whether to take off my hat or remain covered. She tried to sell me a donkey, a Murillo, a Spanish scarf, a Roman coin, an autograph letter of LOUIS XV. and a pair of boots worn by GEORGE R. SIMS at the coronation of QUEEN ANNE. I feigned deafness.

Then a man came in who was obviously a purchaser. He sauntered down the length of the room and looked all about him. Evelyn was on to him like a seagull on to a piece of fish. "Have you seen this old glass?" she asked, and dragged him across the floor. He did not seem interested in old glass and tried to tell her so, but she was in no mood to listen. "This carpet is beautiful, isn't it?" she purred as she turned over a many-coloured rug. Still nothing doing. Then she tried him with a sauce-boat, a Castilian wedding canopy, a meerschau pipe and a pair of jet earrings. All this time he was trying to speak, but he had as much chance of getting out three syllables as a Democratic candidate at a Republican meeting in Lame Dog City, Cal. At last Evelyn stopped and the man got a word or two in thin-wise. "I've come about the electric light," he said.

Presently she did get a real purchaser. He had picked up a Dresden group. "That is most interesting," said Evelyn impressively; "it is an ancient piece of Ming chinaware, about three hundred years before Yuan Shi Kai. Its price is only thirty guineas. Shall I wrap it up for you?" "I'm afraid not," said the man. "You see I presented it myself last week. I didn't

know it was Chinese, though," he said pleasantly. Again Evelyn was stumped.

They have got to such a state of perfection in the Grist House that they can tell what a man's income is to ten pounds before he has been in a minute. If the visitor is really well off and runs into five figures per annum the whole staff of lady-helpers rises as one woman and hems him in. For every thousand you come down one less assistant gets up. When I go in there is never a move, and that is as it should be. Two days ago a man came in wearing an anxious look and a Harris tweed suit. He looked a three-figure man at the most, and Evelyn got up from her seat and then sat down again languidly. The man glanced round the various exhibits, and at last looked rather inquiringly at Evelyn. She dropped her book and her *blasé* look and said sweetly, "Have you come to look round?" The man said he had, and asked the price of a diamond necklace. He was told it was two hundred-and-fifty pounds, and Evelyn and I watched to see him faint. Instead he drew out his cheque-book and said, "Who shall I make out the cheque to?"

In five minutes he had the whole staff round him. In five more he had bought an Irish terrier, some Irish lace and an Irish glass dessert-bowl. Then he was shown a fly-whisk, a Maori axe, an amethyst intaglio and a Rembrandt. He signed cheques for all these. Then Evelyn tried to sell him his own walking-stick, which he had put down in a corner. When he left finally he had come to the last cheque in his book, and the floor was littered with his purchases.

Then every now and then there are quiet immaculately dressed men who stroll in and pick up the different articles and put them down again without a word. They are obviously dealers in these things, and they wear the air of a Sergeant of Grenadiers escorting a batch of "Group 49's" past Wellington Barracks. Sometimes they see something that pleases them and they allow a little animation to creep into their sad faces. Then they take out magnifying-glasses and gaze long and intently at hall-marks and initials. Sometimes they sign cheques, too; but when they do the Grist House people know that the sale is not one to be proud of.

One of the greatest works of the War is being carried on at the Grist House, and I have yet to meet a man who was not satisfied with a purchase made there. Its chief merit to me is that it keeps Evelyn busy, and now she need not cut her hair and her skirts short and don khaki and a Sam



Irate Mother (looking for offending offspring). "Is 'ERBERT ABOUT 'ERE?"
Platoon Commander. "Yus. 'E's JUST 'OPPED INTO THE FUNK-'OLE!"

Browne belt. Evelyn always does things thoroughly, and I am pleased to say that she is just now going through her visiting list, putting a mark against all those people who have still got some old china or prized antiques hidden away. If she has her way all her friends will have exchanged their collections amongst themselves before the War finishes. Perhaps, when peace is declared, they will be able to sort them out again.

THE BEST MAN.

Letter from Captain Harry Desmond, 5th Blankshires, Aldershot, to Captain Charles Gibson, War Office, London.
Friday.

DEAR OLD THING,—I am hoping to run up to town one day next week to get married. Will you be my best man, like a good fellow?

In haste, Yours, HARRY.

From Captain Gibson to Captain Desmond.

Saturday.

MY DEAR CHAP,—Congratulations! I am not sure that I can guarantee to look after every detail of the coming ceremony as I am up to my ears in work just now, but if it is merely a case of standing by and seeing that you do not give way to terror or excitement

I think I can manage to put in an appearance. Let me know time and place.
 Yours, CHARLIE.

From Captain Desmond to Captain Gibson.

Monday.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Thanks awfully. All I want you to do is to look after the ring and tip the verger and so on. I am attending to details of time and place myself, as I don't know exactly yet when I can get leave, so it will be a tremendous rush; but I will let you know later.
 Yours, H.

Post-card from Captain Desmond to Captain Gibson.

Tuesday.

Ceremony takes place at 2 P.M. on Thursday—probably. Let you know for certain later.
 H.

Telegram from Captain Desmond to Captain Gibson.

Wednesday.

Thursday for certain. Be there.

HARRY.

Telegram from Captain Gibson to Captain Desmond.

Wednesday afternoon.

Where?

CHARLIE.

Reply. None.

Telegram from Captain Gibson to Adjutant, 5th Blankshires, Aldershot.

Thursday morning.

Can you tell me Captain Desmond's present address?

Reply.

Thursday noon.

Left this morning on leave. Address, Naval and Military Club, Pall Mall.

* * * * *

Captain Gibson.

"Hullo! That the Naval and Military Club? Is Captain Desmond there? What? Just gone out? Where to? To get married—yes, of course, but where? You don't know—Didn't say—Left no message—Well, I'm——"

Telegram from Captain Gibson to Captain Desmond's brother at Canterbury.

Can you tell me where Harry is being married?
 CHARLIE.

Reply. No. Is he? When?

* * * * *

Letter from Captain Desmond, Grand Hotel, Torquay, to Captain Gibson, War Office, London.

MY DEAR BOY,—Got six days' leave and having a topping time. Thanks awfully for being best man. Sorry you couldn't turn up.
 HARRY.



Colonel. "OUR BOYS ARE DOING SPLENDIDLY. IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE HAVE THE GERMANS BEATEN."
 Wife of Special Constable. "WELL, COLONEL, IT DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH THE WAR WILL BE OVER JUST YET. THEY'RE MEASURING MY HUSBAND FOR HIS NEW UNIFORM."

SUBSTITUTES.

THE art of finding substitutes is being more and more successfully practised in Germany. By the end of the War appearances will be very deceptive over there, because everything will be something else. Substitutes for leather and rubber and butter and bread have been an enormous success. They have found a substitute for veracity. They are said to have found a substitute for International Law. It is an open secret that they are even now in search of a substitute for victory. So that it is no surprise to learn that they are building substitute submarines. We read in a Paris paper that—

A third submarine has been baptised the *Bremen* and is said to have left for the American coast. Reliance is being placed on this faked exploit to give Neutrals a high opinion of the German Navy.

The original *Bremen* being now many weeks overdue, this seems a suitable way out of an awkward dilemma. Indeed if the "Submarine Passenger Service" to America is to continue, as advertised, to break the blockade, and if it is true that the submarine liners for

this purpose are now all ready to start, we think it would be a wise precaution to call them *all* the *Bremen*. In this way she may perhaps arrive some time and give Neutrals a high opinion of the German Navy. It must be clear now to the German Admiralty that a blunder has been made in differentiating the units of the Fleet by foolishly giving to each a name of its own. Had all the battle cruisers, for instance, been called the *Lutzow* there would have been no need to announce that the *Lutzow* had been lost in the Jutland fight, and thus give Neutrals a low opinion of the German Navy. Questions might arise if the same ship was seen in three different places on the same day, but either an explanation or a substitute could be found.

We might perhaps suggest a few more substitutes which have not yet, so far as we know, been utilized:—

1. A substitute for Verdun (with the German Flag flying over it).
2. Substitutes for several German Colonies.
3. Substitutes for Contalmaison, Pozières and Delville Wood (badly needed).
4. A substitute for a new German offensive to recover the initiative.

5. A substitute for Austria as an ally.

6. Substitutes for Kultur and Organization and Efficiency and World Power and the Mailed Fist and the CROWN PRINCE and the War and the KAISER and all the things that haven't come off.

How to Brighten the Theatre.

"THE ANTI-DEPRESSION PLAY!!!

'SOMEWHERE A HEART IS BREAKING.'

By Ivan Patrick Gore.

Roars of Laughter!!!

The Stage.

"What am I to do? What are you to do? What is the nation to do? Who will teach us to moderate our transports?"

Mr. James Douglas in "London Opinion."

Well, the German submarines have been trying to do the last-mentioned, but fortunately with a refreshing want of effect.

A West African printer's testimonial:

"This is to certify That Samuel — has been under me as apprentice of the above of this Office for a period of 60 Carlender months he is an avrage man he always attend my Office regularly I can recomend him to any one very perfect of Composing nothing at all hard for him to do in the work of Printer as for his conduct and appearance I have found him to be Erreproachable."



THE WAR WORKERS.

"WHAT'S ALL THIS CACKLE ABOUT VOTES AND A NEW REGISTER?"

"DON'T KNOW—OR CARE. WE'RE ALL TOO BUSY JUST NOW."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 14th.—The PRIME MINISTER introduced one Bill to-day and talked about another. The Bill he introduced is to extend the life of this Parliament, due to expire in little more than a month, until May 31st next. The Bill he talked about is to establish a new register in case a General Election should become necessary on or before that date.

Taught by Mr. SAMUEL's unhappy experience a few weeks ago, he did not attempt to be jocose. He has a knack of turning stumbling-blocks into stepping-stones, and on this occasion laid so much stress upon the difficulty of making any alteration in the franchise without raising the spectre of "Votes for Women" that the Suffragists behind the grille made bold to claim him as a convert.

Although not quite convinced that the policy of "one gun one vote," as Mr. WILL THORNE put it, was impracticable, Sir EDWARD CARSON was much more conciliatory than usual, and, infringing the PRIME MINISTER's copyright, declared that he would "wait and see" the Bill before finally condemning it.

During Question-time an unseemly altercation was observed on the Ministerial side below the Gangway. Old Members remember the Homeric contest between Mr. BOWLES and Mr. GEDGE, when the latter endeavoured to insinuate "the thick end of the Gedge" into TOMMY's pet corner-seat. A similar scuffle now took place between two Scottish Radicals who skilfully dissemble their affection for one another. Mr. COWAN's card was in the back of the seat, Mr. HOGGE's person was in the seat itself. According to the SPEAKER neither Member had any right to the seat, for Mr. COWAN had left the precincts of the House after leaving his card and Mr. HOGGE had omitted the essential condition of attendance at prayers. Eventually Mr. HOGGE retired, murmuring a stanza from the old comic song—

"'E knocked corners off me this morning,
But I'm waiting for 'im ter-night."

Colonel YATE is not usually recognised as a humourist, perhaps because he does not, like Mr. KING and Mr. PRINGLE, take the precaution of laughing at his own (alleged) jokes; but he quite brought down the House to-day when, jam for the troops being mentioned, he quietly asked whether the contract for plum jam contained a stipulation that any portion of it should be made of plums.

Tuesday, August 15.—Mr. SAMUEL's Parliamentary vocabulary is notorious

for the superabundance of its sibilants. This little characteristic was particularly marked to-day when he was requested to suppress the taxi-whistling nuisance. His reply was a series of hisses. Otherwise it was quite satisfactory, for henceforward wounded soldiers and other sufferers will not have their night's rest spoiled by the



COLONEL YATE LOOKS INTO THE GREAT JAM QUESTION.

ear-splitting and quite unnecessary shrieks of hotel-porters and page-boys.

Mr. MONTAGU has been only a month at the Ministry of Munitions and was therefore able to review the work of the Department without laying himself open to the charge of blowing his own trumpet. A wonderful record it is. The Committee was almost stunned by the tremendous bombardment of figures that Mr. MONTAGU poured forth, showing the extraordinary increase in the output of shells, rifles, machine-guns and heavy artillery since this time last year. One fact will suffice as a sample.



HERBERT SAMUEL PUTS THE STOPPER ON.

The weekly consumption of high explosives by the Army is now between eleven and twelve thousand times as much as it was in September, 1914.

Wednesday, August 16th.—Admiral of the Fleet Sir HEDWORTH MEUX has specially requested that his speeches should not be described as "breezy." There is no difficulty in obeying his injunction in respect of his latest utterance. It was not breezy; it was tempestuous. While Mr. CHURCHILL was inveighing against the timidity of the Government in not extending the franchise to sailors and soldiers on service, and had been explaining to his own satisfaction how easy it would be to collect their votes on a battleship or in the trenches, Sir HEDWORTH repeatedly held up his hands in amazement. The gesture did not escape the House, and as soon as Mr. CHURCHILL sat down there were loud cries—one might almost say catcalls—of "MEUX," "MEUX."

The SPEAKER obligingly called on the hon. and gallant Member, who thereupon poured salvo after salvo into poor Mr. CHURCHILL. He finished up by declaring that half the House wanted to get rid of the PRIME MINISTER, who was the cleverest man in it, but for his part he did not want SOLOMON to be deposed in favour of a REHOBAM who would break up the Empire. REHOBAM, on the Front Opposition Bench, was visibly uneasy as his scorpions came home to roost.

The New Register Bill received a second reading, after being unmercifully belaboured throughout the debate. Even the PRIME MINISTER had nothing better to say of it than that it was "a halting, lopsided, temporary makeshift," and was perhaps not altogether sorry that the House so readily agreed with him. It was only in response to Sir EDWARD CARSON's insistent demand that the Bill was introduced. The Government have no desire for a General Election—Governments never have—and cannot be expected to enthuse over any project which makes it easier to hold one.

Sailors and Soldiers can very well wait for their votes, but not for their money. Nearly all the Members present, whatever their political labels, supported Mr. BARNES when he moved the adjournment to call attention to the delays in providing pensions for the men discharged from public service. The Government might have found itself in the same position if a less tactful Minister than Mr. FORSTER had been charged with the defence. But he was so frank in admitting the delays, so earnest in his promise to wield a big pair of scissors and cut out the red tape that was clogging the



"IF YOU PLEASE, 'M—THE ZEPPE'S."

Chelsea Hospital machine, that the House readily accepted his apology.

Thursday, August 17th.—An Irish day opened with the presentation of a petition by the LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN. Mr. HENRY CAMPBELL, the Town Clerk, who read the document, must have found the Parliamentary scene very different from what it was thirty years ago, when PARNELL was at his zenith and he one of his most faithful satellites. To-day barely twenty Nationalists were present, though three Bills intimately concerning the welfare of their country were up for discussion.

Mr. DUKE, when he likes, can be as lively as anybody—witness his terrific trouncing of Sir FREDERICK BANBURY a few months ago. Either the cares of office have already begun to tell on him, or he thinks it wise, having regard to the fate of his predecessor, to avoid any suspicion of levity. No charge of that sort could be brought against his speech commending the Dublin Reconstruction Bill, which was grave almost to the point of boredom.

Under its sedative influence even Mr. HEALY felt himself in danger of being dull, and tried without much success to lash himself into liveliness by the use of absurdly strong language. Neither he

nor any other Irishman had much good to say of the Bill, perhaps because the Dublin Corporation and not the British Treasury is to find most of the money for repairing the ruin of Sackville Street. Yet when it came to a division only five Members were found to oppose this much-abused measure. Two other Irish Bills were also passed. So Mr. DUKE's soporific method was justified after all.

Much discussion arose over the exact date to which the life of this Parliament should be extended. The Government proposed May 31st, Sir EDWARD CARSON preferred March 31st, and, when informed that that date was inconvenient for financial reasons, suggested "February 31st." The PRIME MINISTER would doubtless have jumped at this handsome offer, but that some tactless back-bencher sniggered and caused Sir EDWARD to revise his date.

A little lecture on modesty from Mr. CHURCHILL was suitably acknowledged by Mr. BONAR LAW, who, unlike his critic, thought it not unreasonable that the Government Whips should be put on for a Government Bill. Mr. CHURCHILL, who has not had a good week, shortly afterwards beat a retreat, gloomily muttering, "Every puny whipster gets my sword."

From a review of a recent war-book:—

"There is some good thing in him [the author] now; the best we can wish for him is that a shell may come his way while the mood is on him, and that soon."

Church Times.

Commend us to a religious paper for really destructive criticism!

"Soon after midnight the whirr of Zeppelin propellers and engines could be heard approaching. The sound came nearer, but the craft passed eastward at a great height over the sea. It dropped no bobs within sound."

Yorkshire Post.

According to the German reports, however, it left a large number of marks.

"NEW YORK.—At a banquet to the members of Anglo-French Financial Commission, 400 guests beered themselves hoarse while toasting President Wilson, King George and President Poincaré."—*Peshawar Daily News.*

This report of a hitherto unrecorded incident will rather shock our temperance enthusiasts.

"Within the last few weeks the Government have commandeered the whole of the best and most durable qualities of weather."

Glasgow Evening Times.

We were afraid something had happened to it.



Visitor (to father of D.C.M.). "YOU MUST BE PROUD OF YOUR SON WINNING SUCH A PRIZE, MR. GILES?"
 Giles (agriculturist). "IT'S NOTHING NEW TO US, MUM; WE'RE A PRIZE-WINNING FAMILY. SEE, I GOT FUST FOR TATERS AT THE FLOWER SHOW; 'ERE, 'E GOT FUST IN THE PLOUGHIN' MATCH; AND LITTLE EM'LY, SHE GOT A MEDAL FOR RECITIN' AT THE BAND OF 'OPE."

A PICTURE THAT TOLD A STORY.

HE was an elderly bachelor, in his first suit of khaki. He was still so much a babe in military matters that his puttees were an anxiety to him, and he thought he detected curious glances from the passers-by at his strange garb.

He was on the sands, and in an unguarded moment he forgot himself. Two small children playing near had asked him for the right time, and this led to an offer on his part to lend a hand in making a tunnel under their sand-castle. If he had not so completely lost self-consciousness he might have heard a click and seen the satisfied smile on the face of the clicker as he strolled away.

Two days later he was still an elderly bachelor in his first suit of khaki and not yet fully master of his puttees. At breakfast he picked up a copy of *The Daily Smudge*, and blushed when he saw therein a picture of himself stooping low over a sand-castle with two admiring children watching him. This touching picture was entitled "Daddy on Leave from the Trenches."

MADAME.

'Er bloke's out scrappin' with the rest,
 Pushin' a bay'net in Argonne;
 She wears 'is photo on 'er breast,
 "Mon Jean," she sez—the French
 for John.

'E isn't one o' them that slings
 The ink with ease, 'e cannot spell,
 So sends 'er bits 'o shell and things
 To let her know that all is well.

She 'ears the guns boom night an' day;
 She sees the shrapnel burstin' black;
 The sweetie columns march away,
 The stretchers bringin' of 'em back.

She ain't got no war-leggins on;
 'Er picture's never in the Press
 Out scoutin'. She finds breeks "no bon,"
 An' carries on in last year's dress.

She don't sell flags—she ain't that kind;
 Ten pleecemen couldn't make 'er sit
 In Tablow Veevongs for the Blind,
 But all the same she does 'er bit.

At dawn she tows a spotty cow
 To graze upon the village green;
 She plods for miles be'ind a plough
 An' takes our washin' in between.

She tills a patch o' spuds besides,
 An' burnt like copper in the sun
 She tosses 'ay all day, then rides
 The 'orse 'ome when the job is done.

The times is 'ard—I got me woes
 With blistered feet an' this an' that,
 An' she's got 'ers, the good Lord knows,
 Although she never chews the fat.

But when the Bosch 'as gulped 'is pill
 An' crawled 'ome to 'is bloomin'
 Spree,

We'll go upon the bust, we will,
 Madame an' Monseer Jean an' me.

A few extracts from the prospectus
 of a Sicilian laundry "interested to
 Messrs. english militairs":—

"It is alone accredited wasching establishment, with isophormy, who warrants the best higeny of health of the washed draps.

LIST OF PRICES.

Moutandes	L . 0 . 10
Dry Hands	" . 0 . 10
Linen for the Headkiss	" . 0 . 10
Linen brakes	" . 0 . 30
Jaqued of linen	" . 0 . 40
Lucid dressing shirt	" . 0 . 20"

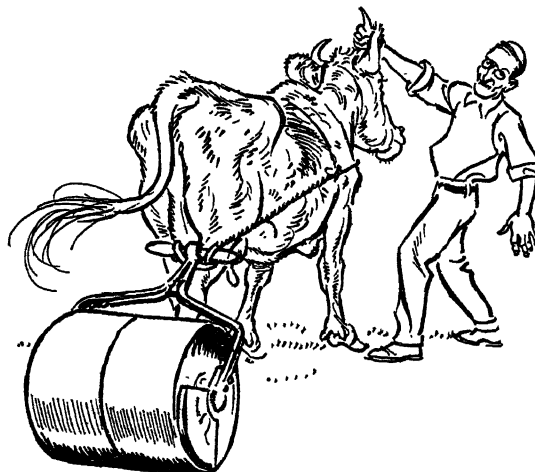
We are greatly intrigued to know what a "headkiss" is, and what are the functions of an "isophormy."

THE WAR-TIME GARDEN.

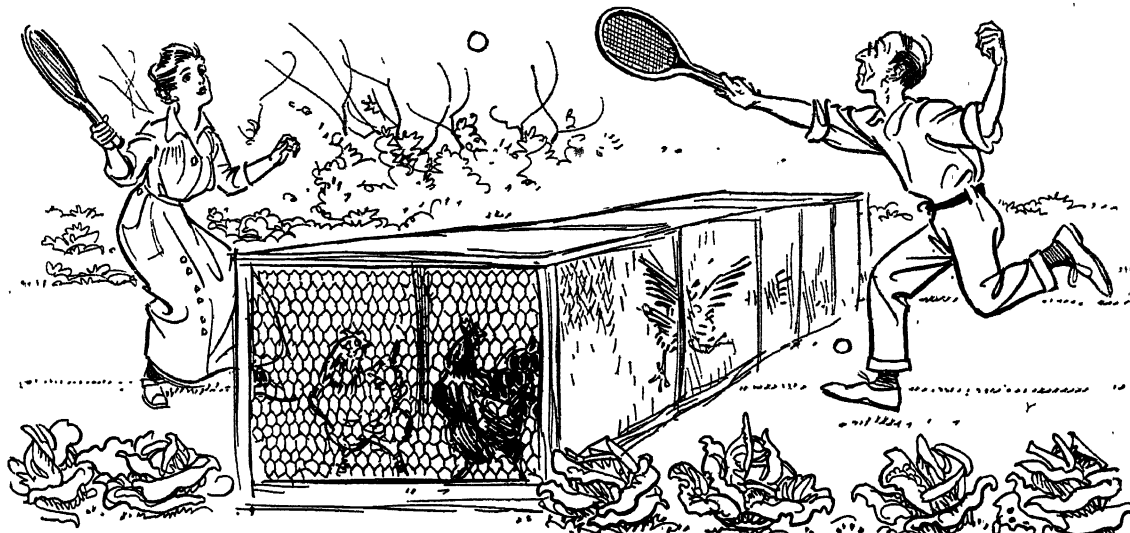
"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."



"THE SUMMER-HOUSE MAKES AN EXCELLENT COW-HOUSE, DOESN'T IT?"



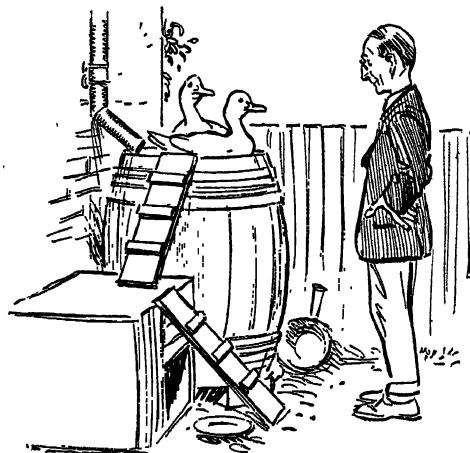
"AND THE COW COMES IN USEFUL ALSO FOR KEEPING THE LAWN IN ORDER."



"OH YES, WE KEEP UP OUR TENNIS. THE CHICKEN-RUN REALLY MAKES AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR A NET."



"YES, WE DO THE WASHING AT HOME, AND IT MAKES SUCH A NICE SHADY WALK OF THE PERGOLA."



"AND THE DUCKS ARE QUITE AT HOME IN THE WATER-BUTT."

THE OLD CLOCK.

"I SEE you be a-lookin' for old clock, Sir. What's gone with 'un? I'll tell 'e." Farmer Jenkins stretched out a gaitered leg and kicked the doors of the kitchen fire together. "It was along o' new Vicar's lady comin' round the place—'makin' friends,' her called it—some didn't. Minute her popped her head in at kitchen door seemed like her'd gone crazy—called old clock a duck an' undoes un's front and looks at un's innards and grandfather's entail, B. J., carved on un, an' says he's just the one her's been a-huntin' for. Her said old clock and Vicarage was concentuary, meanin', I take it, they was made inside same hundred year, and how much would Missus like her to pay for un?"

"Vicar's lady her bid three pound straight off, but Missus telled her if us had a-wanted to part with old clock us would a-asked more'n that, since Missus's nephew Jim, as works at a place in London where they makes chairs and such, telled us the wood in old clock were worth that alone.

"Vicar's lady goes to five pound, and Missus her shakes her head and says politiful like, 'He be a main old friend o' my man's and mine. Us don't want to part with un.'

"Why, Mrs. Jenkins, you'd be much better off with one of them neat little all-arm clocks. I'll give you one, and five pound," says Vicar's lady; but Missus her says her's lived with old clock nigh on fifty years, and if her had a clock that weren't half-an-hour slow more or less by Tuesdays at her time o' life her'd never get used to un, like.

"Missus her thinks that's all about it, but couple o' days arter back comes Vicar's lady and sits down and talks, and Missus her has to sit down and answer her, with her head, as you might say, in dairy, and Vicar's lady her brings in old clock every few words till Missus her begins to wish he'd fall over a-top o' her.

"Next time her come Missus were just a-bringin' in bacon from back-kitchen, so her puts un back in oven again, and us waited, and arterwards Missus says it's likely her bain't used to farm hours and another time us 'ud ask her to take a bite o' dinner along o' we, to

let her know. Bless 'e, it weren't no good! Vicar's lady her couldn't dream o' spoilin' the family party, and us had to eat our meat with her a-watchin' and a-pouncin' sudden-like on us, askin' questions. I mind her made I choke three times.

"Come wash-day her brought a lady friend for to see old clock, and stayed two hours, and week arterwards her had a sight o' visitors—come in four times with a different one, and once to ask arter Missus—thought her was looking pale.

"Seemed like her couldn't leave us alone nohow. Neighbours got sayin' her was a-making pets o' us along o' me bein' people's warden, and then cowman's girl Kate, what's called

there's signs,' says she, 'as the garryson is a-givin' out.'

"When Missus hear'd that her just wept, bein' wored out.

"Let her have un, Maister,' her said. 'You'm called upon to choose atween old clock and me.'

"What were I to do? Missus been a good missus to me nigh on fifty year, and it had got to be one or t'other, so next time but one when Vicar's lady were in callin' old clock a-bird, an' her says, 'Won't you change your mind, Mr. Jenkins, and sell un to me?' I says, 'It be main hard to refuse a lady and arter all your kindness to Missus, too,' and her has un for seven pound."

Farmer Jenkins stopped and his old eyes in their nests of wrinkles narrowed.

"I do think it ended amazing well. Vicar's lady her be quite happy, and us do get our vittles in peace and Missus does her bit o' work.

"You see, Sir, Missus's nephew Jim he'd a-drawed out old clock for his maister to make some like un—old clock's young ones, as you might say—for folks that like to pretend they didn't buy their furniture so much a week, like London people mostly does, but had it left un. Well, that last time it were one o' old clock's children that was a-standin' in kitchen!

"Cost us five pound, but arter us got all-arm clock there was a bit to spare, and old clock he be tucked away safe under Missus's bed a-waitin' till us do know what kind o' lady next new Vicar's wife is a-goin' to be."



BEAUTY'S SECRET.

THIS IS NOT A SCENE OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND JEALOUSY, BUT JUST AN INCIDENT FAMILIAR TO READERS OF NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS. A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS REVEALING, FROM PURELY DISINTERESTED MOTIVES, THE SECRET OF HOW TO BECOME, AND REMAIN, BEAUTIFUL.

'Tiny' up at Vicarage, come in on her night out.

"Old clock bain't gone yet?" her says.

"Bain't a-goin' either," says I.

"And then her tells us her's heard Vicar's lady a-talkin' to lady friend, and lady friend her thinks us had ought to give old clock to her, me bein' people's warden, if us done right; but Vicar's lady says 'No,' her always have done the fair thing and her always will. If her gives us seven pound it won't hurt her, for old clock be worth twenty or pretty nigh.

"And I'm a-goin' to have un too!" her says. 'How? I be a-siegin' un, I be. I've been down to farm washin' day and bakin' day and butter-makin' day, and if I can't get down afore I sits there while they're a-eatin' dinner, and I talks to un about old clock; and

"Dr. Grenfell, who has lately returned from the front . . . told of the censorship, which, when it has been made clear, will astonish the world with its remarkable work, accomplished under water by the steel nets, 'submarine catchers.'"*—Canadian Paper.*

This disposes of the current notion that the censorship worked underground.

From a notice issued by the London General Omnibus Company:—

"ADVICE TO CHILDREN
AND THEIR PARENTS.

"Don't hang on behind carts, drays, or trolleys. Don't try to ride on the steps of trams or buses when the conductor is not looking. Don't run into the road after your ball or hoop or other plaything. Wait and someone will get it for you."

Even the most youthful parent cannot be too careful in these matters.



Instructor. "YOU OUGHT TO 'AVE JOINED THE TUNNELLING SECTION. YOU'RE ALWAYS CRAWLIN' ABOUT ON YOUR 'ANDS AND KNEES LIKE A BLOOMIN' MOLE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE second instalment of *The Diary of an English Resident in Paris* (SIMPSON), which covers the year 1915, has a certain interest—the interest mainly of imprudent and ill-natured gossip. There is a good deal that it might be excusable to say to a crony, less excusable to write, quite inexcusable (and fatuous) to print and publish. Mr. ROWLAND STRONG seems in these queer wild pages that least desirable type, the pontifical clubman posturing before an imaginary fire, explaining just how imbecile, how traitorous or how cowardly is every one, or nearly everyone, responsible for the conduct of the War on the side of the Allies, particularly England. This imputation of base motives or conduct extends to quite obscure folk—so little is our amiable diarist a respecter of persons. Nor do I find this assumption of superior wisdom justified by any notable signs of judgment or discretion in the treatment of preposterous *canards*. It is fair to say that his spleen is impartial; the Bosches receive the most unmitigated grueing, and if words were halters the German resistance would have crumbled for sheer lack of leaders. Our author wields a ready pen . . . and of course I may be quite wrong, and it *might* have been better to put the direction of the War in the hands of a certain English resident in Paris.

I have not for some time read a story with so quaintly old-world a flavour as *The Sheltered Sex* (LANE). Indeed, looking back upon it, I am driven to one of two conclusions—Miss MADGE MEARS, whose former work I considerably liked, has either been tempted by success to disinter an

early effort from her desk, or she has the gift of sublime detachment to an extent that might rouse envy in a conscientious objector. Here, anyway, she presents to us a sizable novel, all about a young woman who, being bored with the restraints and unsympathies of life in the home circle, runs away and actually earns her own living! Amazing! I am far from suggesting that the book is not well written. All the first part, for instance, is full of those smartly satiric jibes at the expense of middle-aged relatives which clever people were making twenty years ago and have since discarded. But now-a-days *Ruth's* dash for freedom, through a door that has so long been wide open (which indeed the last two years seem to have lifted off its hinges), has an oddly unreal effect, so that not all Miss MEARS' genuine abilities are able to give it a more than antiquarian interest. I can only hope that by this time she is writing rather more topically about the sex that no one any longer presumes to shelter.

Books about the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE still continue, as is but natural, seeing that the lonely figure at Farnborough embodies more of the romance and tragedy of history than any other on the world's stage to-day. The latest of these is *The Empress Eugénie and Her Son* (GRANT RICHARDS), written by Mr. EDWARD LEGGE, whose name is already well known to students of the Second Empire. The book appears at a moment that makes it a kind of celebration of the ninetieth birthday of Her Majesty, which took place on May 5th. It is a review of her life and personality, written by one who knows both intimately. In his preface Mr. LEGGE disclaims any intention of writing a biography in "the commonplace method, with dates following each

other in chronological precision." Before the end, indeed, you may perhaps feel that his manner reaches the permissible limits of the discursive. But without doubt he has included in his volume a vast quantity of interesting information. There is just now an especial significance in his detailed account of how the Germans treated their Emperor-prisoner. Apparently the Hun idea of duty towards compulsory guests has deteriorated sadly during the past half-century. I should not forget to mention that the volume is illustrated with a large number of photographs. Despite its deliberately haphazard style, Mr. LEGGE's book is one that the curious student of the greatest drama of European history should certainly read, though he may have to arrange the resulting information for himself.

It may possibly be that the directness and cheerful mundane receptivity of the stories of O. HENRY in which I have been revelling have spoiled me for more roundabout American methods; but I found *The Long Divorce* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), by GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN, very unreal and rather foolishly tiresome. It is the history of a young man named *John Bogardus*, whose father is a professor of Romance languages at an American university. The boy was intended to be the same, but his wonderful sense of comedy (which, however, is more talked of than seen) causes him to resign after a term or two. He then becomes a sentimental vagabond, and has intimate emotional passages with a farmer's daughter named *Joan*, a missionary's daughter named *Pauline* and an actress named *Dora*, being always very careful to be off with the old love before he is on with the new. *Dora* he marries, being under the impression that she may, all the time, be the child *Janice*, now grown up, whom he bought at Lewes for ten pounds and adopted, when he was only a youth, on a walking tour along our South Coast, and impulsively handed over to a South African lady who had lost her own small daughter. Whether or not *Dora* was this *Janice* I am not certain; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wraps it up in mystery—the odds, however, seem to be that she is—but her moods and her past are too much for *John*, who, in despair of reconciling his idealism and his tangential nature with the hard riddle of life, separates and resumes his professorship. Meanwhile his father burns the essay on the philosophy of Poker on which he has been working for half a century or so. A fairly mad book.

My first difficulty with *Butterfly Wings* (HURST AND BLACKETT) came from the pictorial wrapper, which represents the bust of a red-haired young woman garnished with an enormous pair of spotted wings, and is frankly hideous. But the contents of the book, if nothing to make a fuss about, are at least more agreeable than this. The *Butterfly* of the title is one *Peggy*; and all I can say is that, if the application of the title is justified, Miss MARGARET PETERSON

knows more about lepidoptera than I do. *Peggy* began life by being perfectly beastly to *Billy*, who loved her. She continued by marrying a very obvious rotter, who promptly—and perhaps not wholly without excuse—took to drink, and beat her so much that one evening she fluttered round to *Billy's* flat with the intention of saying, "Take me; I am yours." But unfortunately she found not *Billy* but *Stella*. This was a good and promising situation, which I scarcely think the author handled for quite all it was worth. Anyhow there was a vast lot of talk, and at the end of it *Billy* went to the War, *Stella* was left sitting, and butterfly *Peggy* took her draggled wings to the service of the kind of tea-shop that figures in city police-courts. But as there had to be a happy ending she eventually escaped thence comparatively unharmed and became a nurse at a base hospital. And if from this point you can't see the precise nature of the happy ending I shall be astonished. Perhaps this brief survey does less than justice to a story that has several pleasant moments, and certainly does not always live down to its cover.



Father (disturbed in the depths of the latest War news). "WHAT IS THE CHILD HOWLING FOR NOW?"

Mother. "HE WANTS HIS OWN WAY."

Father. "WELL, IF IT'S HIS, WHY DON'T YOU LET HIM HAVE IT?"

breathe, while one scene—you cannot miss it—has in perfection the tender and exquisite pathos of Ireland of the Fairies. You may feel with me that there is some falling off in the later chapters, but the responsibility for that may, at least in part, be ascribed to one's own human weakness in desiring a happy ending which the subject, as the authoress realises it, can never allow. Briefly, she takes some Protestant English and some Irish Nationalists and, treating them quite frankly and fairly, arranges for a mutual falling in love. Such a thing is possible, she says, but, though her people may continue to live in friendship and try with commendable patience to bridge their differences, they can, as the title suggests, find no final basis for the completer union of marriage. And so there is nothing for it but to finish them off or leave them in some sort of fashion that is necessarily unsatisfactory. You will notice that the writer presents a problem only to declare it insoluble, and unfortunately she intends to imply that the two countries which her characters represent are in a like position. A miserable enough conclusion, with which, of course, you need not agree; but the way in which the case is stated has so much charm and vivacity that in the enjoyment of reading it you may almost forget the verdict.

CHARIVARIA.

"If," says a contemporary, "the destroyers are aptly called the eyes, our new Zeppelins may not inaptly be referred to as the spectacles of the fleet." Aptly perhaps but not generously.

"The German censorship," says a Dutch news cable, "grows hourly tighter." Certainly some of their recent reports on Zeppelin raids suggest the condition referred to.

"After forty peaceful years had given to the world the signal proof of our peaceful disposition," says the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, "we were flippantly challenged to fight." It will, of course, be remembered that the exact phrase employed by the Allies was, "Put up your Archdukes!"

A circular to the German soldiers in the field urges them to eat all the crumbs. Such a command directed to a race which in the past has invariably fed with its feet in the trough can only have the most depressing consequences.

The KAISER, says a German paper, has spent his summer vacation getting in hay and has acquired quite a healthy tan. This is, of course, a playful way of breaking it to their readers that he is already in receipt of the initial instalments of a healthy tanning.

It is announced that a mail, the first for ten years, will be despatched to Tristan da Cunha next month, and those who know the place are confident that the news of the formation of the ASQUITH Cabinet will be made the occasion of a public celebration by the simple islanders.

Sir HENRY NORMAN's statement that "the idea of the British Cabinet being shown to picture houses alongside CHARLIE CHAPLIN is dreadful," has been reprinted by the American Press, with a splay foot-note from the distinguished artiste in question indignantly denying that he would be in any way affronted by such an association.

It is reported from Australia that the heavy-weight boxer of that country has deferred enlisting as his mother will not permit it, and one of our leading boxing promoters has cabled to the lady for a full list of her earlier performances.

Risbridge (Suffolk) farmers have refused to supply straw for bedding for conscientious objectors sent from London to work on the roads. It is however pointed out that in this refusal they were really acting most considerately towards the conscientious objectors, as the straw still contains a certain amount of chaff which they might have found irritating.

A monkey and a goat have been successfully introduced into the cast of a West End revue, and some of the more optimistic theatrical managers are said to see in this a solution of the



Kaiser William. "ACH! I THINK I SHALL FEEL SAFER WITH THEM ON MY BOOTS!"

problem of how to carry on this class of entertainment without paying the enormous salaries now demanded by some of the older favourites.

A new specimen of the rough sunfish has been caught off the South coast of Ireland, but we are officially informed that there is no truth in the report that it was escorted into those waters by a German submarine.

It is reported that in certain parts of Middlesex the farmers got in their crops with the help of the police. The crops, it is understood, went quietly.

"Rifle Practice with instructor required within 200 miles London.—Terms, including use rifle and ammunition, to Box U 281."

What's the matter with Picardy?

A Libation to Mars.

"Before lunch the King, the President, and Generals Joffre and Haig poured over a large war map together."—*Irish Times*.

"Deal is to hold an angling competition for wounded soldiers."—*Evening News*.

We seem to have observed something very similar at other seaside resorts of the summer-girl.

Heading of leading article of *The Times*, August 21st:—

"THE NIPPERS ARE GRIPPING."

And this in *The Times*! When we were young it would have said: "Commendable handiwork by the members of our 'Bantam' battalions."

A report from the trenches:—

"I have found that, when a mechanism has failed, in many cases it is very hot, and when allowed to cool it becomes quite unserviceable again until it re-heats, when it again fails."

We do not know what mechanism is referred to, but it sounds rather like a British summer.

"Seeing a profusion of toothbrushes on the counter of a leading chemist at Brighton, I remarked to him, 'I suppose your summer sale of toothbrushes to visitors is large?' 'Enormous,' he replied; 'ninety per cent. of our visitors forget to bring toothbrushes, and five per cent. buy new ones.'"

Daily Chronicle.

The other eighty-five per cent. probably content themselves with mouth-organs.

From Army Orders, August, 1916:—

"Section 13, page 20, lines 7 and 8.—Delete 'but with the thumbs immediately behind the seams of the trousers.' Line 10, for 'hands partially closed, backs' substitute 'tips.'"

"Wherever the command 'Right (or Left)—Incline' occurs, the command 'Right (or Left) In—cline' will be substituted."

Now the Germans will have to look out.

THE NURSE.

HERE in the long white ward I stand,
Pausing a little breathless space,
Touching a restless fevered hand,
Murmuring comfort's commonplace—

Long enough pause to feel the cold
Fingers of fear about my heart;
Just for a moment, uncontrolled,
All the pent tears of pity start.

While here I strive, as best I may,
Strangers' long hours of pain to ease,

Dumbly I question—Far away
Lies my beloved even as these?

FROM THE FIJI ISLANDS.

It happened that some time in April last I wrote an article which, on the 26th of that month, duly (or shall we say unduly?) appeared in *Punch*. Now, when an article appears in *Punch* several things must have happened to it. The Editor will have seen it and will perhaps have sighed as he murmured to himself or to his Assistant Editor, "There's a column and a-half from poor old So-and-so; I suppose we shall have to find room for it somehow;" and thereupon he will have ticked it and sent it along to the printer. Then the printer will have seized upon it and, disregarding entirely its beauty as a piece of prose and all the other merits with which its writer has invested it—the printer, I say, will have seized upon it and converted it from a piece of bad handwriting into a skilfully and accurately printed galley-proof, and eventually, after many meticulous inspections and corrections, it will have become part of the page-proofs, and so it will have been "put to bed" with the rest of the paper, to wake up as a bit of a new number in the full blaze of publicity. Then, on the appointed day, with a rush and flutter of paper, the examples of Mr. Punch's benevolent handiwork set forth each to its own place to do the kindly business of the Sage who devised it. Some go to railway-stations and are eagerly snapped up; some appear at clubs, where Jones doubts if *Punch* is what it was, while Smith, who is the man for my money, asserts that it is better than ever; some to the trenches, where not even the imminence of a crump can spoil the Punchian cheerfulness of our men; and others, in spite of war, to all known parts of the habitable globe, save only the regions where the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs hold sway. And on this particular 26th of April of which I have already spoken one copy of *Punch* took unto itself wings, like those of Mercury the Messenger, and started on a long flight for the Lau Islands, which are a part of the group known to us as the Fiji Islands.

Now in this article of my writing I had described a visit to London in company with a small boy who happens to be my own. He was then, and is still, passing through the phase in which postage-stamps assume a wonderful value and desirability, and together he and I had determined to see how many of these rapture-producing pieces of coloured paper could be purchased for a money-prize presented to Frederick by a lady who had noted and admired his devotion to Nature Study as exemplified by the possession of silk-worms. London being, in Frederick's opinion, one vast repository of stamps, there had been at first a slight sense of disappointment when, in a by-street not far from Charing Cross, we entered the stamp-shop and noted that its size was small. This feeling, however, had been swallowed up in the satisfaction caused by a bargain which included one or two bold and rakish-looking triangular stamps; and we had subsequently witnessed a cinema show and had lunched at the Rhadamanthus Club, where the small boy, though not yet past his ninth birthday, had looked round him and sat down to his food without the least sign of being daunted by the splendour of the rooms or the age of their frequenters. So the visit ended and we returned home with our postal spoils.

Well, off went the article with the rest of *Punch* to the Fiji Islands, and in due course—on July 6th, to be strictly accurate—it landed at its destination, and there it fell under the eyes of a reader whose work of administration in the Colonial Civil Service has not, as I judge, dulled in the very least his memory of his own young days or his desire to do a kind action when the chance is offered. First he reads my article, and that action is not without its spice of kindness, for at the Rhadamanthus and elsewhere at home

many are content to skim through *Punch's* pictures and to neglect the printed words that eke them out in the number. Be that as it may, it is certain that in Fiji at least one gentleman read an article in *Punch*. Thereupon it struck him that a few Fijian stamps, coming, as it were, hot and hot from their place of origin, could not fail to give immense pleasure to the youthful philatelist whose literary acquaintance he had just made. No sooner thought than done. He made up the parcel of stamps and away he sent it on its long voyage of kindness. On August 22nd, having been addressed to the care of *Punch*, it came to hand, and on that morning at breakfast one small boy flushed red and sparkled with joy, while some older folk were not ungrateful for this pleasant thought so promptly translated into a kindly act, and sent to us over many leagues of stormy water. To Mr. Punch's influence we owe it that we here and an administrator in Fiji are now bound together with invisible links of friendship.

R. C. L.

ST. ANTHONY IN ROSELAND.

By St. Anthony in Roseland, where the fern and fuchsia grow,

Safe-sheltered in a wayward, winding creek,
Rides a pinnace at her moorings, whom I loved—oh, years ago!

And there she waits to greet me week by week.
It is twenty months or over since I braved the salt-sea spray,
And watched her foam-flecked fo'c'sle rock and reel;
But her rudder now is forrard and her sails are stowed away,
And barnacles are growing on her keel.

To St. Anthony in Roseland, which is hard by Falmouth Town,

Along the twisty path that flanks the stream,
No more the kindly Cornish folk to me come trapezing down
With cranberries and golden-crust'd cream;
No longer through the silence of the star-hung summer night,
My pinnace, sweet and fleet as any fawn,
Shall steal in 'neath the black cliffs to the winking Lizard Light,

And smell the clean, sweet-scented thyme at dawn.

From St. Anthony in Roseland (where good cruises all begin),

When the last war-weary troops are ordered home,
When the harbours all are opened and the mines are all towed in,

And all the changeful sea is mine to roam,
I will slip your reed-grown moorings and beat westward from the creek—

Land-weary make once more the open seas—
And with flying jib and top-sail once again set sail to seek
The Islands of the New Hesperides.

An Unreasonable Stipulation.

Extract from a swimming bath ticket:—

"It is very important that Members carry this ticket whenever using the Bath, as any person found in the Bath without a ticket will be liable to be treated as a trespasser."

Making the Punishment fit the Crime.

"At Blackpool . . . a palmist . . . was fined £ for pretending to tell fortunes."—*Provincial Paper*.

As the palmist only pretended to tell fortunes, the magistrate only pretended to fine her.

"REFINED LARD FUTURES.—With the rise in onions at Chicago discounted, there was a quieter feeling at the opening."—*Times*.

The well-known sympathy between these two esculents seems to extend beyond the limits of the frying-pan.



THE THING THAT MATTERS.

PROFESSIONAL GRIEVANCE-MONGER. "SHOCKING BUSINESS THIS RISE IN FOOD-PRICES."

BRITISH MOTHER. "THAT'S AS MAY BE. ALL I KNOW IS THEY'RE FEEDING MY BOYS
AT THE FRONT, ALL RIGHT, AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME."

A PLEA FOR A SILLY SEASON.

WE should now, in ordinary times, be well in the Silly Season—the term applied to that time of the year when Parliament has its summer holidays and London omnibuses between Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge go by way of Jermyn Street and St. James's Place and return by way of Shepherd's Market and Hay Hill. But this year, it is rumoured, there is to be no Silly Season; the War has seen to that. There is only the perpetual Willy Season.

None the less it is to be hoped that our editors will not be unenterprising just because there is so much Williness about. They can compromise. Their columns can still be turned as of old into a summer forum, and matters of no import be debated; only those matters must have a war flavour. Because September would not be September without discussions of this kind. Besides, we ought not to let Germany think that the War is affecting us to such an extent that we have foregone this annual custom. We never quite dropped racing; let us be similarly tenacious about our silliness. The men in the trenches will fight all the better if they realise that we are carrying on here in the same old way. And it would not be fair to

Englishmen to deprive them of their fun. (Nor, to be quite fair, have they been entirely deprived, for already one paper's readers are being asked, "Should women preach?" and apparently there are a few persons hardy enough to reply in the affirmative. "Should anyone preach?" would be a better question during war-time, and would have a war flavour.)

The war flavour is imperative. In the happy past, for example, no sooner had the family left for Margate or Littlehampton or Ilfracombe, with the perambulator on the top of the cab, than the biggest type in the composing-rooms would be employed in setting before the world some such question as, "Who said rats?" A tremendous problem needing all the brains of the closer and dustier summer months to reply to it. Who said rats? Who? Not till September was waning and the bathing-machine proprietors were bent

double beneath their gold would the interest in this inquiry cease. Obviously ADAM said it first, when he was distributing names to the animals in the Garden of Eden; and NOAH said it not long after, when he called to two of the engaging little creatures to hurry on board. But the investigators would take a broader and more modern view than that.

But to-day such a theme is too pacific. We should leave it to the paragraphist, such, say, as "The Londoner" in *The Evening News*, whose column is a kind of daily *Notes and Queries* and reaches a slightly larger public than that minute inquisitive weekly does. To-day there must, in any big discussion, be a war interest.

Perhaps the editorial trump card is

would be given with all their exciting fluctuations—one morning Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING easily heading the list, the next, Mr. PRINGLE overhauling him; then the steady advance of Mr. HOGGE or Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS, until the suspense was almost unbearable. Or the question might be varied, to get a little popular malice into it, to Who is the most deplorable M.P.? Then that great eloquent public whose life-blood is depreciation and suspicion would have its chance, and not one of them but would find a moment between boating, bathing, or pier-promenading to scribble the name of ASQUITH on a card and post it.

"The Unseen Hand" is also a profitable and inexhaustible theme. It has been a good deal worked but is capable

of infinite Willy Season expansion. All thinking people, of course, know that there is some malign German influence at work everywhere in this country. That is understood. Every error of which the Government is guilty—and errors are notoriously its life-blood—is due not to the ordinary obtuseness of that inept body, the Cabinet, but to the machinations of the Germans and pro-Germans in our midst. That is the unseen hand. To its sinister and mysterious agency can be traced, by the healthily imaginative, every incident that im-



"JULIUS CÆSAR" IN THE SCOTCH NIGHT EXPRESS.

"LET ME HAVE MEN ABOUT ME THAT ARE FAT AND SUCH AS SLEEP O' NIGHTS."

questions dealing with the state of things after the War. Here every editor is on velvet. What shall we do with Germany after the War? What shall be done with Berlin? Shall *den Linden* be cut down and carved into souvenirs? (Surely that would be an excellent plan. Match-boxes and so forth.) Will there be party politics after the War? What will happen to employed women after the War? Will clerks who are now fighting return to the desk? Will taxi-whistling ever be revived? Should there be a Midnight Saving Bill? Will the income-tax ever come down?

And there is always the *plébiscite*, which for some while now has been little heard of. Who is the most useful, vigorous and enterprising M.P.? would make an admirable question. First the article setting out the scheme of the inquiry, and then the votes of the readers. Day by day the results

pedes our instant victory, from the sprained ankle of a despatch-rider to the storm in the Channel that delays a transport.

We have, however, said enough. Whether the *post-bellum* queries are adopted, or the *plébiscite* is resorted to, or "The Unseen Hand" rumours are developed, matters little. That letter-writing animal, man, will be happy. For the old idea that newspapers were invented in order to provide news is altogether wrong. The real rock-bottom truth of the matter is that they were invented in order to provide letter-writing man with an opportunity to express his opinions more pompously than in the home circle. That is why we have done our best to give him a new chance—sufficient, at any rate, to fill the time between now and the resumption of full London life in October, the month when good sense was wont punctually to return.



"IS THE ROAD VERY INTERESTING BETWEEN HERE AND TUGFORD?"

"WHAT D'YOU MEAN—'INTERESTIN'?" THERE'S NOUGHT BUT BOB SQUILCHES, AN' 'E DON'T KEEP NOTHIN' BUT THESE 'ERE MIN'RAL WATERS!"

REFLECTIONS.

THERE once was a lady of high degree
Who lived in the province of Picardie,
And smiling moments she used to
pass

Viewing herself in an oval glass.

For the lady was fair,
And the glass was rare,
Made in the days of LA VALLIÈRE.

There came a German across the Rhine,
And he stole the mirror of rare design.
He regretted milady had gone away,
And demolished her home in his gallant
way.

Then he dug him a lair,
And the noble Herr
Preened himself in the mirror there.

Yet he preened too often; for now
instead

Of the courtly Hun (who is lying dead)
The mirror reflects, to his grave concern,

The face of an English subaltern.

A sorry affair
For a glass so rare
To reflect a visage with three days'
hair!

Milady's chateau is blown to dust;
Milady is safe in the South, I trust.

And all that remains of the palmy days
Is the glass in its framework of gilded
bays.

Yet it still can wear
In its home *sous terre*
A grace distinguished and *debonair*.

Madame, at the end of this long campaign,

When France comes into her own again
In the setting where only she can shine,
As you in your mirror of rich design—

Forgive me, who dare
In a German lair
To shave in your mirror at Pozières.

OTHER PICTURES.

THE glad news that the Cabinet is
not to be "filmed" for public representation
has been received with the utmost enthusiasm.

But there are many other pictures
that we would cheerfully pay to see,
and which, it is to be hoped, will at
once be prepared. Among these we
need only mention the following to
whet the appetite of the public:—

(1) (*The Economy Series*). Mr. McKENNA interviewing the cook with a
view to emphasising the most conservative
method of preparing the lentil.

(2) Mr. CHURCHILL winding up his
typewriter preparatory to making international
revelations in the Sunday Press.

(3) The Central Board of Control
holding a special session to sample
non-alcoholic beers.

(4) Mr. REDMOND and Sir EDWARD
CARSON, allocated by accident to the
same stateroom on the Irish boat,
tossing for the port-hole berth.

(5) Messrs. COWAN and HOGGE playing
Musical Chairs.

(6) Mr. LLOYD GEORGE singing in
War-time.

(7) The Editor of the *National
Review* doing his monthly hate.

(8) Mr. HUGHES coming back.

(9) (*very rare*). (a) Mr. PEMBERTON
BILLING weighing evidence. (b) Mr.
PEMBERTON-BILLING flying.

(10) (*comic*). The third fruitless arrival
in Downing Street of the Scottish
Deputation on Women's Suffrage.

"14,000 TURKS

ATTACK

BRITISH

OFFICIAL."

Evening Paper Poster.

Yet some people still say that the Turk
fights like a gentleman.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XLVI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The military machine appears to me to have failed dismally in the most important respect. For every material demand there is an officer supplied; for the smoke barrage there is the O.C. thunder-clouds; for the official correspondence, the O.C. nibs; for everything somebody, graded, for purposes of pay, as somebody else, but no poet-in-chief, and, with the lower formations, no D.A.A.P.C. The battle called for an epic, from the start:—

The French have been and taken Frise
(This for your information, please);
Mametz is ours and Fricourt too
(Seen, noted, filed and passed to you).

Seeking to put this matter right I ought, of course, to have proceeded by "the usual channels," but I was afraid that by the time we had sailed the length of them, got our man made "supernumerary to the establishment" (which expression indicates, I fancy, some menial position), and thoroughly appointed him, we should probably discover that, everything else being in perfect order, the appointee didn't happen to be a poet. So I first got into touch with such poets as I knew of with the B.E.F., and called for a return of samples.

The name of Bernard Forsyth, once so familiar on soft leather covers in art shades, was the first to occur to me. I found that it had practically ceased to be, but that No. 17625514 had come into existence, and represented much the same thing, if slightly browner in appearance. His instructions from me were:—

1. You will record your feelings, as you lean over the parapet at midnight, while engaged on sentry duty.

2. Having eased the trigger of your rifle, thus causing an explosion in the chamber and a hurried exit of a bullet from the muzzle, you will address your thoughts, in soliloquy, to the unseen enemy in opposite trenches.

3. Record of feelings will reach this office not later than noon to-morrow.

Recalling Bernard Forsyth as I knew him by his works in peace time, I supposed that the first thousand lines of our epic were now as good as written. This, however, is all that No. 17625514 had to say to his adversary over the way:—

I shot a bullet into the air,
And where it fell was your affair.
"Have one of ours?" I hear you shout—
Don't worry, thanks. I'll do without.

I sent this back, with a "Returned to you" chit (we have these in the

Army, too) and told him to try again in the simple narrative form, taking some incident of the aftermath of battle, as showing the confusion and horror which then prevail. He complied with:—

The night was dark, there was no moon,
I'd had a tiring afternoon
And lost my bearings . . . when I met
A most officious bayonet.
Its movements showed the man behind
To be of the inquiring kind;
But, ere he questioned me or fired,
I gave the answers he required,
And, with a view to whet his thirst
For knowledge, gave the second first:
"You wonder, 'Am I friend or foe?'"
Upon my word I do not know;
That all depends, it seems to me,
On what *your* sympathies may be.
And 'Who goes there?' you wish to say.
Not I . . . I'll go the other way."

This I felt to be lacking in the indefinable something; it did not at once strike the true martial note. Upon my suggestion he next tried a domestic picture of quiet life in billets, but his "Soldier's Letter to his Infant Son" got held up abruptly by the intrusion of a sordid reality:—

I wrote a letter to my son,
Whom I have known ere he was one;
It seems I wrote the Corsor, too,
Though that's a man I never knew.

I told him to get right away from his material surroundings and to versify, immortally, the Attributes of the Enemy, showing the spirit of the Germanic peoples and the development of their national destiny. "This is your last chance," I told him, "of being THE Soldier-Poet." This is how he took it:—

We know what sort of man the Bosch is:
He always eats but never washes.
In his conceit of Number One
He is extremely like the Hun.
If Bosches laughed and Huns were gents
They'd own their share of continents;
There'd be no fuss, and, what is more,
There wouldn't even be a war.
Whereas the end of all this tosh
Can only be there 'll be no Bosch.
But then I doubt if anyone
Will mind that much, except the Hun.

I told No. 17625514 that he was returned to duty, and he saluted and withdrew.

Clitheroe Ponsonby you will recall as a bard of the more prosperous, better dressed type. I found him amongst the Commissioned, but only just; rich and forty though he is, he is, temporarily, the merest subaltern. I invited him to express himself in the now regulation metre (things so soon become regulated in military life) upon the subject of the commands under which he found himself serving. I asked him to close his eyes, visualize his subject and carry on. He did so:—

Between the fights I lie in peace
In bed (or, rather, in valise),

And, in my matutinal doze,
I deal with Adjutants, C.O.'s,
And Brigadiers, who daren't refuse
(Imaginary) interviews.
I do not shout or make a stink,
I merely tell them what I think:
My mien is just, my tone restrained,
Extremely kind if slightly pained:
Though they may bluster for a bit
I always force them to admit . . .
They always end by giving in,
If there are arguments I win.
(Though on parade they seem to be
Deficient in humanity,
I must confess I find them then
The most subdued, attentive men.)

I told Ponsonby that this was a licence which might be poetic but was most unmilitary. Always ready to oblige, he mentioned that he had a friend in the Cavalry who was a very good soldier. "Write him up," I said; "it won't be the first time you have used your friends for the purpose." I hoped for a pen-picture of the gallant gallop through, but I only got:—

I heard a peevish Lancer say,
"I wish they wouldn't run away,
For, though one soon acquires the knack
Of lancing Germans in the back,
It makes one's point so much less blunt—
To stick them properly in front."

I told him that it was a case of what is technically known as "Na Poo" with Second Lieutenant Ponsonby, and left him entirely unrepentant.

Do you remember those two particularly young, young men who used to blow in at our residential chambers in the Temple, at odd times of the late night and the early morning, to tell us all about their souls? One of them is in the Artillery, the other in the Royal Flying Corps, and what has become of their souls I'm sure I don't know. "The Message of the Gunner," surely a promising subject, shows that one of these is missing, doesn't it? Anyhow, this is the first young man's submission:—

We sent a message to the Hun
To ask what business might be done,
And giving him to understand
Our Season's stock was now to hand,
Which stock, we ventured to advise,
Included shells of every size
And, what the German most enjoys,
Combining usefulness with noise.
In every way we guaranteed
To cater for his utmost need.
(We put a postscript at the end:
"No need to call for goods. We send.")

As to the R.F.C. man, without wishing to hurt any man's professional pride, I must say that in this instance the poet seems to have failed to rise to the proper height:—

Returning from my morning fly
I met a Fokker in the sky,
And judging from its swift descent
It had a nasty accident.
On thinking further of the same
I rather fear I was to blame.

On the whole I have come to the



THE CONVALESCENT.

conclusion that it is hopeless. England is not what she was two years ago, and I can quite understand why the enemy nations find her so disappointing and unsatisfying to be at war with.

Yours ever, HENRY.

THE FATALIST.

WHEN after a twelve-mile march we arrived at rest-billets, Private Horrocks was not the least cheerful member of the regiment. Tired and footsore though he was, he limped into the village with a smile on his face and his chum's rifle as well as his own on his shoulder. Occasionally I could hear him, far in the rear, demanding in stentorian tones if we were down-hearted, and immediately there would be a roar of "No" all along that dusty line of some five hundred marching men. Were they down-hearted? Of course not! And weary though they were the men could still smile and wave to the children who formed up in front of the village school, shouting as we passed, "Tomme, Tomme, souvenir Ingleesh!"

Later in the day I saw Horrocks in an *estaminet* fraternising with two French-soldiers who had been invalided home from Verdun. As I went by he was pointing to his blistered feet and

shouting his favourite question with the same roar of response from the rest of the company. Now the French employ another and very different kind of stock phrase when they find themselves in need of consolation, and after the long-drawn-out chorus of "No" had subsided, one of the *poilus*, who evidently guessed what was expected of him, bent down and tapped his wooden leg. Then, looking round, he said with a magnificent shrug of the shoulders, "*Mais que voulez-vous? c'est la guerre!*" and his friend, as if from long force of habit echoed, "*Oui, c'est la guerre!*"

Somehow Horrocks was mightily impressed by this. Gradually one ceased to hear him shouting his old defiance. Instead, he became a fatalist. For instance, when, as occasionally happened, he was reprimanded for being late on parade, or if one day his ration of tobacco proved a little short, one might hear him mutter with a dramatic shrug of his shoulders, "*Mais que voulez-vous!*"

But there are worse things than a temporary shortage of tobacco. An evening came when he was caught red-handed by an irascible farmer's wife in her poultry meadow. I chanced to come upon them just as the old dame was warming to the subject. In her hands was a dead and very tough-look-

ing fowl, while in front of her was Horrocks standing at attention. Afterwards he told me that I arrived on the scene just as she was beginning to shell his third line of defence. And it certainly was a formidable bombardment. The irate lady was acquainting him with the fact that he had been born without a soul, and the Commanding Officer, without doubt a just man to the widow and to the orphan, should certainly hear of it. Further, she trusted that the full severity of the law would be meted out to a man so debased and so infamous.

And doubtless it would have been had not a sudden gleam appeared in Horrocks' eyes. It was then that he spoke for the first time. "*Que voulez-vous, Madame?*" he murmured resignedly with his inimitable shrug, "*c'est la guerre!*"

The old lady stopped dead in the middle of her flood of invective and a look of calm dawned on her face. She sighed. "*Oui, m'sieur,*" she said mildly, "*c'est vrai, c'est la guerre!*" and she handed him the bird.

Commercial Candour.

"£30 to £30,000 lent in any part of the United Kingdom with formalities or delay."
Provincial Paper.



Mistress (coming to maid's room as the Zeppelins approach). "JANE! JANE! WON'T YOU COME DOWNSTAIRS WITH THE REST OF US?"
Little Maid. "OH, THANK YOU, MUM, BUT I CAN SEE BEAUTIFUL FROM HERE, MUM."

STEW.

If you 'ave lost your 'aversack, your kit-bag or your pipe,
 Your 'ousewife, soap or oily rag with which you clean your
 'ipe,
 Your belt or second pair o' socks, your lanyard or pull-
 through,
 Oh do not be dispirited, you'll get 'em in the stew!

If from the transport lines you miss a face you used to know,
 With stick-up ears an' yellow teeth all in a smilin' row,
 'E is not gone for evermore, though seemin' lost to view,
 The late lamented Army mule, you'll meet 'im in the
 stew!

As we go through the countryside, route marchin' in the
 sun
 With bandy-rolls an' clobber on, which weighs about a ton,
 Oh this is what the people shout as we go marchin' through,
 "'Ere come the Loyal Whatdyecalls—I'm sure I smelt the
 stew."

We get it 'ot, we get it cold, we get it in between,
 We get it thin, we get it thick, we get it fat an' lean,
 We get it for our "day-joo-nay," our tea an' luncheon too,
 An' when the long day's march is done we top it up with
 stew.

When we are bound for foreign shores an' 'arf across the
 water
 Tae transport starts a-rollin' like a transport didn't oughter,

To cheer our faintin' spirits up when we are feelin' blue
 They'll get the dixies goin' an' they'll serve us out some stew.

* * * * *
 So when the wicked war is done an' peace is 'ere again,
 We won't forget the chaps as toiled to please our inner men;
 We'll call to mind the favourite dish we found on our *menu*,
 And think of our Battalion Cooks—an' drink their 'ealths
 in—Stew!

Marriage Modes for Men.

"Miss Burko was given away by Mr. Walter Winans—a dream in
 grey."—*Daily Sketch*.

"The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. Canon Tree who came to the
 city especially for the occasion, charmingly attired in a satin dress
 trimmed with guipure and pearls."—*The Mirror (Port of Spain)*.

"At Holsworthy Pigeon Show on Thursday Mr. W. F. Langley, of
 Bath, won second with a red beard, fourth with a blue bald head, and
 was v.h.c. with a mealy bald head; he was also third in the any
 other variety class with a yellow beard."

Mr. WILLIAM CLARKSON would greatly like to meet him.

"SMALL MOUSE wanted in Gillingham, near Dockyard; no
 children."—*Chatham Standard*.

From our experience of mice we fear the advertiser will
 have some difficulty in securing a childless specimen.

"THE KAISER'S BUST.

SEQUEL TO AN EXHIBITION AT BRUSSELS."

Evening Standard.

Unhappily, no confirmation of this statement has as yet
 been received.



INCREASING ODDS.

FERDINAND. "I SAY, THERE'S *FIVE* OF THEM THERE NOW, MEHMED!"

[The Russian and Italian contingents have joined the French, British and Serbian forces at Salonika.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SHUTTING UP THE SHOP.

Monday, August 21st.—Every year, at this time, the Peers complain because, having been kept idle for the best part of the Session, they are suddenly called upon to deal post-haste with a batch of half-baked Bills shovelled at them by the Commons. And this is the more galling because they are conscious that, given time, they are much more competent legislators than the fellows in the "other place."

The Commons, for example, have been unable to solve the problem of enabling the soldiers in the trenches to exercise the franchise. Lord SALISBURY sees no difficulty in it at all. The soldier can vote as easily as he writes to his sweetheart. All he need do is to mark a card with a cross, put it in an envelope, and hand it to his officer. I am afraid, however, there will be a lot of spoiled ballot-papers if his lordship's simple plan is adopted. At least I never heard of a Tommy who, when writing to his best girl, was content with a single cross.

A good many members of the House of Commons showed their wisdom by anticipating the holidays and staying away. The Nationalist Benches were particularly empty. "Why should LONDON wait?" I asked myself on seeing that shockheaded and usually incoherent youth in his customary place. Perhaps he had a notion of imitating his lamented colleague, Mr. GINNELL, and getting himself suspended, so as to return to his constituents in a blaze of glory. If so he was disappointed, for though he made an offensive attack upon Sir JOHN MAXWELL, and refused to withdraw it, Mr.

LOWTHER, knowing his man, did not give him the martyrdom he sought.

The War Office, which has often been accused of wool-gathering, is now guilty on its own confession. Mr. FORSTER is daily called upon to explain the methods by which he proposes to acquire the national clip without fleecing the farmers. Sir F. BANBURY, who is an agriculturist in his spare time, complained to-day that his wool had not yet been commandeered, and was politely informed that there was no need for him to lose it.

Everyone was glad to welcome back Mr. RUNCIMAN, who was in strong voice and looked all the better for his enforced holiday. He had an excellent account to give of his visit to Italy, which, though not yet formally at war with Germany (as Mr. HOGGE, with characteristic tactfulness, insisted), has taken steps to cut off all commercial intercourse with that country.

Tuesday, August 22nd.—A Scottish Member called attention at Question-time to the alleged unpopularity of Treasury notes in his native country, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER took him seriously.

The PRIME MINISTER announced that after all the Cabinet is not to be cinematographed. Various theories are put forward in explanation of this momentous change in policy: that which finds most favour below the Gangway being that the operator cried off at the last moment on the ground that he had not a slow enough machine to take a really lifelike picture.

Several Members are convinced that

Mr. ASQUITH's faculty for gauging the feeling of the House of Commons is leaving him. Though Mr. HOGGE, Mr. PRINGLE, Mr. KEATING, Mr. LYNCH, Mr. ELLIS GRIFFITH and Sir W. BYLES joined in urging him to give an extra day for the discussion on the adjournment, in order that they might have more scope for their eloquence, he declared, in face of this evidence, that the country was quite ready to see Parliament put up its shutters. And, strange to say, it appeared, on a division, that most of the other Members agreed with him.

Mr. CHURCHILL led off the debate with one of his carefully prepared and stridently delivered essays on the War. There was much good sense in it, yet somehow it failed to grip. Even the Socialists viewed with suspicion his suddenly awakened interest in food-prices, and especially his suggestion that the Government should issue bread-cards and meat-cards, as in the Happy Fatherland.

The new WAR SECRETARY did not waste much breath on his pessimistic ex-colleague, but without any bombast gave an encouraging survey of the general situation. The ultimate victory of the Allies was certain, though he would not pretend to give even an approximate date for it.

Later on the Irishmen made another concerted attack on Sir JOHN MAXWELL and martial law. Mr. DUKE was not put out of his carefully measured stride. He still hopes to reach a settlement of the vexed question of Irish government, but it will not be achieved by giving

licence to the ill-disposed persons whose ideal is anarchy.

Wednesday, August 23rd.—Parliament adjourned to-day without any visible signs of public mourning. Few Members attended the last scene. Even Sir JOHN LONSDALE, usually so assiduous, was on this occasion an absentee, much to my disappointment, for I longed to know the answer to his intriguing question, "What goods are included in the term duck?"

In spite of the Parliament Act the House of Lords still has a kick left in it. When the Bill for extending the life of this Parliament was before the Commons an amendment was proposed to limit the life of any Parliament elected on the present stale register to two years. The Government were ready to accept it, but the Chairman ruled it out of order. When the Bill went upstairs, however, the Peers insisted on inserting a similar proviso, and to-day the Commons meekly yielded to their decision.

After all, the Government gave the chatterers below the Gangway another innings, and there was much further talk of food-prices, which furnished Mr. PRETTYMAN with an opportunity of explaining the practical difficulties in the way of regulating them. Afterwards Mr. LUNDON made the *amende honorable* for his attack upon Sir JOHN MAXWELL; and Mr. DUKE, for his part, declared that he was most anxious to withdraw the stigma of martial law from Ireland.

Shortly before six o'clock Mr. KING rose to address the House. But by this time there was no House to address, and his speech was ended before it began by an ignominious "count."

THE REFORMER.

BEFORE the War I harboured no affection

For Tomkinson, who seemed an awful pup.

"The world is wrong," he yelled; "it needs correction,
And I will purge it. Down with all that's up!"

His views were, like his garb, devoid of polish;

He called men "cannibals" who fed on meat,
And fiercely summoned Britain to abolish

Marriage, the Church, the Army and the Fleet.

His sandalled soles, his rabbit's way of messing,

His cry for guillotines and ducal gore,
I pitied, but I loathed beyond expressing,
The poisonous vermilion ties he wore.



Excited Fanatic (to Elder, who has boasted of his War Saving Certificate). "THE END OF THE WURRLD IS AT HAND! THE END OF THE WURRLD IS AT HAND, AN' YE'LL GET NAE MAIR THAN YER FIFTEEN AN' SAXPENCE!"

When last I met that specialist in "freedom"

His look was mild, his views had softened much;

No more he called for noble necks (to bleed 'em),

No more he fancied fodder of the hutch.

His dress was wholly changed, except that brightly

His throat still flaunted forth the same old hue;

And yet it irked me not nor seemed unsightly

With regulation slops of cobalt blue.

EVOLUTION.

1890.—"The new *comic opera* produced last night has much of the attractive glitter of burlesque."

1900.—"The new *musical comedy* produced last night has more of the genuine comic opera atmosphere than most pieces of its class."

1916.—"The new *revue* produced last night is more akin to musical comedy pure and simple than any previous entertainment of its kind."

19—?—"The new ?? produced last night owes a great deal to revue, and for this welcome change the audience showed itself duly grateful."



Recruit. "I'VE ARRANGED TO TAKE MY WIFE AND FAMILY TO THE SEASIDE FOR SEPTEMBER. I HOPE IT WILL BE QUITE CONVENIENT."

"IT'S AN ILL WIND . . ."

(It has been suggested that women should be allowed to preach in public.)

MATILDA, ever since the day
When first you claimed me for your
own,
Your industry, a noble trait,
Has made me feel a worthless drone.
And yet, though sometimes pressed for
time,
You chasten with mature reflections,
Plus a sincerity sublime,
My varied imperfections.
A wider sphere now comes in view—
Woman demands the right to preach!
This is the very job for you,
Matilda. Leap into the breach!
You will not struggle in the ruck,
But soon become a Light, a Beacon;
Or even with a bit of luck
A dignified Archdeacon.

Imagination wilts and swoons,
The prospect is so limitless:
Your "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons
For Men" would be a huge success;
Your "Talks to Husbands" (How
they'll quail!)
Should have an influence far-reach-
ing—
And, *inter alia*, curtail
Your purely private preaching!

THE TRAVELLER.

ANYBODY could tell that the pink-faced round gentleman with his feet up was an experienced traveller. His own person, his baggage, his coat, his stick, and all that he had with him filled nine and a half of the ten places which, according to the Railway Company, the compartment provided.

The careworn-looking man in a cheap suit who shyly entered and occupied the vacant half-seat folded his arms and turned his face towards the landscape. Something in the man's appearance suggested that he might be a submissive listener, and the pink gentleman, yearning for some of the music that he loved so well, cleared his throat and began to speak.

He talked of the great advantages of travel. He had been eleven times to the United States, to say nothing of the Continent before the War. But, bless you, even the War could not hinder his journeyings—within the last six months he had been to Spain, and it wasn't everybody who could say that. No good, of course, for a timid person to travel, for risks had to be taken (as for instance in his trip to Spain) and discomforts to be borne (New York on a really hot day was terrible). But

travel was an education; it promoted not only breadth of mind but patriotism. He would strongly recommend his listener to travel, if he ever had the good fortune to get the chance. It was not so expensive as some people thought.

"War didn't stop me travellin' neither," said the other man. "Before the war I 'adn' been further than Margate; but then I went all over the shop—Yorkshire, Durby, Ireland—"

"Ah, but foreign travel's what I am referring to," said the experienced one, waving his cigar and smiling with amusement.

"Talk about discomforts," said the man presently; "some says France ain't all 'oney, and some says the Bay of Biscay's the limit. But France was a bloomin' picnic, and the Bay was nothing at all, and Egypt was Paradise compared with wot Gallip'li was. If you take my tip, Mister, you won't never go near the place. That's w'ere I won my civvies back, and that's w'ere I got this 'ere," he said, unfolding his arms and showing the thin gold line on the cuff of his ready-made suit.

Another answer by Smith junior—

"Noah was the man who said, 'Après moi le déluge.'"



The Barber. "WHEN DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE OVER, WILLIAM?"

William. "WELL, I RECKON THEY WASN'T FAR OUT WHEN THEY SAID IT WOULD BE THREE YEARS OR THE DURATION OF THE WAR."

WELSH VIGNETTES.

I.—DOVEY JUNCTION.

RUSKIN, in a mood splenetic,
Uncommercial and æsthetic,
Banned in language highly graphic
Railway lines and railway traffic.

Personally, undismayed
By his eloquent tirade,
I, without the least compunction,
Wish to plead for Dovey Junction
As assisting to enhance
All that makes for pure romance.
Dovey Junction! Think of it!
Was there ever name so fit
For informing pretty sweetings
Journeys end in lovers' meetings?

But beside the potent claim
Dovey Junction by its name
Has upon the world's affections,
Here the Cambrian Railway system,
Focussing its various sections,
Loves to take the trains and twist 'em
In all manner of directions.
Here Welsh tea-cakes and Welsh
coffee,
Buns and chocolate and toffee
Are provided for the sating
Of our appetites while waiting;

And the scenery surrounding
Is a source of joy abounding.

Hence, in recapitulation
Of my previous affirmation,
I assert with earnest unction,
On behalf of Dovey Junction,
That it *does* fulfil a function
Of a most refining nature
Thanks at once to nomenclature,
And refreshment, and the greenery
Of the circumambient scenery.

II.—THE CALL OF WALES.

Now the holidaying host
Swarms upon the Cambrian coast.
Strangers from remote Kilkenny
Haunt the silvery Straits of Menai;
Strangers from the land of haddock
Fly to Criccieth or Port Madoc,
Or exchange the Firth of Forth
For the breezy beach of Borth,
While East Anglians from North
Repps

Climb the famous Roman Steps.
Folk from Manchester and Bowden
Crowd the environs of Snowdon;
Dwellers by the cliffs of Cheddar
Take their matutinal header
On the shores of gay Llanbedr;
While the denizens of Yarmouth

Recreate themselves at Barmouth;
And the residents of Goole
Congregate at Penmaenpool;
And Italians from La Scala
Angle in the Lake of Bala;
And Commissioners from Delhi
Lose their pallor at Pwllheli.

"Major - General Sir Som Hughes, the Canadian Minister of Defence, said that he had brought back from the Somme front an excellent impression."—*Daily Express*.

And an appropriate change in his Christian name.

"The episode of the undaunted artilleryman who worked his gun single-handed, put it right when it jammed, and finally succeeded in carrying it off with him when his ammunition was expended, stands out as an almost unrivalled exhibition of coolness and bravery."
Morning Paper.

As a feat of physical strength, too, it will take some beating.

Extract from schoolboy's letter:—

"— College, 28 July, 1916.

DEAR BILLY, . . . How are you getting on at Fetti's? This place is top-hole. I am furst in Chemistry and second in Maths., also furst in speling, but there is no prise."
What a shame!

WHEN IT WON'T END.

It is a wonderful thing that every other man you meet tells you that the War will be over in October. Now I am the one person who doesn't know when it will be over. All I can say is "This year—next year—some time." Yet I must admit with shame that I am in some measure responsible for the popular belief.

It all came about through that fatuous ass, Robinson. He came up to me in the club with some insane story that if you added together the date of the KAISER's birth, the date of the CROWN PRINCE's marriage and deducted from them the numerical value of the letters in the KAISER's name and the date of the foundation of the German Empire you got the result 1916—obviously, therefore, the German Empire was to end in 1916. I am not quite sure of the dates or events, but his calculation ran on those lines. He took about twenty minutes to work it out and I became exasperated.

When he had finished I fixed him with my glittering eye and said, "Robinson, I am going to tell you a very remarkable thing, an incredible thing. I do not expect you to believe it. I shall not be hurt if you don't believe it. I should not believe it myself if you told it me."

"Go on, go on," said Robinson with greedy interest.

"Last week I was mowing my tennis lawn in the evening. My great-uncle Samuel was sitting by the fountain, sleeping over *The Westminster Gazette*. You have heard me speak of my great-uncle Samuel?"

"Yes, yes," said that liar, Robinson. Yet how could I have spoken of a great-uncle Samuel before, when I had only just evolved him out of my imagination?

"Well, all at once I noticed that a gipsy selling brooms had come into the garden. Now it says distinctly on the back gate, 'No hawkers—no circulars.' She came towards me and said, 'Can I tell you your fortune, Sir?'"

"No, but you can clear out," I replied.

"I'll tell you," she persisted, "when the War will end, for sixpence."

"I became angry, and said, 'Get out. I'm not a maidservant to be fooled with your nonsense.'"

"Fool, you!" she snapped; "it will end in October." Then, looking at me steadily, she added, "As sure as that old gentleman will die in an hour, it will end in October."

"I turned her out and went on with my work. I glanced at my great-uncle, who was sleeping peacefully—not that I believed anything, mind."

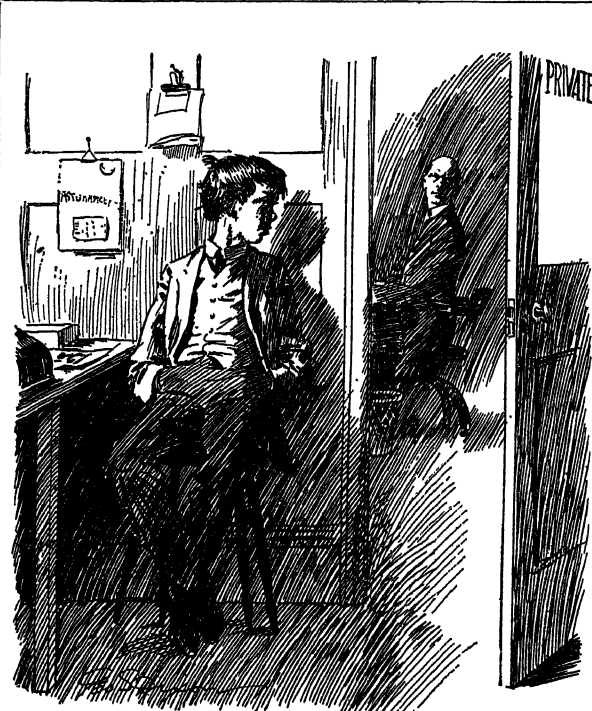
"No, no, I quite understand," cried Robinson.

"A minute later someone called to see me. I left the garden for about half an hour. When I came back I could not see my great-uncle. I thought he had gone in and went to pick up the paper he had left on the ground. To my infinite horror I found that in his sleep he had fallen into the fountain and had been drowned in barely two feet of water. You need

a gipsy's prophecy. Queer variants of the story began to spread. A friend in Cornwall wrote to me about the great-aunt of an intimate friend of his who fell on a mountain.

I almost began to believe that the War was certain to end in October myself. However, let me state that my considered opinion is that no mortality amongst my apocryphal relatives throws any light on the duration of the War.

Now if only our common friend WILHELM would fall on his head in a fountain!



Employer. "JOHN, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T WHISTLE AT YOUR WORK."

Boy. "I WASN'T WORKING, SIR; ONLY WHISTLING."

not believe this, Robinson. I do not expect you to. You had better not mention it to anybody else. I have just told you the tale."

With that I rose and left him, thinking that my last words would explain to Robinson that he had been fooled. Surely "I have just told you the tale" was enough to enlighten anyone out of an asylum.

The next day a man in the train told me a story about a gipsy and the great-uncle of an intimate friend of his. This great-uncle fell in a fountain and died in an hour. The next day I met, conversationally, another great-uncle who had taken the fatal plunge. The mortality amongst great-uncles became frightful. The fountains were choked with them. Everyone knew somebody else whose great-uncle's life had been summarily snuffed out to prove

"Mr. Asquith uses his car very little in town. He can be seen any evening strolling down to his Berkshire home for the week."

Provincial Paper.

Walker!

"Admiral Beatty . . . assumed, with absolutely good reason we are sure, that the German bottle-cruisers would refuse to be drawn."

World Wide (Montreal).

They had been so long corked-up in the Kiel Canal.

"He [the German Chancellor] declared that Germany had now officially abandoned Herr Pangermann's scheme for annexing Belgium and the northern provinces of France."

Fiji Times.

And now all the little PANGERMANNs are madder than ever.

An officer serving in the Balkans writes to say that he has just come across a Hungarian - English phrase - book which starts with the useful phrase, "My postilion has been struck by lightning."

"Three and a half tons of explosives were dropped with deshructive reshults."

South Wales Echo.

This sounds more like Irish than Welsh.

"Particles containing articles composed wholly or partly of celluloid must in future be well packed in strong wooden boxes, or else they will be refused by the Post Office."

Cambridge Daily News.

Particles generally do contain articles, don't they?

Tempora Mutantur.

"For nervous dyspepsia the Army is the best cure in the world, remarked Mr. D. Maclean, M.P., at the House of Commons Appeal Tribunal."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host, That he which hath no stomach to this fight, Let him depart."

Shakspeare—King Henry V., Act IV., Sc. 3.



Father. "DON'T KNOW THE FRENCH FOR CAT, AND YOU HAD A FRENCH NURSE FOR YEARS!"
 Hopeful. "BUT, DAD, WE HADN'T GOT A CAT WHEN ADELE WAS WITH US."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FRIEND THE READER, as Mr. KEBLE HOWARD is so fond of saying, if you were a K.C. and were interviewing a female client in your chambers and heard a knock at the outer door, what would you do? You would open the door and ask the visitor to take a seat for a moment while you finished your interview? Nonsense. You would do nothing of the sort. You would pursue the only natural and sensible course open to a hard-headed barrister. You would hide your client in the bedroom and stoutly deny that there was anyone there. Why? Use your intelligence. How otherwise could you create any situations and suspense? A pretty state the plot of *Forked Lightning* (*The Bodley Head*) would have been in if *Sir Hugh Brandreth, K.C.*, had not had the presence of mind to hide *Janet Grierson* when *Lady Milverdale* called at his chambers. It would have died squashily, like a punctured tyre. As it was, however, *Sir Hugh* did the right thing, and the story was enabled to reach full six-shilling book-length. In a long experience as a reviewer I think I have never come across a tale so irritatingly told. There is scarcely a page on which one does not stub one's mental toe on the intrusive person of Mr. HOWARD, as he pops up to thrust himself between the reader and the characters of the story. When it comes to describing *Sir Hugh's* chambers in London he shelves the story for four solid pages while he indulges in a bitter attack on some imaginary caviller who may possibly object to the bedroom having two doors. Surely no critic is going to be brutal enough to object to two doors in a story of this kind when the whole plot depends on it.

Do not be put off by the somewhat solid appearance of *The Slavs of the War-Zone* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). You will find it much lighter reading than it looks at first sight. Mr. W. F. BAILEY wields a facile and picturesque pen, and gives us an immense amount of information about the various peoples—Poles, Ruthenes, Czechs, Slovaks, Slovenes, Croats, Serbs and Bulgars—who make up the Slav population of the Dual Monarchy and the Balkan Peninsula, and who, to most of us, I am afraid, are at present little more than names. The author does not say so, but I fancy he must have been attracted to the Slavs by their likeness to the people of Western Ireland, with whom, in his capacity as an Irish Estates Commissioner, he is constantly brought into contact. In their shrewdness and simplicity, their religious devotion (a good deal flavoured with paganism), their capacity for suffering, and yet their generally easy-going outlook on life, they constantly recall "the finest peasantry in the world." There is very little about the War in these pages, though here and there the author heightens the effect of his vivid pictures of peace-time festivities in a Slav village by adding a little vignette of their altered condition when the war-storm burst upon them. If I have a fault to find with him it is that he sometimes lays on the colours from a too-opulent palette, and hardly gives us time to absorb one brilliant impression before dazzling us with another. But this drawback the reader can easily cure for himself by taking the book in small doses, and not trying (as the hurried reviewer must) to gallop through it at a single sitting.

Mr. STANLEY WASHBURN possesses the essential qualities that go to make the complete war-correspondent, and readers of *Victory in Defeat* (CONSTABLE) cannot fail to be

struck by the simplicity of his style and by the accuracy of his information. Never in this account of the great Russian retreat does he confuse "things seen" with "things heard"; in fact, he distinguishes sharply between events which he knows to be true because he took part in them, and those which he believes to be true because he was told about them on good authority. And the happy result of this is that his book is history, and good history at that. Mr. WASHBURN accompanied the Russian Armies as special correspondent of *The Times*, and his sympathies naturally are with the Russians, but being an American he is more detached in his attitude towards the Bosches than the majority of unneutral correspondents can hope to be. It is with the methods of the Bosch and not with his madness that Mr. WASHBURN is principally concerned. For many reasons *Victory in Defeat* deserves the most enthusiastic welcome, but when I have said that the title is justified by the facts put before us, I need not trouble to give any more of them. Nothing more inspiring to the Allies could have been written, for it proves beyond all manner of doubt that if the Russians could face the difficulties of last year without ever approaching breaking point they are simply and absolutely unbeatable. Above all, Mr. WASHBURN has written a fine and well-considered tribute to dauntless men, and after reading it we need wonder no longer at the speed with which the tables on the Eastern Front have been turned, however much we may marvel at the courage which made this turning possible.

C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON have written, in *The War Wedding* (METHUEN), a story that is at least very much up to date. It opens, strikingly, in a hospital at Brussels, where *Sir John Denin* is lying as a dangerously wounded prisoner. Soon the arrival of another English captive and a bundle of illustrated papers inform *Denin* that someone else's body has been recovered and buried as his, and that his wife—whom he suspects, on what seems to me very insufficient evidence, of not caring for him—has taken occasion by the hand and already married again. What ought *Enoch*—I mean *John*—to do? He himself answers the problem by escaping to America and writing a book about his rather peculiar position. Are you astonished to hear that it has a *succès fou*, and that among the thousands of letters from an enraptured public the author receives one from his widow, telling him that she has loved him all the time and was only tricked into her second nuptials? Of course you are not. I write thus flippantly about a tale that in real life would be tragic, because those clever WILLIAMSONS have (for once) wholly failed to convince me that they are dealing with realities. But they have made

an agreeable romance, which is quite worth the half-crown that is charged for it.

The author of *Children of the Desolate* (UNWIN) is too finely touched with compassion for the little ones who have no chance, to permit even the most superior critic to enlarge on the defects of her workmanship. It may just be worth while pointing out that the novel doesn't seem to be quite the form her zeal ought to choose. *Naomi*, the girl with the devilish temper, and the exceptional artistic talent, and the visions of the Madonna, and the big compassion for little children, and the rather crude flirtations and the futile and entirely inexplicable marriage is altogether

too chaotic a conception. It is not enough for C. M. MATHESON to take various conflicting, not to say contradictory, items of make-up and to say, "*Naomi* was just like that." It is her job to make us believe that she was. And that, I am bound to say, she didn't succeed in doing. But she did convince me that she had ideas and aspirations which do her credit, and skill enough to find some way of putting them into the common stock, if only she would be a little less exuberant and ambitious. I would counsel her in the friendliest way to avoid the artist of fiction as a heroine. She is usually the very devil . . . I should tell you that *Naomi*, after much suffering, cures her desolation by becoming foster-mother to some selected mites and making them immensely happy, and that she finds a nice second husband.

"The Deutschland is one of several submarine cargo-goats."
Egyptian Mail.

And not, as was supposed, an ordinary U.

"A party shot over the Hawks-worth and Burley Moors on Tuesday. They saw a grand lot of well-grown birds, but very wild. The bag was 0 brace of grouse and one snipe."
Yorkshire Post.

The sportsmen must have been a bit wild also.

From an official leaflet on "War Service for Country Women":—

"It may be that War work for you will be in minding the children next door or in taking them all to pick blackberries while their mother works in the hayfield."

Whitehall evidently expected an unusually late hay-harvest—or a very early crop of blackberries.

"The barometer in the shade in Bath went up to 80.3, compared with 80.7 in September, 1914."—*Bath and Wilts Chronicle.*

When the sun pours down from a brazen sky
And even the weather-glass mounts on stilts,
The printer need make no apology
If he simply gets into the bath and wilts.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MISS?"
"READING A NOVEL."
"BUT 'OW CAN YOU READ IN THE DARK?"
"OH, I ONLY READS WHEN THE SEARCHLIGHT COMES.
IT MAKES IT SO MUCH MORE EXCITIN'."

CHARIVARIA.

ROUMANIA'S entry into the War has had a slightly depressing effect upon the two baby chameleons at the Zoo. The little creatures complain that it is unfair to expect them to remember and reproduce the national colours of all the Allies at an age when in ordinary circumstances they would be applauded for performing quite simple feats.

The CROWN PRINCE has incurred the grave displeasure of the German Press for having built a house of English design, which, they assert, does not at all harmonise with Prussian traditions. Apparently it is not so much the design itself that they take exception to as the fact that one who has such unparalleled opportunities for occupying other people's houses should violate the best Prussian tradition by building one for himself.

The name "William," it is stated, is becoming increasingly unpopular in England, a large number of parents preferring to have their children christened simply "Bill." A clear case, it would seem, of failure to distinguish between cause and effect.

Protesting that they are their own mistresses when the day's work is done, young women farm-workers in Glamorgan have refused to exchange their dungarees for ordinary feminine dress in their spare time. It is felt, however, that this claim would be strengthened by their abandonment of a costume designed to give the impression that they are their own masters.

In one particular at least our women War-workers appear to emulate their men-folk in the field. Kent growers complain that they cannot get them on the hop.

The Danes have decided after all to keep their West Indian islands. The inhabitants, it appears, represented to the Danish Government that the task of deciding whether they were Democrats or Republicans constituted a burden to which they should not be undeservedly subjected.

The forthcoming publication of the "Allies' Fairy Tale Book" is announced. It will of course have passed through the hands of the Censor.

"Lawyers and rambling roses are the two most prominent features of

Harrogate at the moment," writes the Society snippetress of a weekly contemporary. "Roses and rambling lawyers" would have just imparted the delicate touch that distinguishes genius from the commonplace.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER recently acknowledged the receipt of £500 "conscience money" from Government contractors. It is by such exalted acts of self-sacrifice that the patriot is distinguished from the mere taxpayer.

There are, it is reported, eighty thousand armed Germans in Brazil.



SCARCITY IN GLUTTONGOOLA.
CHAGRIN OF SOUTH SEA HUN WHO HAS LOST
HIS MISSIONARY-TICKET.

No doubt their plans for the conquest, by peaceful penetration, of the Central European principalities have already been completed.

In the German municipality of Schnettorf food is now being distributed by lottery, and several consistent winners are complaining bitterly of the inadequacy of the prizes.

Commercial Candour.

From a Cinema advertisement:—

"AS IN A LOOKING GLASS"

IN THREE PARTS.

A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF LIFE.

Have you ever found yourself going mad?

SEE THIS FILM AND LEARN."

British Guiana Paper.

THE PERILS OF KINDNESS.

It was Lilian who first suggested that our little circle should entertain a party of wounded soldiers, and, as we would willingly have given her the credit for a successful outing, she must also take the blame for what happened. I admit that she worked indefatigably to ensure that everything should go off without a hitch. She found a hospital which had apparently been overlooked, and where the wounded did not get many parties, and she saw to it that everybody had his full share of all the good things which we had provided. If she showed any favouritism at all it was to one of our visitors, who, from the moment that we sat down at the table, showed that he intended to enjoy himself thoroughly. Food vanished before him. Though the exact statistics are not available, a modest estimate puts it that he consumed three plates of beef and ham and a plentiful supply of salad. When we came to the sweets he showed a special liking for our home-made trifle, though he did not allow the jelly to pass without notice. Then there were cakes and sweets, which he also sampled, and copious draughts of lemonade to give the finishing touches. Lilian asked him at the end of the meal whether he had really enjoyed it. "It's been the best spread I have had for years," he replied feelingly, but there was a twinkle in his eye as he added, "but I am afraid that Nurse won't like it." "Nonsense," said Lilian. "She will be only too pleased that you have had such an enjoyable day." "Don't you be too sure," came the crushing retort; "you see I am on milk diet."

And now that the committee which organised the entertainment have passed a resolution that Lilian shall call at the hospital and make inquiries as to our friend's condition, she declines to act upon it, with some stupid remark about our action being *ultra vires*. To be on the safe side in future we have decided to cross-examine every soldier before he sits down at table.

"At a special meeting of the Skegness Urban District Council the following resolution was carried:—That on this second anniversary of the declaration of a righteous war this meeting of members of the Skegness Urban District Council records its inflexible determination to continue to a victorious end the struggle in maintenance of those ideals of liberty and justice which are the common and sacred cause of the Allies."

Lincolnshire Standard.

Skegness is, as usual, "so bracing."

THE PROFITEERS.

"Go away, Uncle James; we're wicked."

"Two of a crowd," I murmured politely as I slid into the one comfortable chair the nursery possesses and regarded the two white-muslin backs of my small nieces, each stationed in a separate corner of the room.

There was complete silence. Both children were evidently overwhelmed with the idea of doing time.

"And what were you," I hazarded, "before you fell to this?"

A heavy sigh escaped from Lillah in the N.E. corner.

"We were a Food Ring," she said.

"And now we aren't to talk till tea-time," said Phyllis from the N.W.

It seemed to me that, for a Food Ring, they had escaped lightly.

"And we aren't to have any cake," added Lillah.

"Nor sweets," said Phyllis with the suspicion of a groan.

The Food Ring was indeed broken.

"This is nothing short of disaster," I said. "Tell me . . ."

But Lillah cut in.

"We aren't to talk," she said sternly, determined, like so many of her sex, to be a martyr.

"In that case," I said, rising "it doesn't seem much use my staying, though I should have liked to hear how they broke the Food Ring."

There was no sound. I went to the door.

"Perhaps," said Phyllis a little hesitatingly—"perhaps Uncle James could be the man who pulls people out."

A new rôle. I turned.

"Where lots of people sign things," added Lillah from her corner—"perhaps Uncle James might be."

An uncle that knows his job has got to be a smart man. But I've been at it for some years now. I realized that I was the Home Secretary.

"You are pardoned," I said, with a wave of the arm.

I felt the lust of power. "But on one condition," I added, "that I hear the whole history of your crime."

Lillah bore softly down from the North-East. She stood listening at the door.

"Is Nannie still doing the washing?" said Phyllis from her corner.

Lillah nodded. I realized I wasn't such a power in the land after all. That is the worst of not being a permanent official—like Nurse.

Both children bore down upon me like Sioux on the trail.

"Tell us," said Lillah, "about Food Rings."

"But I thought you were going to tell me?"

"Ours went wrong," said Phyllis.

"We heard Daddy reading about it," said Lillah; "but he put in bits of his own, and Mummie told him not to, and it muddled us."

"When you have told me about your Ring I will expound the whole thing to you," I said.

"We took," said Lillah slowly, "all the lumpy sugar."

"Because there wasn't much," added Phyllis.

"Your first business principles are quite sound," I said.

"And we hid it in . . ."

"Don't tell Uncle James where!" broke in Lillah excitedly.

"No, that would be a mistake," I said gravely.

"Then they wanted it for the drawing-room and there wasn't any."

"Supply unequal to the demand," I murmured.

"And they hunted and hunted and then Lillah said we'd got it, and they could have it if they gave us two bits of drawing-room cake."

"Consequent rise in price," I said. "This is all sound economics."

"But they didn't," said Lillah.

"Didn't what?" I said.

"Give us the cake," answered Phyllis.

"Even the consumer finally jibs," I said. "Well?"

"So we just didn't do anything."

"Oh," I said.

"And they didn't have any," said Lillah.

"Disciplining the public. What would Lord Northcliffe say? Well?"

"Then," said Phyllis, "when the visitors had gone Mummie came upstairs."

"Ah," I said, "the Government makes a move at last."

"I wish," said Lillah, "Uncle James wouldn't be so grand when we're telling him."

"I'm sorry," I said. "What did Mummie do?"

"She laughed."

"That's quite true to Westminster, also. I'm sorry I'm being grand again—it's a sort of disease with grown-ups, Lillah; I'll fight against it."

"And she said," added Phyllis, "that it was Daddy's fault for putting ideas into us . . . and she gave us a chocolate."

"You desperate profiteers," I cried. There was a long silence.

"Well," I said, "I can see there is nothing I can teach you about food-rings; but why—?" I indicated the recently-evacuated corners.

"You see," said Phyllis slowly, "that's where it began to be all wrong."

"When we'd had the chocolate Mummie said we must give back the sugar," said Lillah.

"Well?" I asked. "That sounds just; you'd made your bit."

"Well, we couldn't," said Phyllis.

"You see," murmured Lillah, pulling at my watch-chain, "we'd eat it."

"Ah," I said, "that was what broke the Food Ring?"

She nodded.

"An' now," said Phyllis, "no cake or sweets. . . ."

At that moment Nurse came in. I explained.

"Very well, Mr. James," said she with a sigh, "if you gave them leave. They'd both be in bed this minute if I had my way, but their mother . . ."

"Ah, Nurse," I said as I rose, "it's always the way when one tries to deal with these scandals; there's a power even above that of a permanent official. Vested interest, you know."

She looked at me blankly.

"H'm," she said, with a glance at the children, "I call it silly foolishness."

She is a wise woman, is Nurse, but seriously handicapped.

THE OLD WOMAN'S WAR-WORK.

I'd write a poem if I could,
Would dry your eyes of tears;
I'd launch a flashing word which
should

Be heard adown the years;
I'd hold the KAISER up to shame
Until he lost his crown;
I'd weave a laurel wreath of fame
Would ne'er go sere and brown:
And so I take my pencil up and
lay my knitting down.

Alas! your tears will not be stayed
By little words in rhyme;
My puny thoughts are all afraid
To trust themselves to Time;
I think perhaps the KAISER too
Would scarcely heed my frown,
And some might say my claims are
few

To weave the laurel crown:
And so I take my knitting up and
lay my pencil down.

I'll shape the toe and turn the heel,
And vary ribs and plains,
And hope some soldier-man may feel
The warmer for my pains;
I'll fashion mitten, sock and glove
In navy-blue and brown,
And finish with a touch of love
May call a blessing down:
When I shall take my knitting up
and lay my pencil down.



THE SWEEPERS OF THE SEA.

MR. PUNCH. "RISKY WORK, ISN'T IT?"

TRAWLER SKIPPER. "THAT'S WHY THERE'S A HUNDRED THOUSAND OF US DOING IT."

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

OUR original intention had been to take no holiday. Not that either of us, making munitions, respected the wishes of Lord DERBY or whoever it is whose appeals for a postponement of the holidays usually have advertisements of seaside resorts next them on the hoardings. It simply was that money was tight and we felt that we should and could do without our ordinary month away from London. The little margin (and how little it is!) which we usually manage to save for this purpose had been so completely removed by what I am wont humorously to refer to as "McKennacal devices" that our self-denial was more necessity than virtue. The next thing was to make the best of it.

"And why not London in August?" I asked. "Personally I like London when there's no one in it. I like the empty streets and the closed roadways. I like the hot nights. I like long rides on the tops of 'buses to strange places."

On my wife here pointing out that she was hardly active or robust enough for that, I became lyrical about Kensington Gardens. "Finer," I said, "than many a nobleman's park, and particularly the park at Tilworth," I added, for that is where we should have taken a furnished house this year. "Far finer. 'How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!'" I quoted.

"And then," I said, "if we stay in town and are bored we can go to a theatre now and again, which we never could at Tilworth."

"Have we ever yet been bored in the evening during our country months?" she asked.

I admitted that we had not. But we might be. Everything is different now.

"And if it rains—as it seems likely to do for ever," I went on (this was in June), "how much more comfortable is London!"

And so on.

Anyway it was settled that we could not go away, and we gradually became reconciled to the sacrifice.

And then in the dead of one dark night a strange thing happened. Thieves entered the house, made themselves comfortable with my spirits and cigarettes, and left at their leisure, carrying with them all the silver they could find.

I rang up the police. Discreet and massive men arrived and examined the room, the tandalus, the window-sill, the garden and the servants. They took my name and everyone else's name in the house and set all down in a pocket-book. Then, remarking that they had not much hope of ever tracking the parties, they marched away.

It was old family silver and not bad of its kind, and we were distressed to lose it. It had been in my possession for more years than I care to record. Being, however, insured against burglary, we should, even if we did not get the silver back, receive compensation. I sat down and wrote to the company—not without a certain satisfaction,



Wifey (reading hubby's letter from the Front). "I WISH I WERE WITH YOU IN THE QUIET OLD HOME; THE ROW OUT HERE IS AWFUL!"

for though I have always been insured against most things—fire, accidents, burglars, death, and, latterly, against Count ZEPPELIN'S merry little visitors—this was the first time I had ever made a claim.

For a few days nothing happened.

Then two things happened. First the police again called and said they had no clue, and despaired of any; and then I received a visitor from the insurance company—a charming man—who expressed the deepest concern at our loss, asked a few questions about the silver, and suggested a sum in recompense which startled me by its generosity. I accepted it with, I hope, not too much alacrity beaming through my diplomatic composure, and he took his leave.

It was on my way upstairs to tell my wife that the great idea came to me. She had not been too well, I

reflected. She was evidently not flourishing in London this July. The weather, though still bad, would doubtless mend. What, after all, at our time of life was silver? Good electro-plate was the thing. London in August was no great catch; the days were often heavy and dusty; the nights unbearably close. The roads were up. Kensington Gardens were parched and overcrowded by noisy children. How much better to accept this money so providentially sent to us and take the house at Tilworth (which I happened to know was still available) and so lay up a store of health for the winter? Silver, indeed! Fingers were made before forks. We might get a few new

pieces, of course, for guests, but for ourselves plate would do admirably. When the ravens suddenly appear, covered with biscuits, should one refuse?

At this point I entered my wife's room.

There is no need to describe the course of our debate. The upshot was that we secured the house and made our preparations to leave London early in August, a horrid time in a great city. Thus a week passed, during which the weather, as you will remember, completely reformed its character, and we were full of delighted anticipations of our villégiatura.

And then, one morning, two more things happened. The first post brought me the insurance company's cheque, and even as, after breakfast, I was signing the receipt, the police again arrived to say that not only had the burglars been caught but all the silver was intact.

"Do not Shoot the Pianist . . ."

Notice in a French provincial Theatre:—

"DES ARTISTES AYANT ÉTÉ BLESSÉS LE PUBLIC EST PRIÉ DE NE RIEN JETER SUR LA SCÈNE."

Referring to a paragraph which appeared in our issue of August 23rd, a correspondent writes:—

"Your Sicilian laundryman, I fear, is a German! 'Headkiss' is the literal translation of *Kopf kissen* (pillow)."

"WANTED AT ONCE—TWO WAITERS (musicians preferred); 1 dish-washer, 1 second lady cook; state wages and instrument played."

Saskatoon *Phoenix*.

We don't know about the waiters, but dishwashers generally play the mischief with the crockery.



Mother of three. "THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAID TO MY HUBBY. WE MUST TAKE A HOLIDAY, FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE."

TEA-TABLE TATTLE.

(With humble acknowledgments to "The Star.")

THE other day I was admiring the extraordinary lustre of the boots worn by Sir "Tabbie" Dashforth, and by a stroke of great good luck I was fortunate enough to elicit the secret from his valet by the judicious gift of a choice cigar. It appears that Sir "Tabbie" has his boots blacked at intervals throughout the day, and always with a new brush and a new bottle of blacking. While his boots are being blacked Sir "Tabbie" always has a bath, for he is a great believer in frequent washing—that is, every couple of hours. A special feature of his baths is the admixture of an infusion of eucalyptus leaves, lycopodium and salsify. This is quite easy to make. The ingredients are put into a silver jug, hot milk is poured over them, and the resultant succedaneum is then whipped smartly into a cream and poured into the bath.

The complexion of the children of Lady Loofah Pulborough has always struck me with admiration. Such a ruddy glow as they always present seemed to me almost too good to be true, until I met a lady whose second cousin actually witnessed the operation which is responsible for this

phenomenon. Three times a day the children's faces are scrubbed with a strigil, accurately copied from an antique Roman model discovered at Pompeii by Lady Loofah's father, the Earl of Sopington. After being scrubbed for half an hour the children's faces are anointed with an unguent compounded of the best salad oil, Brazilian nut-butter and guava jelly. Then the strigil is applied for another ten minutes, and the treatment is complete.

The Cheshire-Cattleys have always been renowned for the expansiveness of their smile, and Miss Lalage Cheshire-Cattley, one of the prettiest of this year's *débutantes*, shows the family characteristic to its full extent in the snapshot taken of her while playing tennis with the King of Madagascar, for the benefit of the Serbian relief fund. Yet, strange to say, her smile, radiant as it is, is an acquired and not an inherited charm. It is only by the persistent use of facial gymnastics that she has developed it to its present perfection. I heard only the other day of the rigorous methods by which the desired result was obtained—viz., the use four times a day of a mouth-stretcher, the invention of an Argentine beauty-doctor. A more striking example of the application of the maxim *noblesse oblige* it would be difficult to find.

Another Impending Apology.

"There is no need to recapitulate the good work done by Mr. — at — for the past six years. The ruinous condition of the fabric of the Church and the low ebb of Church life are well known throughout the district."

Provincial Paper.

From an article entitled "The Black Career of the Austrian Emperor":—

"It is not merely known, it is notorious, that he lived the life of an unbridled libertine."—*Kelso Mail.*

This accounts, perhaps, for his objection to GREY.

"INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT

Two Reports. By L. S. WOOLF. Prepared for the Fabian Research Department. Together with a Project by a Fabian Committee for a Supernatural Authority that will Prevent War."—*Advt. in "The Nation."*

It is believed that Mr. BERNARD SHAW, if properly approached by his brother-Fabians, would be willing to act.

Two extracts from a story in *Nash's Magazine*:—

"She . . . was lost among the rest of the dancers in the arms of Claud Hayes."

Claud seems to have been what you might call an all-embracing chap.

"It was a heavy and apprehensive heart that the girl hooked up inside her ball gown." The process sounds painful, but she had to do something to keep her heart out of her mouth.

SCENES FROM AN OUT FORT.

INCLUDING THE HUMOURS OF
TERENCE O'LEARY.

I.

HOW TERENCE O'LEARY WON HIS
STRIPE.

WHEN a far-seeing Providence despatched Gunner Terence O'Leary to Fort Mornington in the — Sea, its commanding officer, Major Tusher, R.A., was in no mood for trifling.

Rabbit-warrens were all very well for rabbits, Sergeant Elihu Gonville had been heard passionately to declare that morning before he burst into hot weeping over the fact that he had been compelled to salute Lieutenant Tipping sixteen times in the course of one short hour's work about the Fort. The Major being called in to advise had attempted to stiffen the backbone of Elihu Gonville. "Come, come, Sergeant—men must work and women must weep, you know."

"I have no women here to do the weeping," returned the Sergeant hysterically. "If there was they'd weep fast enough at being shut up in an ants' nest. I call this life potterin'—simply potterin', Sir."

Clearly the Major had drifted behind the times. The antique quotation had long ago lost any sense that it might once have had for him.

And Major Tusher withdrew to contemplate with some dismay the fact that unless some strong-minded person with a leaning towards the humorous side of existence should intervene, Fort Mornington would become a network of nerves. He was therefore seriously annoyed when young Warberry slunk sideways into the mess-room to avoid Corporal Jobbett, whose salute he had already returned forty-five times between reveillé and one o'clock.

"Don't tell me that this dashed nervy business is catching," cried Major Tusher irritably. "Can't you pretend you don't see the men? I look at the sky a good deal in my own walks."

"I wish something would happen," said Warberry despondently. "A good fight would be better than nothing. I should like to see someone's nose bleed—not a senior officer's, of course, Sir," he hastened to add, as Major Tusher looked up with a brow of thunder.

At this point, mercifully for young Warberry, the telephone bell began to be insistent, and the C.O. attached himself passionately to the receiver.

"Yes, yes; is that the Headquarter Office? I can't hear what you say—is that the Adjutant?"

Thin as a thread, elusive as a voice heard in a dream, came the reply, and Major Tusher spoke again.

"Yes, yes, this is Fort Mornington: sending me a man by the ration boat this morning, are you? Gunner Terence O'Leary. Rather a difficulty on shore? What sort of a difficulty is he? We have plenty of them here just at present. Oh, unconscious humourist, is he? Rather too funny for shore life? Mess waiter too and apt to do conjuring tricks with the wine-glasses? H'm—why don't you send him to France? Lost his trigger finger and one eye in the trenches already, has he? Well, if a man can be humorous after that it must be a complaint, and perhaps Fort Mornington will do him good. Yes, we do take our position very seriously out here. Oh, you thought so, did you?"

The C.O. added "Good morning" and rang off before relieving his feelings on the subject of the Headquarter Office; then he returned to finish his breakfast.

"The new mess waiter is called Terence O'Leary," he said casually. "You can make what you like of him, Tipping; I believe you are mess secretary."

"Perhaps he is an Irishman," said Tipping.

"With a name like that, I expect he is a Hindu," returned Major Tusher.

"Is that the Sergeant-Major singing again?"

"Says there is nothing else to do, Sir," said Warberry. "I've asked him to try comic opera, but he says his mind revolts at the thought of comedy. He was a revival preacher before he rejoined, Sir."

"It strikes me," said Tipping, after a moment's enforced attention to a mission hymn sung at the top of a voice that had lost its first freshness, "that we're all better adapted for situations that we're not at present occupying. Now, I——"

"I think," said the C.O. frostily, "that it is time for parade. If I have to warn you again about your tardy habits——" But Tipping had withdrawn, and Major Tusher found himself gazing for audience at an empty jam-pot.

When Gunner Terence O'Leary left the ration boat and mounted the slippery sea-washed steps of Fort Mornington, it was evident that he was making a violent effort to prevent another young man who had left the vessel at the same instant from assuming his own right of entry. The situation presented to the awe-stricken gaze of the little garrison showed the unequal struggle of mind against matter, for the head of the young man, whose black hair and foreign power of invective suggested alien birth, was under O'Leary's arm, and his body was being slowly but surely pressed back into the ration boat with irresistible force.

"'Tis a strange thing, Sergeant," said Gunner O'Leary cheerfully to an investigating N.C.O., "that an unsuspecting Government will be afther sendin' aliens out to important forts like this one! The young fellow come on board wid me, Sergeant, that was the way of it, and may the blessed Saints preserve us, but he had the excuse of a letter for one of the officers! Don't you be having nothin' to do with him, Sergeant, for he has a bomb hid in the pocket of his trousers, it's myself that saw the same. An important fort like this can't be too careful over a man that says his name is Fritz Kahn."

"I never said such a thing," gasped Mr. Ferdinand Cohen feebly, but the words were choked back into his throat.

"You've too much tongue on you, Gunner O'Leary," said the Sergeant sternly. "A nice thing to come aboard this fort struggling with another lunatic."

Terence O'Leary sat down on the steps of Fort Mornington, and the alien was compelled to sit down with him, while the crew of the ration boat unloaded boxes of groceries and loaves of bread with amazing swiftness and with one eye on events.

"I want the Commanding Officer; I must see Major Tusher," gasped Mr. Ferdinand Cohen; and Major Tusher, attracted by the noise, came out to investigate.

The sight of a gunner with one eye engaged in a struggle upon the sacred steps of Fort Mornington roused his worst passions, until a closer glance at the man in civilian clothes sent him back into safety like a tortoise into his shell.

"Sergeant-Major," he said sternly from behind the platform of the anti-aircraft gun, "no strangers are admitted into this fort."

"Very good, Sir," said the Sergeant-Major with the dawning protoplasm of a smile. And, the tug steaming off at that moment with unexpected suddenness, Mr. Ferdinand Cohen and his blue paper became part of a tangled heap of profanity and empty biscuit boxes at the bottom of the ration boat.

Later, Gunner O'Leary faced Major Tusher in his little C.O.'s quarters at the top of the fort, and stood to attention with extreme propriety.

"I—er—I consider your treatment of a suspicious alien as remarkably intelligent, O'Leary," said Major Tusher pompously.

"Beg pardon, Sorr. I have seen them sort of aliens before," said Terence O'Leary. "In Ireland we call 'em bumbailiffs. I was odd man to Captain Mike O'Sullivan at Tipperary, Sorr—God rest his soul for a gallant gentle-



Excited Musician (who, on leaving barber's, finds that his hat has been taken). "LOOK WHAT THE DIRTY THIEF HAS LEFT ME! LOOK AT THE LITTLE, TINY, MISERABLE SCRAP OF A THING! MUST I BUY A NEW HAT IN WAR-TIME?"

Barber (who has been instructed not to be too drastic). "WELL, SIR, WHY NOT TRY ANOTHER HAIR-CUT?"

man as had not a penny to his name!—and they was a daily nuisance there, Sorr; but devil a wan of 'em got to him; and now he's gone where there's no bills and no want of ready money, Sorr. It was the way I lost my eye carryin' him out av them trenches in Flanders, Sorr, when the dirthy bullets got him."

Major Tusher waved a hand that held an ostentatious cheque-book. There was no glossing over of matters where O'Leary was concerned, and he said majestically:—

"It was a small account that had escaped my notice. I shall suspend all dealings with that firm for the future. Go and report yourself to the mess secretary and tell him that you are to take over from Gunner Jackson immediately."

"Am I to be head of the pantry, Sorr?" said O'Leary, hesitating on the threshold.

"You are head of everything," said Major Tusher, waving an irritable hand, "I appoint you acting mess bombardier."

And this is how Terence O'Leary won his first stripe.

(To be continued.)

THE PAINS OF PATRIOTISM.

[*"Pretty young girl-conductors are quickly developing double chins. It is the chin-strap that does it."*—*Daily Paper.*]

Priscilla is busy with war-work,
Conducting a 'bus up the Strand;
In peace-time she used to abhor work,
But now she declares it is grand;
And yet though she sticks to her mission
Of manfully doing her bit,
A horrible haunting suspicion
Pursues her, to wit:

The chin-strap she wears when on duty
Is causing her chin to increase
In a way that is fatal to beauty—
Priscilla is praying for Peace!
So now when I happen to meet her
Ensconced on her 'bus, in the din
Of the traffic, I cheerily greet her
With . . . "DOUBLE CHIN-CHIN!"

In referring to the unveiling of Lord ROBERTS' statue at Glasgow, *The Graphic* remarked that the monument is "a replica of the one in the Marden, Calwell." It might have added that there is another on the Maidan, Calcutta.

A Good Beginning.

"Roumania has exchanged her first scots with the Austrian frontier guards."
Yorkshire Post.

Roumania thus comes into line with Russia, who got rid of hers at the very outset of the War.

"The pathway requires thoroughly overhauling. It is made of hard thick shooting boots."
The Englishman (Calcutta).

The nearest the authorities could get, we suppose, to cobble-stones.

"WANTED, WAR WORK by London firm, 4½ in. centre s.s. lathes and sensitive drilling machines."
Daily Chronicle.

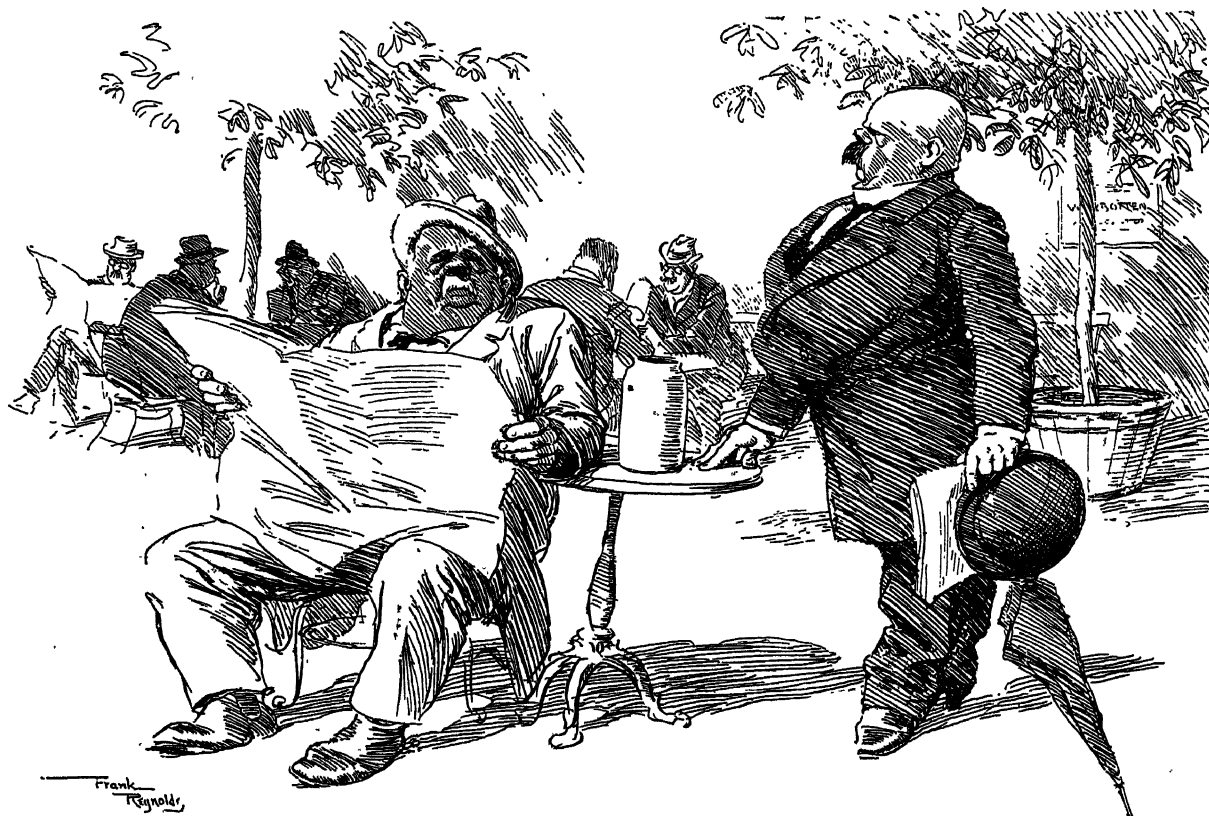
Is this the latest euphemism for the conscientious objector?

"TIVOLIO HSLING"

The operations of the last 24 hours have been confined to minor enterprises and local bombing attacks."
Newcastle Evening Mail.

Little things we can do on our head.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH (writes 'O.O.'),—I hope you will allow me to be the thousandth man who writes to you to rejoice that Roumania has finally decided to Take Jonescu."



BERLIN OFFICIAL.

"GOOD NEWS AGAIN THIS MORNING."

"ACH! I GROW WEARY OF GOOD NEWS."

"COME, COME, MY FRIEND, WE MUST BE PATIENT AND BEAR OUR SUCCESSES BRAVELY."

UBIQUE.

Who, when reveillé's hateful blare
Unknits my "ravelled sleeve of care,"
Growls at me like a wounded bear?
The Sergeant!

And when at "Full knees bend" I
strain,
And "Upward stretch," who mocks my
pain
And makes me do the thing again?
The Sergeant!

Who bays behind my shrinking shanks
And bellows at me from the flanks
When I am talking in the ranks?
The Sergeant!

Who as I flog my lonely beat
Beseeches me to "lift those feet"
And calls me names I can't repeat?
The Sergeant!

Who sees that all my buttons shine,
That I preserve a rigid spine
And go to bed at half-past nine?
The Sergeant!

Who watches while I clean the swill,
Parades me when I need a pill
And takes my name for extra drill?
The Sergeant!

And when the pearly gates I spy
And try to pass the sentry by,
Who'll shout, "Quick march! Lef' ri',
lef' ri'?"

The Sergeant!

The Rising Generation.

"Boy Wanted, over 4; one leaving school
would do.—Apply C—, Draper, City Road,
Cardiff."—*Provincial Paper.*

"LADY-NURSE Wanted for boy two and girl
five, latter as Daily-Governess."
Morning Paper.

Professional Candour.

"Music, Piano, Harp, Violin Taught,
moderately, at student's residence."
Irish Paper.

"War-time is not a good season for artists.
The brazen helm of Mars takes all the shine
out of Apollo's palette."—*Evening Paper.*
And silences APOLLO'S lyre.

"As to the horrible nature of the thing,"
said the coroner, "one cannot say much."
We thank *The Globe* for teaching us
that word.

"EXPERIENCED WOMAN, to wash specials."
Manchester Evening News.

With the assistance, we presume, of an
ordinary copper.

TO A DADDY-LONG-LEGS.

WHAT a horrible creature you are,
daddy,
Your legs are so crooked and long,
You hover around, without any sound;
Your anatomy somehow looks wrong,
So angular, skinny and long.

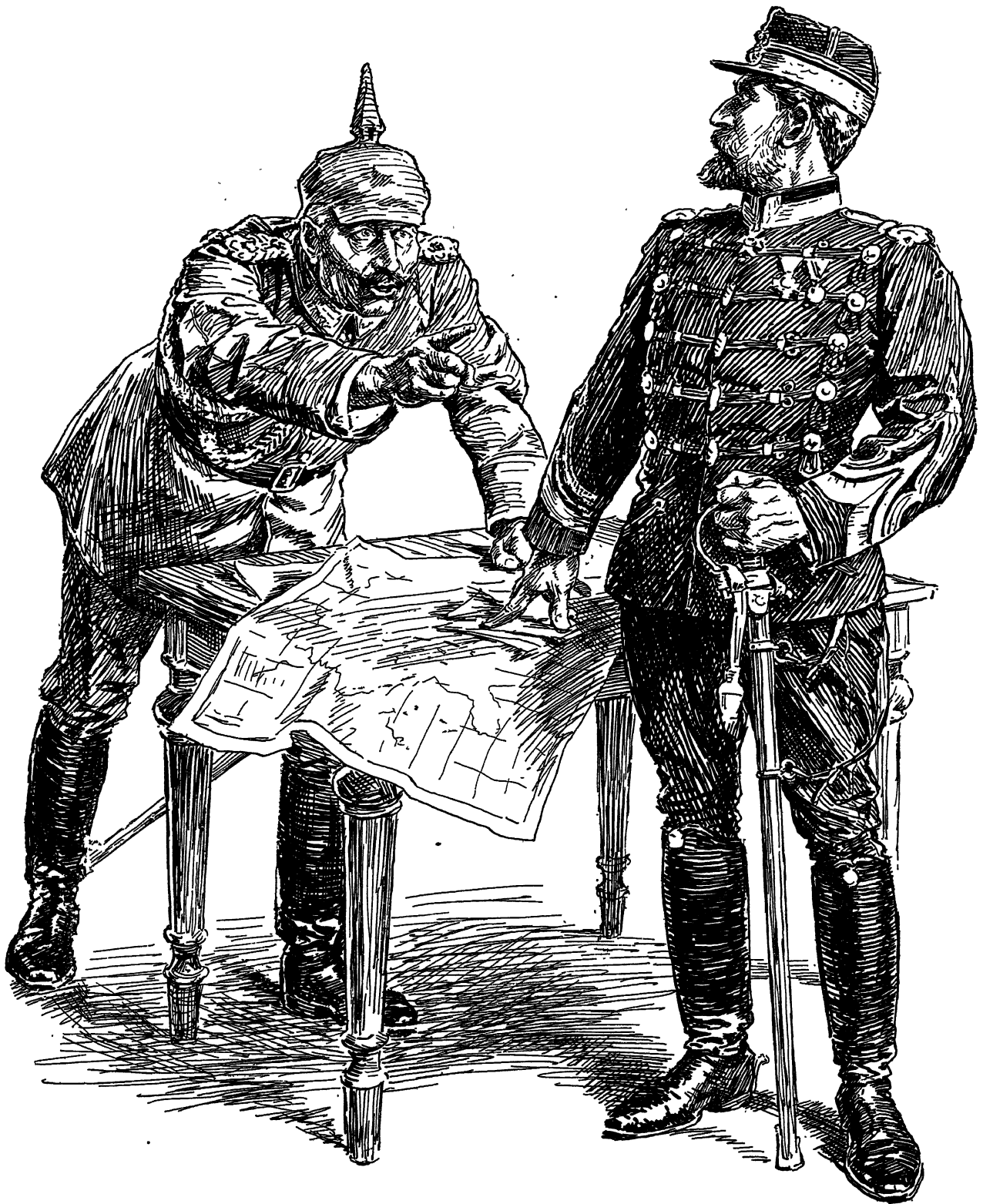
A mischievous devil you are, daddy,
Hatching your kids in the lawn.
They eat up the roots and wither the
shoots;
You ought to be quartered and drawn!
You ruin my beautiful lawn.

You're an uncanny hexapod too, daddy,
When the splendour of evening
falls.
You frighten my wife half out of her
life
As you skiddle along the walls,
When the gold of the afterglow falls.

Now, thanks to a popular poster,
I hope we shall see you no more.
With a scornful grimace, I shall say to
your face

"WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR,
DADDY?"

What did you do in the War?"
Then surely we'll see you no more!



THE TWO FORCES.

KAISER. "SO YOU TOO ARE AGAINST ME! REMEMBER, HINDENBURG FIGHTS ON MY SIDE."

KING OF ROUMANIA. "YES, BUT FREEDOM AND JUSTICE FIGHT ON MINE."

AT THE PLAY.

"HIGH-JINKS."

I do not know to which of the numerous authors and composers of the musical comedy now running (and likely to run till Christmas) at the Adelphi Theatre is due the root-idea, but anyhow I take my hat off to him. The love-philtre has often done duty



MR. W. H. BERRY IN "HIGH JINKS."

as a basis for comedy—even GILBERT did not disdain to invoke its aid in *The Sorcerer*—but it required to be carefully administered even to the persons of the drama, and it had no effect upon the audience. *High-Jinks*, the marvellous perfume that Dick Mayne, explorer, discovered somewhere in the mystic East, requires no elaborate administration, yet exerts a far more potent influence. He simply pours a few drops upon a handkerchief, and flirts it round the stage; and immediately everyone within range becomes subject to its joyous spell. As the orchestra on these occasions simultaneously breaks into a peculiarly attractive and haunting melody the audience, too, catches the infection, and in a moment everyone behind the footlights is dancing, and everyone in front of them laughing.

That is the simple secret of *High-Jinks*' success. Whenever the plot has got itself into an apparently inextricable tangle, or the stream of humour is running a trifle thin, out comes the handkerchief, "ting-a-ling" goes the orchestra, and all difficulties are removed, all banalities forgotten. Not that there is much that wants forgetting. Mr. W. H. BERRY as Dr. Wilkie Bard, the American quack who through the influence of *High-Jinks* finds himself

the embarrassed possessor of two wives in addition to his *legitime*, keeps the fun going with SEYMOUR HICKS-like vivacity. Excellent, too, is Mr. W. H. RAWLINS, as the American lumber-king in search of a long-lost wife. In bulk and manner he reminded me greatly of the late W. J. HILL, until under the spell of the perfume he turned a couple of elephantine cart-wheels—a feat Mr. HILL, I am sure, could never have performed. As the runaway wife Miss MAISIE GAY sang and acted with much spirit—she has a capital song. "My Old Jim," reminiscent of BRET HARTE—though she was, perhaps, a little inclined to underline the humour of her part. As the real Mrs. Wilkie Miss MARIE BLANCHE had little to do, but did that little well; while as one of the pseudo-wives Miss NELLIE TAYLOR made the most of an unusually good singing-voice, and Mdlle. JEANNE ST. BONNET as the other acted and sang with great gusto; her French-English ditty, "When Tommy sang the *Marseillaise*," being one of the best of many attractive numbers. A word of praise is due, too, to Mr. ANDRÉ RANDALL as a fire-eating Spaniard, and to Mr. TOM WALLS as a gouty but amorous soldier. When I add that the scene is laid in Paris and "Beauville"—before the War, of course—and that the chorus is composed of ineligible gentlemen and extremely eligible ladies, who seem to enjoy themselves as much as the audience does, I think I have said enough to indicate that I too am under the influence of *High-Jinks*. L.

"CHU CHIN CHOW."

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE's operetta-pantomime, a variation on a theme from the *Arabian Nights*, is an excellent piece of work. Unreserved praise is due to the stage decoration. Mr. ASCHE is no mere pilferer of other people's ideas. He has always been a bold experimenter with colour, as for instance in his *Taming of the Shrew* more than a decade ago, before we had been taught by the Russians and the rebellious painters of the new schools how to use that excellent gift of the gods to light up our national drab monotonies.

The unabashedly tuneful, pleasantly unsophisticated music of Mr. FREDERICK NORTON makes an agreeable undercurrent. It is Occidental in the frankest possible way (without, on the other hand, being transatlantic and boisterously syncopated). It is a way much

to be preferred to the striving after pseudo-Asiatic effects (with tiresome iteration of clashing cymbals and belaboured tom-toms) of the conscientious and self-conscious local colourist. It is in fact no more than modest operetta music of a more or less old-fashioned school, and sufficiently entertaining at that.

But *Chu Chin Chow* is primarily a spectacle—a splendid spectacle. If one detects a certain crudity, the effect, one would judge, of over lighting, and registers a conviction that the whole would be even more beautiful seen through a gossamer veil to give it an atmosphere which it lacks—well, that is hypercriticism. Nothing could well have excelled the opening scene, a harmony of azure, gold, black and greys; or the cave scene with its flashing tumbled treasure; or those two notable exteriors, the slave-market and the orchard of the forty oil-jars. These and the brilliant miniatures set in the centre of the black curtain—the serenade, the cave-mouth, the silk-stall and the harem—remain with astonishing vividness in the memory. The whole is in



A FROWNING COMPETITION BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. OSCAR ASCHE.

key. There is courage and imagination throughout, and I fancy that Mr. ASCHE himself can claim a share of the credit for the decoration which the programme attributes to that capable stage-craftsman, Mr. PERCY ANDERSON.

Mr. ASCHE's version of the good old tale runs as follows. *Kasim Baba* (Mr. FRANK COCHRANE), a rich, lean, mean merchant, has a plump and none too faithful wife, *Alcolom* (Miss AILEEN d'ORME). *Ali*, his brother, a well-nourished, pleasantly disreputable toper, is



WAR, THE LEVELLER.

Emily Sparrow (who voluntarily does the washing-up at our soldiers' canteen each evening from 8 to 12). "NAH, THEN, LADY MONTGUMBERY-WILBERFORCE, 'URRY UP WITH THEM PLATES!"

mated with the thin, shrewish and, to his thinking, altogether too faithful *Mahbubah* (Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER in her best fantastic vein). There is much (too much, a good imperialist may think) irreverent invocation of Allah to remedy this unsymmetrical arrangement. *Ali's* son (Mr. J. V. BRYANT) is wooing one of *Kasim's* slaves, *Marganah* (Miss VIOLET ESSEX). *Zahrat Al-Kulub* (Miss LILY BRAYTON) another of his slaves, with a serious private grudge against *Chu Chin Chow*, alleged Chinese merchant, in fact *Abu Hasan* (Mr. OSCAR ASCHE), "shayk" of our old friends the Forty Thieves, is the instrument of destiny in eliminating the robbers and their chief, in bringing the young lovers together, and in uniting that charming old reprobate *Ali* to the wife of his conveniently removed brother.

A highly immoral ending no doubt, but I should like to assure the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF that the entertainment would not disturb the most sensitive subaltern or confuse his maiden aunt.

It is full of excellent fun. In general it may be said that the more closely it

follows the comic opera mood the more successful it is. Mr. COURTICE POUNDS not only charmed with his still delightful tenor, but threw in a rich setting of broad humour that made *Ali* the true hero of the adventure. Thus is tradition justified of itself. Mr. ASCHE was more diverting in his comic opera capacity of Chinese mandarin merchant than convincing in the rôle of horrific desperado. There was enough, by way of serious relief in the little love idyll, and a charming drawing-room love-song in the first Act set the audience humming. I was not so much impressed by the theme of the passionate desert-bred slaves led by *Zahrat Al-Kulub*, chafing under the artificial restraints of conventional Baghdad. Handsome Miss LILY BRAYTON had the art to put some conviction into this business, but nothing could have been more hopelessly respectable than the bevy of wholesome young English misses trying to be frightfully passionate in the Oriental manner. The dancing indeed, it has to be confessed, was without distinction, and less in the picture than one had a right to expect.

There were a few pleasant incongruities to delight the flippant stallite. I cannot recall the precise rules of Baghdad wrestling, but the match in *Kasim's* palace looked like a species of tentative massage. For a ruffian of his kidney *Abu Hasan* put up a very poor fight against *Zahrat*, with her tiny stiletto, and, if hot olive-oil is as potent as it appeared, one may expect a fresh outburst of frightfulness in the shape of *Oelwerfers* on the Western front.

As a rhymester perhaps Mr. ASCHE is, yes, just a little heavy-footed; and I would beg him to bowstring a pun of his about a scimitar, which, I am sure, will not really do. But I thank him for an extremely pleasant evening and congratulate him on a very considerable artistic achievement which will rank among the really memorable things in the way of pageantry of our latter-day stage. It is less pretentious than *Kismet*. It succeeds more completely. T.

"The bridegroom was given away by her uncle."—*Evening Paper*.
Some uncles are so tactless.



Mistress. "WHY, WILLIAM, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

William. "IT'S THE MASTER, MUM, A-MAKIN' OF 'IS ROCK GARDEN. 'E'S GOT SET IN OWN CEMENT."

TRIALS.

SURELY the patient and methodical training of the German soldier should be an object lesson even to his enemies. A correspondent of the *New York Times* with the German Army has just sent home a striking description of the new Gas Testing Room through which every German soldier must pass before he is allowed to appear in the trenches. His mask having been affixed, it seems that the soldier is pushed into the room and the door closed on him. There he is kept among the fumes for half an hour or more, while officers watch him through an air-proof window. If the soldier makes "frantic gestures" these are regarded as "*prima-facie* evidence that the mask leaks." Then—as we understand it—it only remains to get a new mask and a new soldier.

We need no longer marvel at the German's familiarity with all the vicissitudes of war. Many of them may have spent a night—who knows?—in the High Explosive Room, where bits of cathedrals are allowed to drop on them. If, however, they appeared (to the officers at the window) to be entirely buried in the debris it might be taken, we suppose, as *prima-facie* evidence that they had been hit.

Another busy centre of activity in the training depôts (as we may well conjecture) is the Bayonet Dodging Room. It is probably supplied with an automatic prodger, equipped with revolving blades. In the eyes of the officers (sitting on a grand stand at the window) the fact that a man suddenly doubled up with an oath would be taken perhaps as *prima-facie* evidence that he had been pricked.

Iced mudbaths, it may well be, are now in course of preparation with a view to the probability of a winter campaign in improvised trenches (nearer home). In the event of any of the bathers remaining entirely motionless for forty-eight hours on end, will it be taken as evidence that he is frost-bitten?

We have every reason to believe that in order to popularise these and other new lessons it is intended to hold a sort of gymkhana behind the lines to celebrate the KAISER'S birthday. But it is not only the High Command that elaborates these exercises of war. Quite a spontaneous and unofficial movement appears to be on foot among the men themselves, who practise in their spare time the art of quickly holding up both hands above the head. If anyone can touch the ceiling it is taken as *prima-*

facie evidence that he is in favour of an early peace without annexations.

In the Austrian army the *régime* must be somewhat different. The two leading exercises there—to judge by results—are running-backwards-across-rivers and pulling-guns-down-off-mountains.

FATHERS AND SONS.

In early days my father stood,
To my adoring childish eyes,
For all that was distinguished, good,
And generous and wise.

And when I came to man's estate
My idol had no serious fall;
Matched with him others were more
great,
But I was always small.

To eminence or exalted place
I was not fitted to aspire,
But ran an inconspicuous race,
O'ershadowed by my sire.

And now, although I taste of fame,
My self-esteem is quite undone;
For the new lustre of my name
Comes from a soldier-son.

Yet while my minished head I hide
I feel in this reflected glow
The most intense, the deepest pride
That I shall ever know.

GOOD NEWS FOR TOMMY.

THE representative of *Splashes* is a lucky, lucky man, for when he called on Miss Birdie de Maie—the winsome little lady who helps to make *I Don't Think* at the Frivolity what it is—he found her at home. Who wouldn't be *Splashes'* representative?

He discovered Miss de Maie in her beautiful garden (Miss de Maie adores flowers), fondling her lovely little Pekinese Toto, given her by the Rajah of Jo, who, as everybody knows, is the most enthusiastic admirer of all that is brightest and best in the British drama.

Miss de Maie greeted our representative with that gleaming smile so well known to all collectors of dentifrice advertisements.

"Welcome to my little *pied à terre!*" said she. (Miss de Maie spent several weeks in a Parisian convent.)

"And now as to the object of my visit," said our representative. "The American proprietors of Britain's Mightiest Mag. have seen their star of duty shining plainly through the night of national tribulation, and have determined to feast their four million seven hundred thousand readers on the portraits of Beauty Choruses in cultured poses, also their opinions on Things That Matter. And so, Miss de Maie, what is your opinion of the War?"

Tears dimmed the pansy eyes of the winsome little lady. "I think it is horrid. The KAISER is a horrid man; I hate him!" she said; and if the Hohenzollern could have heard her he would have trembled on his guilty throne.

"Do you think we shall win?" our representative inquired.

"I'm sure we shall. Something seems to tell me so; but we must all help, we must all give toil and sacrifice. 'What can a poor little convent-bred girl like myself do?' I asked myself when the battle-sword came booming across fair France. I determined to nurse. But after a series of photographs of myself in Red Cross costumes (by ESTELLE) appeared in *The Prattler* heaps and heaps of dear brave boys wrote letters to me from the trenches—my Press agent has them to this day; they are my dearest possessions—imploping me not to. My duty lay at the Frivolity, they said, cheering them up and dining out with them when they came home on leave. It was hard—oh, so hard!—to give up the hospital dream; but after a struggle I put it from me. And so I go on singing and dancing and luncheoning and dining at the swell restaurants, though my heart is bleeding and my eyes are blinded with tears. But we must all be brave and smile



A CASUALTY.

Sympathetic Sister. "OH, ALAN, YOU DO LOOK BAD."
Alan (home from the dentist). "SO WOULD YOU IF YOU'D BEEN GASSED AND WOUNDED IN THE JAW."

through our tears; that is the woman's part."

"One thing more," said the interviewer, controlling his emotion as best he could. "Have you any message to send to our brave heroes in the trenches?"

"Tell them," said Miss de Maie—and for the moment she reminded *Splashes'* representative of JOAN OF ARC—"tell them that they are always in my thoughts; tell them that my maid knits respirators for them day and night, and that I have taught my little Toto to die for the Empire and bark at the KAISER. Give them all my love!"

Oh, lucky, lucky Tommies!

"Later a Zeppelin was picked up by searchlights flying at a great altitude."—*Scotsman.*

The aerial searchlight is a great invention, but we are rather surprised that the Censor did not keep it dark.

"FOR SALE, 100 doz. good-hearted cabbages."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

No use for *Sauerkraut.*

"The time is rapidly approaching when the German gunners from Beaumont Hamel to Bapaume must choose between Scylla and Charybdis."—*Manchester Evening News.*

Scylla being so distant we fear that Charybdis (a village that we have as yet failed to identify) is going to have a hot time.

WHY GO TO GERMANY?

Our spa has come into its own since the War. The Secretary told me so the first morning as I was coyly sipping it out of a yellow glass. He said there was no water in Germany like it. I wished there was. If I had my way I would make the brutes drink it. I hastened to agree with him, as I thoughtfully chewed the second spoonful.

"Oh," said he, "you will like it in time. The odour at first is a little against it, but you will find it grows on you."

I hoped it wouldn't. It reminded me at times of a cabbage I once met in a state of senile decay in the company of some eggs who had not died young. The cabbage was old enough to know better, but this fresh young innocent water came gushing to meet you from a marble basin where an attendant nymph pressed an unobtrusive button on the floor. I wrestled with another spoonful.

"It has a taste of its own," I said. "I feel better already. Perhaps I have had enough for one morning? I shouldn't think I'll have any more gout after this?"

"Tut, tut," said he, "that will never do. Your prescription, if you remember, distinctly specifies two tumblers, with a short walk in between. Dr. Abernethy Galen is very strict and is annoyed if his patients do not follow his orders to the letter."

"You are right," I said. "I had got mixed up. I thought he had prescribed two walks with a short tumbler in between. My memory must be going."

I bent over my tumbler so as not to jog it and seized some more of the stuff with my teeth. My memory then seemed to go altogether with part of my palate.

"There was a man here only last month," the Secretary was saying as I came to, "who was far worse than you. He used to drag one foot after the other, if you follow me, and sometimes just the opposite. He came up to that counter and drank off one glass boiling hot without thinking. I never saw such a change in a man's face. Was it renewed hope? He dropped the glass on the counter and his two feet simply raced away with him to the door and down the street before any of us could draw a breath.

"Was he cured?" I asked.

"He must have been," said the Secretary, "for he has not come near us since. But really that's nothing to some of the cases we get here. It's simply marvellous!"

I forget how, after my walk, I managed to get down the second tumbler. I think with the aid of a shoe-horn; but my memory is not good.

"You have your Dietary Card?" asked the Secretary, "and your Treatment Card? Let me see—yes. After

I almost enjoyed them. The dietary card was liberal except that it forbade all drink and most kinds of food.

In the sixth week of my enforced stay I could skip up the steps leading to the pump-room. The Secretary caught me at it. "Aha!" said he, "didn't I tell you that Harrington Wells would make a new man of you? Then, as I say and always have said, why go to Germany?"

"Because, my dear Mr. Secretary, I am going. Thanks to you, the doctor passed me this morning."



Old Servant (welcoming son of the house after long absence abroad). "WELL, IT DOES ME GOOD TER SEE YOU AFTER ALL THIS TIME; AN' YOU 'AVEN'T ALTERED, EITHER—JUST THE SAME OLE FACE, ONLY 'IGHER UP."

a very light lunch you come here and get boiled at half-past three. Right, right."

"With carrots?" I said, thinking of my special diet.

"No, no, no, with sulphur," he rejoined. "You have the two lists mixed up. 'One slice of boiled beef and one carrot' are his words."

And so the merry time went gaily on. No gout in the world, and this was really my grandfather's, could possibly stand those two morning drinks, those boilings, that dietary card. The drinks, even as the Secretary said, I got used to in time. If I did not forget to brace my feet up against the counter and hold my Adam's apple with one hand,

An Error in Diagnosis.

"Mr. Rilstone, referring to men going to — for examination, said he knew of a man who went there who was so bad that he was 'purring like a cat.' He was treated like a dog."—*Provincial Paper*.

A military correspondent writes that the officers concerned probably mistook the purr for a growl.

"The expert French commentator, writing last night, says:—

'We owe atmospheric conditions, which continue to be unfavourable, to the complete lack of news in the past three days.'

Provincial Paper.

Another blow to the popular belief that it is the guns that bring down the rain.

"LADY requires PARTNER to SHARE modern country VILLA. Rent £16. 2 gardens, bath, conservatory, sea fishing. Suit Churchworker, married couple, or gentleman later when remnant is sold cheap."

Church Times.

It looks as if the advertiser did not expect the churchworker or the married couple to be very careful tenants.

From the agenda-paper of the Dublin Corporation:—

"We request the Secretary of Scotland to carry out in fact the spirit of the letter which he wrote when occupying the position of Under Secretary for War to Alderman A. Byrne, M.P."

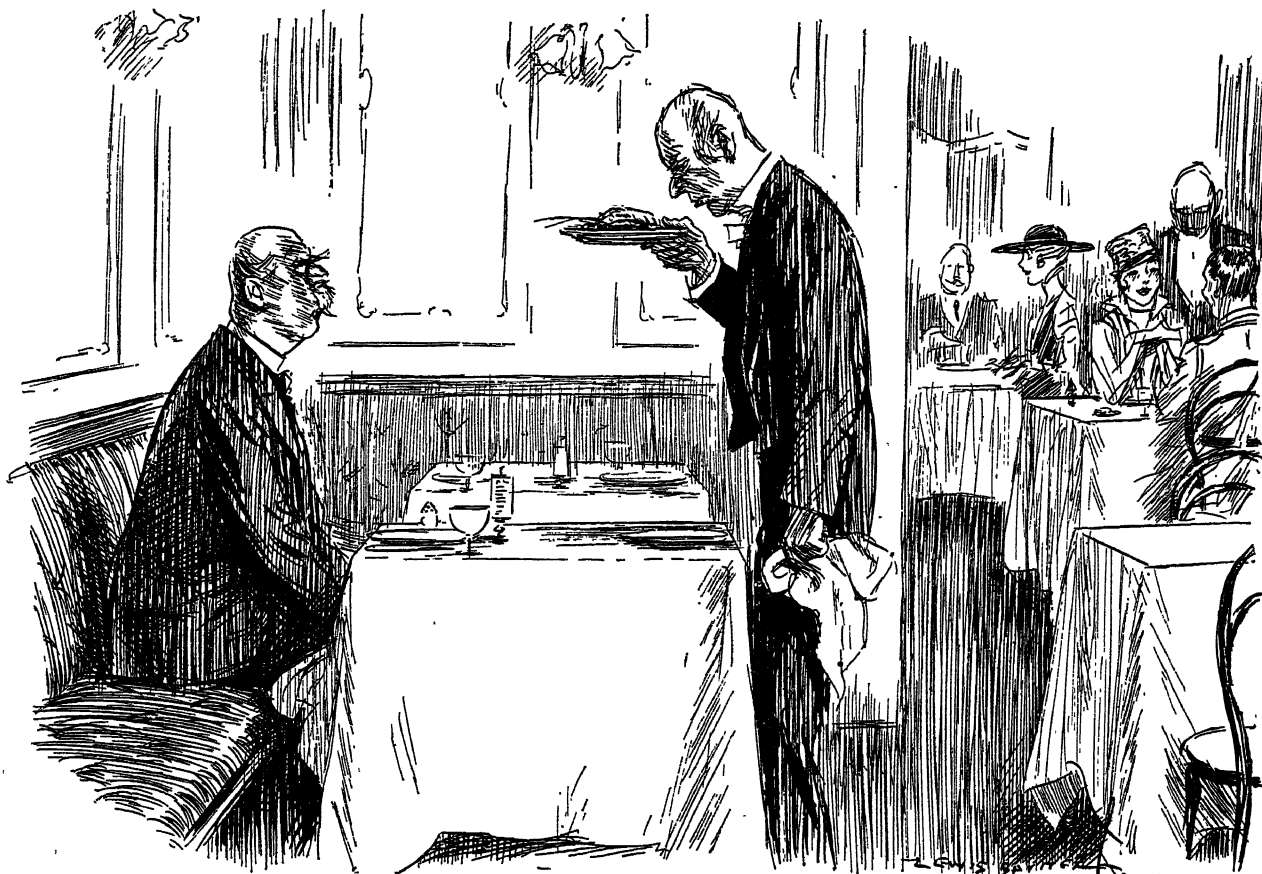
Berlin is understood to be anxiously awaiting our new Irish War-Lord's plan of campaign.

"Young man in Mediterranean would like to hear from opposite sex."—*To-day*.

In such a predicament one would be glad to get a line from anybody.

"Donkey for sale, also a pair of carriage shafts."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

We presume the remainder of the carriage had been already disposed of—by the donkey.



Waiter (who has indignantly been asked to smell the lobster). "WELL, SIR, THERE DON'T SEEM TO ME TO BE MUCH WRONG WITH IT, SIR—NOT FOR THE TIME O' YEAR, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Alice-alone was one of six children of an English country-gentleman, and in *The Park Wall* (CASSELL) her history has been written for us by ELINOR MORDAUNT. *Alice* in her childhood started on the great adventure by running away from home in order to join a travelling circus. Foiled in this aspiration after the ideal, this strange delightful girl was thrown back upon the prosaic details of every-day life, until one morning she saw *Ralph Towers* riding by in company with her father, and let him in through the postern in the park wall. Hence the title of the book and hence also the unhappiness of *Alice*. *Ralph* was a coarse, impetuous bounder and villain, but *Alice* noticed only his high colour and his good looks, and, unfortunately for herself, fell in love with him and married him. He took her out with him to Terracine, which is a British possession in the Indian Ocean. Its inhabitants are half English and half French, partly white and partly brown, with all the varying shades that come between. In such an atmosphere *Ralph's* bounderism and his rascality developed rapidly. He ill-used *Alice* in every possible way, and finally concocted a successful plot to ruin her by luring her on to a steamer bound for home, and then pretending she had run away from him. The subsequent developments must be read in the story itself, which, I must add, is an excellent piece of literary work admirably put together. Nothing in it is more remarkable than the power and restraint of the writer in her description of a crisis. Equally good is her portrayal of character, especially of the infamous character of *Ralph*

and of the beautiful but ineffective character of *Alice*, with its mixture of calm strength and emotional weakness. I have no hesitation in commending this book to those who read novels and like to deal with real live people. I give Miss MORDAUNT an alpha plus, although she permits herself occasionally to use the word "sense" as a verb.

Mr. JOHN HERON LEPPER's name is unfamiliar to me, but whether I am right or wrong in supposing *A Tory in Arms* (GRANT RICHARDS) to be a "first book," it is both in style and substance a most valiant effort. The scenes of this intriguing story are laid in Antrim in (and after) 1715—two hundred years ago, you will perceive, though I, at any rate, had sometimes a difficulty in remembering it, for things happened in Ireland in those days much as they do to-day. But with Mr. LEPPER to chronicle them and throw about them something of the glamour of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON's romanticism, their picturesque side is so vividly presented that one's sympathies are with the men who defied the law. In 1715, I may remind you, a Tory was not a thorough-paced Conservative, but "an outlawed robber," and you will be hard to please if *Neeshy Hockon*, both in the quality and quantity of his crimes, does not fill the part to your complete satisfaction.

I can well understand that the writing of *The End of a Chapter* (CONSTABLE) must have given great pleasure to Mr. SHANE LESLIE, just as I can fancy that, being a member of a great and ancient Irish family, he took no small delight in outraging the susceptibilities of his relations when in 1910 he came forward as a candidate for

Derry City in the Nationalist interest. He appears to have all the marks that prove a man a rebel against conventional stupidity. This book of his, written while he was invalided in hospital during the War, cannot fail to amuse and interest. It is a little volume of reminiscences of family life, of Eton and Cambridge and society, put together when the writer has but lately turned the great age of thirty. "People," he says, "who are old enough to write memoirs have usually lost their memory. Fresh memories have few memoirs." Mr. LESLIE, at any rate, though fresh, has plenty of memoirs, and rarely fails to do justice to them. His style is crisp and sparkling, and his sentences, although they are short (like the sentences formerly used by Mr. HERBERT PAUL), have an explosive quality which is distinctly attractive. For instance, he says that "In winning the Derby during his premiership Lord ROSEBURY experienced a moral grandeur that prevented his taking any serious part in politics again," and "a general result [of a consideration of the religion of England] makes English Christianity sentimental rather than theological. It tends to save appearances rather than souls." I should not feel that I had done my duty by Mr. LESLIE unless I pointed out to him some mistakes. Here are three. Berwick-on-Tweed, he says, is neither English nor Scotch. As a matter of fact it is English. He tells us that there was an old teacher of mathematics at Cambridge who used to counsel "a little low cunning" in meeting problems. Was it not rather a classical scholar who denounced the low cunning of algebra? And finally, Mr. LESLIE must learn that the British won the battle of Bunker Hill—a fact which, as Americans often point out, has not prevented America from keeping the hill. Altogether I heartily recommend this book for its sparkle, its comprehensiveness and its total lack of respect.

I do not know whether Miss IDA WILD hails from the further side of the Atlantic; but once or twice in the course of *House Room* (LANE) I have detected her in certain freedoms with the English language that suggested an origin not only wild but Western. Having yielded to the temptation of saying this, I hasten to add that the point is of very slight importance compared with the fact that the author has once again, as in the earlier *Zoe the Dancer*, proved herself mistress both of originality in plot and a strangely attractive style. Nothing very much happens in *House Room*. It is the story of a girl married to a quite pleasant man, who subsequently loses his reason. Thenceforward the plot concerns her unhappy position as a wife only in law. The end is both original and convincing. If I have a criticism it is that Miss WILD's restraint of manner, conspicuous elsewhere in the tale, seems rather to desert her when dealing with the domestic horror produced by Arnold's increasing mania. There is too much detail here, and it is inexcusably painful. As before, Miss WILD shows great observation in her studies of character. All

the persons of the story are alive, though the subdued circumstances in which they move prevent them (and their creator) from the engaging wit that I recall in her former work. But if you want an artistic and truthful story, and don't mind having your sympathies somewhat harrowed, *House Room* should certainly figure on your next library list.

In a preliminary paragraph to *The Winged Victory* (HEINEMANN) its author, Madame SARAH GRAND, is careful to assure us that though her story contains the personages of *Adnam's Orchard* it is "an entirely independent composition, with a central interest dependent on nothing that has preceded or may succeed it." In other words, as they say of the less exalted serials, you can start now. The trouble is that, having started, you may find, with me, that the interest of the story is not only independent of the past and future, but not very securely held in the present. To put my complaint briefly, *The Winged Victory* seemed to me intolerably long-winded. It takes more than six



Napoleon (sternly, to private whose kit is laid out for inspection).
"WHERE IS YOUR FIELD-MARSHAL'S RATON?"

hundred and fifty pages of small print to tell that for which half the space would be ample. Most of it is a matter of misunderstandings, and the rest is lace-making. The latter is delightful, written with expert knowledge and enthusiasm. The misunderstandings, on the other hand, are both tedious and unpleasant. When *Ella Banks* was brought up from her farm and established in the West End as a lace-maker by the generosity of the Duke of Castlefield, she thought it was because His Grace knew and approved of her engagement to his eldest son. But since *Ella* was so

lovely that she became known in London as The Winged Victory—from the charm of her deportment, you understand me, not, naturally, from any facial similarity!—Society put its own construction on the ducal motives, and let *Ella* know them, in a scene that left me hoping the author had been misinformed about smart-set dialogue. And all the time the real solution was that the heroine, in the Gilbertian manner, had been changed in infancy, and consequently was not what she seemed. In point of fact she was—but perhaps you may like to ascertain this for yourself. For my own part I confess I was by that time too jaded to greet the disclosure with any very lively emotion.

"Madam, Will you Walk?"

"GENTLEMAN would like to make acquaintance of a young lady or gentleman to Exchange Conversation in walking."
Richmond and Twickenham Times.

"Wanted, end August, near London, for fortnight or so, very happy Home, with every care, for Small Dog; must have good garden; no children; good terms to suitable place; references required.—Address Bi-bi."—*Morning Post.*

Mr. Punch cannot accommodate the dog, as Toby objects; but he will be delighted to find a home for Bi-bi—in the nearest internment camp.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Police President of Magdeburg has issued an official assurance that Herr BETHMANN HOLLWEG is "not an anti-annexationist," and the news has given great pleasure in South Africa, where it was feared that the policy of General SMUTS with regard to German East Africa might possibly have been regarded by the Chancellor with a certain amount of disfavour.

The news that Denmark is likely to have a Coalition Government is said to have caused the liveliest emotions in German military and diplomatic circles.

It appears that the Bulgarian chief of staff, JUSTOFF, committed suicide rather than face the responsibility of his country's defeat. Yet in this respect he cannot be said to have been more "off" than the other advisers of his royal master.

The Ministry of War, says a Rome message, has forbidden the use of bad language by the troops. The wisdom of the step is questionable. It is known that the efforts of our own Ministry have quite often had precisely the opposite effect.

The London Fire Brigade has just been equipped with a pump which can throw a jet of water over the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. This record however fades into insignificance in comparison with that of a certain distinguished Peer who recently threw cold water on the destruction of a Zeppelin at a height of several thousand feet.

At the time of the recent Zeppelin raid, says a report, a fine black tomcat was sitting on a wall enjoying the night air when a bomb fell, demolishing the wall and stunning the cat. Notwithstanding which there are still people who refuse to believe that black cats are lucky.

At Ashford a man applied for exemption until the end of November as he wanted to gather mushrooms; but a discerning Tribunal decided that he would be better employed in helping to collect other things that are now coming up out of the ground in Flanders.

Last week a vegetable seller who appealed in vain for the exemption of

an employee ventured the statement that "very few men are able to sort out blighty potatoes." The known fondness of our gallant troops for anything savouring of Blighty should have caused the Tribunal to take a more lenient view.

A baker - soldier home on leave from the Front suggests that in bread-making much labour might be saved by the adoption of a uniform shape of loaf. The suggestion is worth consideration, but it is desirable that the authorities should be informed that public opinion is not yet favourable to anything in the shape of a ticket.

The Zoo, it is reported, is besieged with requests from the men at the Front for monkeys to act as regimental



Observer. "I'M BLESSED IF I KNOW WHERE WE ARE."

Pilot. "WELL, WE CAN'T BE OVER THE GERMAN LINES OR WE SHOULD HEAR THE KAISER ADDRESSING HIS TROOPS."

mascots. At least one elderly baboon, it is said, has volunteered to make the change, having come to the conclusion that only by doing his bit at the Front can he successfully repudiate the stigma of German origin which is being continuously thrown in his face.

Cub hunting, it is announced, has begun in Essex. Pursuant, we trust, to the Military Service Acts.

Two sovereigns, a five-pound note, and a fourpenny-piece were found by a working woman in a mattress for which she paid one-and-sixpence. Her first and natural inclination was to put the £7 0s. 4d. into War Loan stock, but on further consideration she has decided to leave it where it is so that she can be sure of turning her capital over at least once every day.

Henpecked ?

"Help wanted; in family one gentleman, three ladies."—*Scotsman*.

"Marry in Haste . . ."

"The marriage arranged . . . will take place very quickly on Thursday."—*Scottish Paper*.

Extract from a speech by the Lord Provost of Glasgow:—

"Mr. Balfour was a man who was trusted by all parties—of course, there were no parties just now."—*Glasgow Herald*.

No doubt his lordship meant it kindly.

"Wanted, at once, middle-aged Women and young Girls for Folding, Drying and Repairing; also Intelligent Women; wages 15s. to 17s. per week."—*Evening Chronicle*.

This suggests the old inquiry, "What is the Age of Reason?"

"Two interesting resolutions were passed by the Trades Union Congress yesterday. The one in effect called for a tariff against foreign imports produced at lower wages than prevail in this country . . . and was carried by a weeping majority."

Daily Dispatch.

Parting—with one's principles—is such sweet sorrow.

"One very small Tommy took captive a group of nine Germans collected in a crater made by a lin. givyszer or some such monster."

Continental Daily Mail.

The captor may have been very small, but his captives must have belonged to the Lilliputian class.

"When things begin to settle down German women will again be politely requested to return to the 'three K's' (Kinder, Kirche, Kuche—'Kids,' Kirk, and Kitchen, to give the nearest English equivalent), which are commonly supposed to represent the Kaiserin's feminine ordeal."—*Morning Paper*. Surely that is not what she calls it.

"Sewing maid; good plain needlewoman, revoke a little; willing to do a little light housework; no dressmaker."—*Daily Paper*.

And quite a modest bridge-player, we gather.

"America's demand to Mexico for the release of the men taken prisoner at the Latham-Molony wedding yesterday attracted considerable interest."—*Singapore Free Press*.

Mexico was annoyed, we suppose, at their support of the United State.

"CURIOUS EFFECT OF LONDON'S NEW LIGHTING REGULATIONS.

Some restaurants and most private houses were content not to light up till the last possible moment, and many diners were eaten in semi-dusk."—*Morning Paper*.

"Curious," indeed. Before the War we should have considered the incident almost tragic.

OFFICIAL TEUTON TRIUMPHS.

WILLIAM TO HIS PEOPLE.

[According to the *Vossische Zeitung* the KAISER has issued an order to secure uniformity in "the celebration of victories." In future the Prussian Minister of War will decide what is and what is not "a victory," and, when a victory is official, orders will be issued for the hoisting of flags on public buildings and the firing of salutes, while the ecclesiastical authorities will send out telegrams ordering the ringing of church bells.]

WHEN may you boom a Victory and why?
Who gives you leave to let the bunting fly
And loud carillons rock the staggered steeples?
Official lips alone can state
Whether the facts demand a *fête*,
And not the common people's.

A private citizen should never cheer,
Or drink delight of battle with his beer,
Or touch-off cannon at his own volition
True sons of Germany will not
Do anything until they've got
Authority's permission.

So don't expand the individual chest
Over our fine offensive in the West
For joy of some obscure affair of pickets;
But rather stand in silent queues
Till we announce the sort of news
That warrants Victory-tickets.

Nor yet indulge in desultory shouts
Based on the view that our intrepid scouts
Are busy ravaging Rumania's borders;
Wait for a real official scoop,
Then let the total nation whoop
By military orders.

Trust us, ere long, to organise a show
Where in the wind all flags at once shall blow
With general salvos uniformly flashing;
As, when the *Lusitania* sank,
With one accord we danced and drank
And had the joy-bells clashing.

When we have flattened London's final street,
And for a second time our glorious fleet
Sets ocean from the tyrant's cruel spell free,
Wave, flags! and, cannon, belch your fire!
And to your flocks, ye bishops, wire,
Saying, "Bring down the belfry!" O. S.

THE ZEPPELIN-PROOF LANDLADY.

I CHOSE my present abode simply and solely because my landlady is a comfortable person to have in the house when, as she herself phrases it, "the Zepps is about."

In the world of "Apartments" by some curious law of equilibrium the higher one ascends financially and socially the lower one descends physically, till the bed-rock of the drawing-room floor is reached; and the lower one descends financially and socially, the higher one ascends physically, till one's head almost touches the roof and the stars are one's close companions. My lot was with the stars.

"A good target for Zeppelins," I remarked when my landlady showed me the room. This was more by way of conversation than anything else.

She stiffened slightly, as people stiffen when the names of people they do not like are mentioned.

"We don't take no notice of no Zeppelins in this 'ouse," she said.

She was a big buxom woman of the type usually described as "motherly." Her bald statement in its Spartan simplicity, its calm ignoring of all the malefic powers of darkness, filled me with silent admiration, and a great peace stole over me in her ample presence.

"The last time the Zepps was 'ere," she continued; "Maudie—that's my youngest—came 'ome from her work with her fyce as white as a bit of pyper. 'Mother,' she says to me, 'they say the Zepps is coming to-night.'

"'Well, child,' says I to her, 'if they is, they is, and there's an end of it. It's no use myking a song or looking white about it. That don't do nobody no good.'

"But, if you'll believe me, that child could not rest. She kept going to the winder every 'arf-hour. Before she went to bed she had one more look, and just when her 'and was on the blind there came a crash. Lor! you'd think twenty ton of coal had been dropped just outside the winder.

"'Ark, mother!' she says, 'ark, 'ark! Do you 'ear?'

"'If you don't stop that 'arking,' I says, 'you'll give us all the creeps, and your pore father in bed this hour and more trying to get a bit of sleep.'

"The words was 'ardly out of my mouth when there was another big bang, you'd think the whole street was bust up, and the sky as red as a bit of beetroot. Between you and me"—and she lowered her voice as if ashamed of this confession of weakness—"I don't mind seeing 'em again, but I never want to 'ear 'em no more.

"The lydy who 'ad this very room we are standing in now (she's in a nursing-home now, pore thing!) came running down the stairs in her nightgown, with her 'air down. 'Oh, Mrs. Bloggs,' says she all trembling, 'the Zepps is come! Whatever shall we do?'

"'I'm afraid we can't do nothink, Miss,' I says to her, 'but stay where we are and see what will 'appen.'

"And nothink did 'appen. As I says to my 'usband, 'you tyke no notice of the Zepps and the Zepps will tyke no notice of you.'

"Yes, that will be ten-and-sixpence, baths and light extra, and one week's notice when you leave."

But I don't intend to leave—not till the War is over.

TO FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT ROBINSON, V.C.

You with the hawk's eyes and the nerves of steel,

How was it with you when the hurried word
Roused you and sent you swiftly forth to deal

A blow for justice? Sure your pulses stirred,
And all your being leapt to meet the call

Which bade you strike nor spare

Where poised in air

Murder and ravening flame were hid intent to fall.

Alone upon your fearful task you flew,

Where in the vault of heaven the high stars swing,
Alone and upward, lost to mortal view,

Winding about the assassin craft a ring
Of fateful motion, till at last you sped

Through the far tracts of gloom

The bolt of doom,

Shattering the dastard foe to earth with all his dead.

For this we thank you, and we bid you know

That henceforth in the air, by day or night,
A myriad hopes of ours, where'er you go,

Rise as companions of your soaring flight;
And well we know that when there comes the need

A host of men like you,

As staunch, as true,

Will rush to prove the daring of the island breed.

R. C. L.



OUTSIDE THE PALE.

AMERICAN LABOUR LEADER. "WON'T YOU MEET YOUR GERMAN COMRADE?"

BRITISH TRADE UNIONIST. "YES, I'LL MEET HIM ON THE BATTLEFIELD, BUT NOWHERE ELSE."

[The Trade Union Congress, by an immense majority, refused to consider a suggestion made by the American Federation of Labour that German Trade Unionists should be admitted to an International Labour Congress, to be held simultaneously with the discussion of terms of peace by the belligerents.]

SCENES FROM AN OUT FORT.

INCLUDING THE HUMOURS OF
TERENCE O'LEARY.

II.

THE COMING OF THE GENERAL.

THE fact that the authorities did not regard Fort Mornington too seriously was a matter of deep distress to Major Tusher, R.A. The General commanding the district had been overheard to declare that it was an obsolete bandbox of ridiculous pattern situated three miles from anywhere useful, and garrisoned by serious-minded gardeners. He had then promptly ordered the removal of the more modern guns to the mainland, and the last memo from the Headquarters Office had been scathing on the subject of intensive mushroom culture as compared with drill.

Major Tusher, shut up in his "far-flung outpost of Empire," as he called Fort Mornington in his home letters, brooded over this want of appreciation on the part of the supreme powers, and ate the mushrooms.

The chronically dyspeptic captain, the two nervous subalterns, and the ninety rank and file composing the mixed garrison enjoyed but little inward satisfaction in return for their united efforts; but then, as Major Tusher pointed out, the mere fact of contributing to the sources of British food supply should have proved an adequate reward to men whose patriotism was not situated in their digestive organs.

"I wish I could feel more assured as to my present usefulness to the Empire," said the youngest subaltern as he came to breakfast with the red corner of a drill-manual sticking out of his pocket. "I felt far more convinced of my superiority to the rest of my fellow-creatures when I was sitting on my high stool in Baxendale's bank; I knew my job then."

"It's no fault of mine if you don't know it now," cried Major Tusher, absent-mindedly helping himself to honey with a two-pronged fork. "It will not be my fault if you do not satisfy the General to-day at inspection."

"No, Sir," said Tipping darkly, "only the result will be the same."

Major Tusher glared at him in silence, then demanded the potted meat from O'Leary.

"If only Captain Hepplewhite had not gone sick, Sir," said Warberry hastily. "He's quite amusing sometimes, especially that day when he thought he saw a puff-adder coiled up on the anti-aircraft gun."

"Hepplewhite is no fool," said young Tipping morosely. "He knew the General was inspecting here to-day."

"If you mean to insinuate that poor Hepplewhite is a slacker you are vastly mistaken, Sir," thundered Major Tusher. "Try to realise your blessings, Tipping; we have all much to be thankful for. Why, even I was sweeping up leaves in my suburban garden and taking the dog for a walk only a brief year ago."

"Then you *are* a dug-out, Sir?" said Tipping artlessly.

Major Tusher rose majestically and went over to the telephone.

"Tipping," he said, "I am one of those senior officers of His Majesty's Army who, though their services have been overlooked in the past, proved only the more passionately anxious to

—to be took at once on settin' foot in the Fort."

"Have a whiskey-and-soda ready immediately the ration-boat is sighted, O'Leary," said Major Tusher stiffly.

"Beggin' your pardon, Major," said O'Leary, with one thoughtful eye on the ceiling, "but if the General was sick there could be no inspection held to-day, Sorr?"

"The General is never actually—I mean, of course, he has great powers of self-control," snapped Major Tusher, hurrying off, for he fancied he could see the boat already, and there was much to be done.

Even a landsman might have pronounced General Hotspur's condition on landing, after his passage across a choppy sea against a head wind, to be critical. His face was yellow in patches

with green trimmings, and his eye was jaundiced. The uncertain attitude of the sentry at the gate roused his scarcely slumbering wrath.

"What do you call that? What the dickens do you call that?" thundered General Hotspur, pointing threateningly at the raw recruit whose bayonet shivered from the slope to the trail and down to the order. He appeared to be about to advance and trample on Gunner Peabody; then, thinking better of it, ascended the steps into the Fort, nursing his wrath.

Terence O'Leary, discreetly at hand with a long drink, was waved irritably aside, but, yielding to pressure from his orderly officer, General Hotspur sat down hastily in an armchair and, raising the full glass to his lips, drank it off. The effect upon him was immediate and terrifying.

There was no question now as to his symptoms; they were tremendous and uncontrolled; and Terence O'Leary watched him with a professional eye.

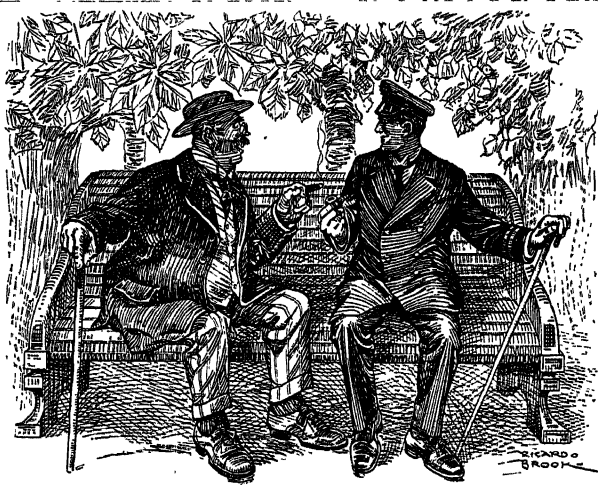
When the last spasm was over and the General lay back exhausted on Major Tusher's bed, the C.O. tip-toed to the door and beckoned to O'Leary.

"What did you put in the whiskey?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Sure then it was just a stimulation drink I gave the General, Sorr," said Terence O'Leary in an injured voice. "Will the inspection be before lunch or afther it?"

"There will be no inspection to-day," said Major Tusher as he went back to the General and shut the door behind him.

(To be continued.)



Careful Patriot. "UNCLE FRED, MY DEAR BOY, HAS AGED TERRIBLY: IN FACT HE IS BALD AS A CRICKET-BALL—IF I MAY BE PERMITTED THE SIMILE IN WAR-TIME."

show their country that they forgave its ingratitude."

"I must remember to tell my uncle that, Sir," said Tipping earnestly. "It sounds so much better than merely being in the Reserve. Do you form fours by sections, Sir?"

"I am not a drill-book," said Major Tusher hastily. "Is that the Brigade Office? The General has just gone off in the ration boat, has he? We didn't expect him here for another two hours. Afraid of a tossing, is he? Sea getting up? Never at his best after a rough sea passage? Good heavens, my dear fellow, there's no room for an ill-tempered general in Fort Mornington, and we happen to have a very indifferent lot of—what did you say? May the Lord have mercy on your futures then! Really, Milligan— Oh, he's rung off. O'Leary!"

O'Leary was at hand, resourceful and cheerful as ever.

"A powerful dthrop of the crathur is the best rimedy for say-sickness, Sorr

MORE TOUCHES OF NATURE.

I WAS describing, the other week, the instant thawing of the ice in a hotel lounge by the fall of a festive gentleman.

But there are other ways of promoting sudden friendliness less drastic than this. I do not, of course, refer to the presence of a Zepp in the zenith, for that would not be proper: the Press Bureau could hardly, even at this date, be expected to stand that. But what about a chameleon on the blue serge sleeve of a purser? That may sound a little far-fetched, but none the less I once saw this tiny newt-like animal soften into humanity the acute angles of a third-class compartment on the L. & S. W. Railway.

The carriage was full, and it was very hot, and we were all rather stuffy with each other. A woman opposite me, for example, allowed her eye, whenever it caught mine, to rise upwards in the direction of the hat-rack immediately above her head, on which I had placed my second bag. No bag was ever deposited with more care and was less likely to fall; but its presence was a steady grievance to her. Another passenger was in trouble over the windows—if one of them, he said, was not shut he would get such a neuralgia as would probably do him in. And so forth. It was, in short, too hot, and the train was too slow, and there were too many of us.

And then the young man in blue serge in the corner produced a dark-green lizards creature from a little card-board box, and, placing it on his sleeve, invited us to watch it assuming a similar dark-blue colour. The wonderful thing is that it did. I had heard of this parlour trick of chameleons all my life, but never had seen it done. And neither, apparently, had anyone else, for we all pressed round the young man and his gifted reptile, and the next time the woman opposite caught my eye she smiled.

That was some years ago, and last week I was travelling on the L. & S. W. Railway on precisely the same journey, in a compartment not, at any rate, conspicuous for camaraderie, when there entered at Brockenhurst an officer. He was a communicative genial soul, but I doubt if he would have fused us, as he did, by his unaided merits. What performed the brave deed was again a rare exotic creature; but, this time, not a living reptile but a dead insect. Its spell was, however, little less powerful, and indeed the words dead insect convey no idea of its glory, for it was one of those wonderful blazing butterflies of the tropics; and this the



THE SPREAD OF KULTUR.

Tennis-player (whose partner has sent a weak return). "KAMERAD! KAMERAD!"]

gallant gentleman had taken with him on a visit to his old school, thinking it might interest the boys—as it certainly would have interested him when he was young there—and was now carrying back to London. Poring over its prismatic marvels we all grew as friendly as, years before, travelling upon the same metals, through the same landscape, we had grown over the versatile chameleon.

And now I am wondering if there is any L. & S. W. train without a federating curiosity of nature on board.

A Distinction with a Difference.

"Wanted, Lady (gentlewoman preferred)."
Advt. in "Church Times."

"The Sultan has issued a tirade sanctioning a declaration of war on Rumania."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

The SULTAN seems to be getting angry.

"BLACKPOOL.— —'s famous Boarding-House; gentlemen, board 4s. 6d. per day; ladies 21s."—Bradford Daily Telegraph.

This perhaps explains the reluctance of women war-workers in the North to doff their masculine habiliments when off duty.

THE SONG OF THE BOMBARD.

*Our fathers rode to battle,
Our fathers did prevail,
With breastplate, greave and solleret,
With hauberk and camail.
They broke a lance with the Knights
of France,
And flashed a five-foot blade,
All in the days of chivalry,
Before the guns were made.*

Close in his flaming smithy
A strong churl stooped and wrought,
Hewed, hammered, pared and measured
A wizard's life of thought . . .
Our fathers laughed, "Is the varlet
daft,

That he deems a knightly crest
Shall quake when he vomits smoke
and noise?"

And the bombard heard them jest.

Deep in his throat he answered
(His voice was passing strong):
"Squire, Baron, Earl and Princeling,
Ye shall feel my stroke ere long!
Never a Knight in his mail so bright
But the bolts I cast can slay;"
The Knights charged home as the
bombard spoke;

And where are the Knights to-day?

List to the song of the bombard
(His voice is passing clear):
"Here in the ranks of England!
The Red Cross Knights are here!
While still they call on the Lord of all
And die for a Knightly King,
In the souls of English gentlemen
The old white spark shall spring!"

*Our fathers rode to battle,
Our fathers did prevail,
With breastplate, greave and solleret,
With hauberk and camail.
They broke a lance with the Knights
of France,
And flashed a five-foot blade,
All in the days of chivalry,
Before the guns were made.*

From a German trench-diary:—

"The number of men taken ill is also increasing. A reserve lieutenant went on the sick list because somebody trod on his foot."
Daily Mirror.

On this occasion we confess to feeling a little sympathy with the Bosch.

From a column headed "Little Changes Since the War":—

"I no longer waste outside lettuce-leaves. I boil them and serve them as spinach."
Home Chat.

We no longer boil our potatoes, we roast them and serve them as chestnuts.

THE PERSONAL NOTE.

It seems scarcely credible, but it is a fact that I slept through it.

I reproached myself most bitterly at the time, and was prepared humbly to suffer the scorn of the supercilious and garrulous eye-witness. But I begin to think that there were many thrilling incidents I should have missed had I actually observed the affair instead of merely hearing of it.

I feel now that I have seen it with many pairs of eyes and from many points of view, whereas you—over whose house I have no doubt it hovered for twenty minutes—you, who turn a most impatient ear to other witnesses, have only your *own* imagination to fall back upon.

My cousin Adela was the first to discover my welcome ignorance. With a willing tongue she tried to make me feel the thrill of that wonderful night.

She had been reading late in her room. She had had a headache, she told me, and couldn't sleep. She so seldom has a headache, and puts it down to the sudden change in the weather, though there certainly is a possibility that it may be due to eyestrain. Well, she had just shut her book and was in the very act of switching off the light when—*there it was*. She found it simply impossible to describe her feelings—under three thousand words, that is. She dressed hastily, hurried downstairs, and calling to her dog, who, poor little mite, didn't realise—Well, Adela really is ridiculous! I never for a moment supposed that her little dog *would* understand what was happening.

Charles who, though anxious to be dramatic, is not a sufficiently experienced eyewitness to observe that suspense is merging into boredom, had been to a theatre. That thing at the So-and-So's. I really ought to see it. Yes, he'd been to the theatre. Doesn't often go these days, you know, but anyhow, there he was. And coming home rather late, after quite a jolly little supper, and walking, by the way—couldn't get a taxi. (No use trying to persuade me it was war economy, eh! Knew him too well he supposed.) Well, walking home—it was rather a nice night, you know, though a trifle misty—he was just saying to himself that he shouldn't be surprised—when *he distinctly heard*—

The next morning in the train Jones told me that, although he hadn't taken any notice of it at the time—these things are very strange without a doubt—probably coincidence—he was not a superstitious man—but there it was for what it was worth—he had some-

how felt there was something in the air. He awoke at five minutes to one—he remembered the exact time because the clock downstairs—Poor Jones! The train came to the terminus before he came to the point.

So you see I know what everyone was doing at the critical moment, what had led up to their doing that particular thing at that particular time, and in what psychological state they then were and have since remained.

The only thing I am not very clear about is *what actually happened*.

When Smith comes home from Wales next week I mean to tell him all about it.

RHYMES OF GOLDEN DAYS.

I.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

WHEN Peter gives the lamp a tap
With the tall wand he waves about,
He doesn't seem to mind a scrap
The lovely way a star comes out.

When he's made all the street-stars glow,
Nurse says that he goes home to bed;
If I could do such things I know
I'd stay and watch them shine instead.

II.

TYRANNY.

I hate to be told that I have to keep clean
'Cos somebody's coming to tea;
They only go talking to Mother and Jean,
And never say nothing to me.

III.

TREES.

The trees are shaking, so I know
It will be windy out to-day;
I see them scraping to and fro
And wearing the blue sky away.

Because I want to go to Town
They shake the wind and spill the rain—
If all the trees could be cut down
There'd be no horrid storms again.

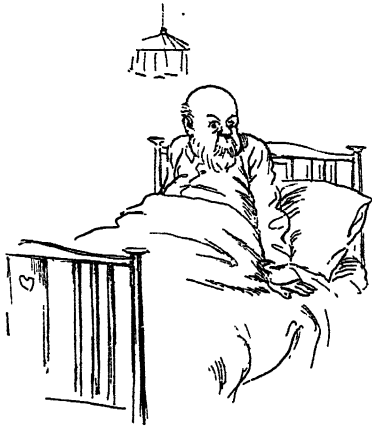
"The present school is old, insanitary, and in every way inadequate for the needs of a rapidly-growing district. The local School Committee has repeatedly requested the conditions to be altered, and has always received some foolish evasive answer, and once a coat of paint."—*New Zealand Herald*.

If the Committee continues so importunate it will probably be tarred and feathered next time.

"Man wishes situation on farm; can give two women-workers and boy for odd horse."
Scotsman.

In justice to the women-workers, to say nothing of the boy, we resent this disparaging proposal.

THE REJUVENATING EFFECT OF ZEPPELINS.



2 A.M. CRASH!



BOOM!



BANG!



WHERE IS IT?



I CAN'T SEE IT.



I MUST SEE IT.



I WILL SEE IT.



I SHALL SEE IT.



HOORAY!

Frank Reynolds



"MUMMY—QUICK—DO LOOK! BABY'S WALKING ON HIS HIND-LEGS!"

THE EDUCATIONIST.

(To AGNES REPPLIER.)

THE War has silenced many bores, and brought a few to light,

Whose versatile activities in peace were hid from sight;
But of all these public nuisances, except the Pacifist,
The most egregious idiot is the Educationist.

He views the English Public Schools with infinite disdain:
They make a fetish of "good form" and still uphold the cane.
Classics he holds in horror—why worship what is dead?
And he's longing to establish Esperanto in their stead.

He listens with religious awe to all the chat of WELLS,
And all his letters to the Press phonetically spells;
He has a bust of FROEBEL in his library enshrined,
With MONTROSSI's portrait by the *dottor* signed.

He writes unending essays in the *Neo-Humanist*,
And also in the *Pestalozzian Infantologist*;
And the volume of pure "uplift" that he generates each week

Robbs the Notes of WOODROW WILSON of their character
unlike.

Armed with a fearful jargon, best described as Greco-Yank,
Stuffed full of pseudo-science and of psychologic swank,
He loves to test and calibrate the infantile machine,
And show its inner workings on the moving-picture screen.

He's great on teaching children the effects of alcohol,
And the superfine significance implicit in the doll;
The cult of bare-foot dancing he applauds, and bids us aim
At turning each scholastic task into a cheerful game.

In his prophetic vision the wondrous modern child,
Into the paths of knowledge by the cinema beguiled,
And girt with ethical restraints, will issue from the fog
Of old-world superstition that enshrouds the Decalogue.

He has never read ISAIAH or a line of SHAKESPEARE's plays—
Why should he, when they lived in ante-Pædologic days?
But he's studied ev'ry sort of book on ev'ry sort of school,
And synthesized CONFUCIUS and the code of Mrs. BOOLE.

He's an expert in eliciting the dim subconscious soul
And in shaping "child-material" to a complex rhythmic
whole;

But one great elemental truth he never yet has known,
That children sometimes benefit from being left alone.

He's not a fool, I grant you, and he can't be called a knave,
He's earnest and well-meaning, and he's Duty's strenuous
slave;

But I'm sometimes driven to believe he wants to win the
War

To promote the sole survival of the pedant and the bore.

Journalistic Modesty.

"The General had a simple speech for every group, always to the same effect. 'You have suffered, but you have done splendidly. Are you ready for more when the times comes?' and there always came a great shout of 'Yes.'"—*The Times*.

"GERMANS INUNDATE BULGARIA."

The newspapers teem with advertisements of German, Austrian and Hungarian goods and firms. German is spoken in the cages."

Provincial Paper.

Even Bulgaria is at last beginning to put the Bosch in his proper place.



THE TREADMILL OF WAR.



Gardener (voluntary helper, packing eggs collected for wounded soldiers). "I BE ALLOWED TO KEEP ALL THE CRACKED EGGS; AND IF THERE BAIN'T ENOUGH CRACKED I 'AS TO CRACK 'EM MYSELF."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XLVII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—By way of a little gossip, no doubt you'll like to hear how we Allies are *really* getting along together. In any case, you'll tell yourself, we should always remember that, in the words of our great-grandmothers, "we are gentle folk," and if we were not upon the best terms, domestically, we should, at any rate, keep up appearances in the presence of those most intensely vulgar people, the enemy.

The French aren't English and the English aren't French, and difficulties, you may suppose, result. A French officer is introduced to an English officer, but the latter, without express malice, refuses to shake hands more than five times during the course of their ten minutes' conversation. Naturally a coolness springs up; the true position does not become known, because the Englishman is too proud to ask and the Frenchman is too polite to say. Apart, each broods over the matter; with good fortune each may get to know the truth. The Frenchman learns how the English dislike

shaking hands. The Englishman learns how the French dislike not shaking hands. They meet again, each being now determined to accommodate himself to the other's fads and fancies. The Englishman is now anxious to punctuate every sentence with a handshake; the Frenchman persistently holds his hands behind his back, in order to keep them out of mischief. Are not misunderstandings inevitable?

If the course of true love never did run smooth, it, at any rate, starts with a rush. And so it was with this affair; there was, at the beginning, the stage of blind infatuation. The Armies of two nations had fallen upon each other's necks, and, before either of them had made up his mind as to how the thing should be said, it was said, and the betrothal was complete.

I suppose there is a good percentage of infatuations which do not survive the crisis of the proposal, but this was destined to be a *grande passion*. As is usual with this kind, not only were affectionate superlatives exchanged, but Edwin had come to stay with the family of his Angéline for an indefinite period, before either of them had so much as looked the other properly up

and down. The first excitement subsiding, however, and main points of agreement being taken for granted, the time duly arrived in which Angéline began to see in her Edwin certain tiresome little habits, requiring to be corrected; and Edwin came to compare his Angéline with the ideal of his dreams, to the disadvantage of the former, in certain minor particulars. There were even times at which momentary temper got the better of tactful intentions, and these details were referred to frankly, perhaps even too frankly. There were little coldnesses, some heartburnings and, at heart, some gloomy thoughts of breaking off engagements and committing suicides.

The reconciliations were punctual to schedule and true to type, extravagant and delightful; the aftermath was of the orthodox character. Edwin and Angéline, having placed beyond dispute their mutual affection and loyalty, next proceeded to criticize each other's people. "For your boldness and strength, my dear Edwin," said Angéline, "my admiration is profound and permanent, but I must confess that the idleness and luxury of your

people at home I view with horror, if not with positive disgust." Whereupon Edwin, who was always ready to criticise his own people but was hanged if he was going to have them criticised by anyone else, even his own Angéline:—"The virtues of my Angéline, her charming vivacity, economy, self-denial, carelessness of pain, these compel my undying devotion; but if it comes to discussing people, what about your own?" Again, as usual, their subsequent shame was made all the stronger, upon the realization that both families were prepared to deny themselves everything in order to provide for the happy couple.

How do we stand now? We have settled down to one of those attachments which have such an eternity ahead of them in the future that they permit of no gushing in the present. I will go so far as to admit that there are the occasional moments when Angéline says, "Edwin, how many times have I told you not to do that?" Edwin will also venture, "Angéline, my dear, for once you must permit me to know best." Am I encouraging the enemy in saying this? I trust not, indeed. I should never forgive myself if I raised hopes in the bosom of the poor dear Bosch destined to so dismal a disappointment.

Picture to yourself a narrow country lane. First goes an empty lorry, proceeding at ten miles an hour; second, running to catch it up and get a lift, a French *permissionnaire*; third, my little 'bus, capable of holding two, but, at the moment, containing myself only. I blow my horn violently, but in vain; the F.P. considers it more important that he should overtake the lorry than that I should overtake him. My right wing actually touching his left leg, he steps aside at last, and the lorry has departed without him. I, too, am past him, but I cannot leave the matter at that. A sharp rebuke to the man is necessary. Hot with angry words, I pull up and wait for him to come along and be admonished. He observes that I have something to say to him, and runs up to hear what it may be. He arrives before I have my bitter speech completely prepared. He stands, smiling, as if to say, "You wish to speak to me?" My answering look indicates clearly that I do, but I am at a loss for the proper words. He guesses what it is. "Merci, m'sieu," he says, opens the door, gets in, and sits down beside me. "Merci, m'sieu," he repeats, and I am so overcome that I accept his point of view, and him.

Naturally of a simple mind, he was on this occasion not quite master of himself. He had only been on leave



"LOOK, DAD! THAT MAN'S BEEN WOUNDED OFTENER THAN YOU."

six hours; he was what the phrase *bien élevé* does not, but should, in my opinion, mean. As we proceed, he insists upon conversation, but has little faith in my powers. "Bons camarades," he says, very distinctly. No reply appearing to be called for I make none. "Bons," he tries again, "camarades. Nous," he taps his chest and mine, "nous—bons—camarades." I assure him that this is understood. He doesn't believe me, and makes sure, some twenty times. There follows a period of silent thought. Then he starts again, roused by the sound of distant guns. "Compris?" he begins. "Bons . . . canons." Being distracted by many things, and more especially by his tendency to put his hand on the steering wheel in order to emphasise his points, I do not listen as carefully as I should. "Oui, oui, oui," I shout in my wrath. "C'est

entendu. Nous, vous et moi, nous sommes bons camarades. C'est fini, maintenant, cet entretien là?" There! He knew I didn't understand, but he doesn't despair. He waits till we have arrived and the engine is quiet. As he gets out cumbrously, he takes my hand in his.

"Bons camarades?" he says, with a questioning look.

"Oui," says I, and he has hopes.

"Bons canons?" he continues anxiously.

"Oui," say I. "Bons camarades. Bons canons."

Perfectly delighted, he now takes both my hands in his, and comes to the point to which he has been leading all the time.

"Victoire!" he shouts, and we are firm friends for life.

Yours ever, HENRY.



MEETING OF CENTRAL POWERS' VICTORIES COMMITTEE.

Agenda. To DECIDE TIME AND PLACE OF NEXT SUCCESS.

NEW MEN AND NEW FACES.

(Suggested by Professor KEITH's Paper at the British Ass.)

I've been reading in the Press
Great Professor KEITH's address
On the facial alteration
Of our somewhat complex nation
Since Duke WILLIAM's Norman bow-
men

Overthrew the English yeomen,
And I find that his conclusion
Only tends to my confusion.
First he tells us that our faces
Grew a lot more round in places,
Till our cheek-bones' prominence
Was no longer so intense.
But research, it seems, discloses
We developed sharper noses,
And, according to our KEITH,
Shrunk jaws and weaker teeth.
Finally this truth he culls
From comparison of skulls
That, although we're taller, stronger,
Facially we're narrower, longer.
Hence, for bettering of the breed
He insists upon the need
Of a census to inquire
Why our fitness is not higher.

Possibly the Press report
Is imperfect or too short
Adequately to present
The Professor's argument.
Anyhow, relief one draws
From the fact that weaker jaws
And a "decadence of cheek"
Have not made us slack or weak;

And that we are stronger, taller,
Though our nostrils may be smaller,
Than the men who did their bits
When the Normans gave us Fitz.

An Ambiguous Compliment.

From a Parish Magazine:—

"Everyone will be glad to feel that the Vicar is taking a longer holiday this year by the doctor's orders."

"Pekin duck eggs (American), excellent for laying and table; grow quickly."

Irish Paper.

With prices so high the expanding egg should be popular.

"Every ship is boarded by the medical officer on reaching this country, and careful injuries are made."—*Evening Paper.*

Hitherto we were under the impression that it was only the plumber who manufactured jobs for his professional brethren.

"Following announcement is substituted for that of March 14:—Lt. (temp. Capt.) J. E. Heinig reverts to Lt. (temp.) on alteration in posting, with precedence as from Aug. 31, 1914 (Sept. 21, 1915); Lt. J. E. Heinig to be temp. Capt. (Oct. 30); Lt. (temp. Capt.) J. E. Heinig reverts to Lt. (temp.) on alteration in posting, with precedence as from Aug. 31, 1914 (Nov. 26); Lt. J. E. Heinig to be temp. Capt. (April 30); Lt. (temp. Capt.) J. E. Heinig reverts to Lt. (temp.) on alteration in posting, with precedence as from Aug. 31 (May 23)."—*London Gazette.*

Now we begin to understand why so many of Cox & Co.'s clerks go bald before their time.

WAR PAINT.

AFTER the 53rd Lancers had been in the trenches for seven days—during which period the Bosch hated them ceaselessly with whizz-bangs, tear-shells, snipers, coal-boxes, hand and rifle grenades, spring guns, rifle batteries, machine guns, gas and liquid fire; and something celestial leaked badly so that the front-line gave a muddy imitation of the Grand Canal, Venice—the Infantry relieved them and they came out looking like nothing on earth.

They were marched into an ex-dye-factory, boiled, fourteen in a vat, issued with a change of under-clothes and marched on to billets.

The 53rd being a smart regiment, they were given twenty-four hours to lick and polish themselves like unto the stars of the firmament for brightness, or never hear the last of it.

In twenty-four hours they paraded again, according unto orders, and the stars of the firmament also ran.

At noon the same day the party proceeding on Blighty leave was paraded for inspection by the Orderly Officer.

Pending the arrival of the O.O. the Regimental Sergeant-Major gave them a preliminary look-over.

They were dressed by the right in file, chests thrown in the air, faces shiny with soap and pink from razoring. Every badge, buckle and button twinkled a challenge back at the sun, every spur

shone like a bar of silver, their leather-work gleamed with the polished bloom of a plum, their puttees and tunics were without spot or blemish, every cap raked slightly over every right ear. They were smart men of a smart regiment, whose boast it was that they lived and died glitteringly.

The R.S.M. ran a grey foxy eye over and through them. At the sixth file from the right he paused, staggered, blanched and broke into tears.

The Regiment was disgraced, the name gloriously won by dashing generations of light cavalry men was gone for ever. Here was a Fifty-third proposing to go home and swank about England practically naked. Blankety blankety blank. O Lord! The sixth file went pea-green under his tan, instinctively felt for his top left-hand pocket button and did it up.

The R.S.M. went on his way down the line, thrashing his leggings severely with his whip and shaking with emotion. Ten files further down he found a speck of brass polish lurking behind a belt-hook and didn't expect to survive it.

Sixteenth file rubbed it off with a handkerchief, trembling all over.

The O.O. came on the scene, inspected them with a swelling of pride tightening his tunic, found a few faults as a matter of principle, and ordered them away.

The R.S.M. escorted them to the road, dismissed them with his blessing, adjuring them to be good little boys generally, and pay his respects to a publican near the Elephant and Castle if they passed that way.

At 2 p.m. they entrained at the rail-head along with carolling parties from the thousand-and-one units that go to make the B.E.F.

At 3 a.m. they detrained in the dim-lit vault of Victoria. As they tramped out of the gates a little man, wearing square clothes and an accent that twanged like a banjo, bored into the crowd.

He let some squads of mud-caked line infantry go by unmolested, threw but a cursory glance over a batch of rain-sodden gunners, then his bright eye caught the brighter buttons of the Fifty-thirds and he swooped upon them, thrusting pasteboards into every hand. The sixteenth file paused with his chum under a lamp and read his card.

It ran as follows:—

OUR HEROES' SUPPLY DEPT.

Look the part and have your war-yarns believed at home. Put yourselves in our hands and then watch the girls gather round.

LIST OF CHARGES.

Mud-spray (patent mud guaranteed to stick for five days) . . . 1s.



KEEPING IT DARK.

Inquisitive Old Lady. "WHY HAVEN'T YOU GOT A WHITE TOP TO YOUR CAP? I THOUGHT ALL SAILORS WORE WHITE TOPS AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR."

The Sailor. "H-U-S-H, MA'AM. WE DON'T WANT THE GERMANS TO KNOW IT'S SUMMER-TIME."

Bullet-holes (punched in cap or tunic) 3d. each.
Blood stains (indelible) 6d. "
Prayer-Book (with embedded bullet) 2s. 6d.

We have also a large stock of souvenirs—shell fragments, bullets, German caps, helmets, etc., at moderate charges.

Call and see us right now. Depot just round the block.

The sixteenth file looked at his chum, fingering his card uneasily. "Well, Bob, what d'you say? My lassie is won'erful 'ard to convince."

"I'm with you," said his friend. "Mother is a fair terror too."

They tramped after the little man. A quarter of an hour later they might have been seen tramping back down Victoria Street looking like nothing on earth.

The Shortage of Food.

"Wanted, Young Woman to Fry. —'s Refreshment Saloon."—*Hull Daily Mail.*

The Petrol Famine.

"Motor Cars (8) for sale, Minerva (very fast), Rover (very smart), Andrea Ferrara (a racer); owner learning to walk."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"SEVERAL HOSTILE AIRSHOPS OVER EAST COAST."

The People.

One of them at least has joined the Early Closing movement.

To be added to our collection of "Glimpses of the Obvious":—

"That the aeroplanes were armed is beyond dispute; had they been unarmed they could have made no attack."—*The Times.*

"One of the most cautious as well as the best informed authorities will have said to-day that things were going very well, and that 'we shall see daylight by —.' It was clear that he was not overstating his opinion."

Provincial Paper.

Quite clear.

AT THE PLAY.

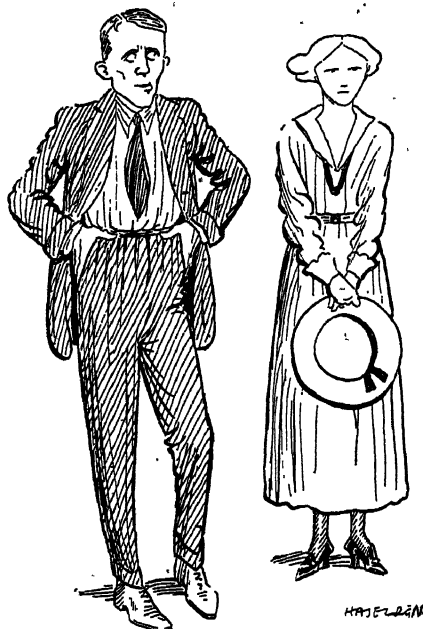
"THE OLD COUNTRY."

MORE things in *The Old Country* than are dreamed of in the philosophy of hustling transatlantic pile-makers, says Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP in effect and with effect. If unlikely romantic comedies are still to be written—and why not?—this is the way to write them: really adroit stage-craft, humour kept well in the key, plausible characterisation—plausible, not "convincing," as the saying is. And all interpreted by a capable cast.

James Lane Fountain (Mr. DU MAURIER) is coming back to his native village of Dormer St. Nicholas with a long memory and a long purse. The memory is of a wrong done to his mother by some man (whose name has never crossed his mother's lips) and by the squire-and-parson-led village which hounded her overseas with her brat into an institoot. The purse is the carefully loaded weapon of his revenge. *J. L. F.*, the brat who has made good, returns in the name of a dead remittance-man, whose two aunts keep his memory green and live only for his homecoming. It is *J. L. F.*'s little plot to buy up Dormer St. Nicholas, to turn out squire, parson, doctor and any other who had a hand in his mother's exile, and make the village bow down before his little momma, who is to be mistress (who had been maid) in *Parramer Hall*. He loads the village with gifts, cricket grounds and unwanted bath-rooms; he takes in and is taken in by his aunts; and when everybody loves him he springs his mine, and you who know your stage can guess the rest—the long-lost father, the mag-nanimous mother, the course of true love needlessly corrugated and so forth. But why guess? Why not go and see a first-rate team of players and listen to a charmingly impossible little story? And if you don't wipe away a furtive tear occasionally or swallow hard (between the laughs) I shall be mighty surprised.

The artist in Mr. DU MAURIER always rises to the occasion which he so relatively seldom allows himself. This marvellous rectangular suit, this arched footgear, this pearl fedora, is filled out with a real American citizen (Seattle, Wash.). Certainly our DU MAURIER of the pleasant if too familiar business has disappeared; and what was so dexterous was the restraint of it and the little flames of tenderness, anger and passion. Mr. A. E. GEORGE's more stagey American was very entertaining with a fine mastery of the more than living language of the bright continent. What two charming old dears of aunts

were the Misses FEATHERSTONE and JOHNSTON. Observe, pray, a skilful piece of clerical business on the part of Mr. ATHOL FORDE in the schoolroom scene. Mr. VIBART's squire I dare call a fine "sensitive" piece of work. The ten words of Mr. GIDEON WARREN's *Doctor* and the five of Mr. RODNEY's *Schoolmaster* were as good as possible. Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE's rustic, with his frank homily on the old country and the philosophy of the "half-deads"—well, you'll know how good that would be. Miss NINA BOUCICAULT's sweet little grey momma was just timid tenderness itself, and if Miss ROSALIE



James Lane Fountain (Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER) to *Mary Lorimer* (Miss ROSALIE TOLLER). "I'm going to marry that girl, only she doesn't know it yet—and of course I'm the Squire's son, only I don't know that yet."

TOLLER looked rather than played her part (our ingenuous tradition puts a premium on this kind of thing) she looked it exceedingly well.

"THE MISLEADING LADY."

The entertainment to be derived from *The Misleading Lady* depends largely on whether you do or don't find the antics of a lunatic amusing. Finding them myself about as mirth-provoking as the sight of a blind man falling over a chair I missed a good deal of the point of this disjointed farce.

Helen Steele, engaged to an unpleasant American strong man, *Tracey*, the kind that empties automatics into stickers when they annoy him, makes a bet that she will induce *Jack Craigen*, a traveller among the Patagonians, to propose to her. If she wins she is to be leading lady in a

forthcoming play. Of course she does, and of course in the five days' hunt she learns to love her quarry, but won't admit it. *Craigen*, his heart in splints, draws himself up very proud and points out that she is a real danger to society, that her dress is much too pretty and deliberately designed to ensnare the helpless male. *Helen* ups and says, Why not? That is what it's for. And why shouldn't it be?—in a spirited defence. And I'm bound to say I'm all for *Helen* in the matter, not so much on the merits of her case as in reaction from the appalling priggishness of *Craigen's* point of view.

Craigen, not really a bad sort, approves her spirit. Taking up her challenge that he knows nothing about women, and remembering a Patagonian tip, he stuffs her head in his motor-coat and carries her off in his car to his shooting-lodge in the Adirondacks—to study her. After suitable back-chat between the pair (the only chaperon is an unexpected lunatic in the loft who has wandered in and imagines himself to be NAPOLEON) she fetches him one on the head with the telephone receiver. Then in an ecstasy of remorse she renders him first-aid and goes out into the night without her slippers. And all ends as it should.

There was a queer lack of coherence in this tragi-farce. I suspect Mr. GODDARD to have invented the misleading lady; Mr. DICKEY, the lunatic. Then they just pooled their assets and hoped for the best. Neither of them seemed to be interested in the First Act, which, I suppose, is why nearly everybody said everything four times.

Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY was quite good fun in the lighter passages of his part. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH as the unfortunate *Boney* gave a no doubt excellent performance of its kind—but a bad kind. Miss GLADYS COOPER throws more than her beauty into her work and is becoming very skilful, notably increasing the emotional range of her voice. Mr. CECIL SULLY and Mr. LAMBERT TERRY gave a really droll representation of the two jovial students who had lost their way (and no wonder) and were looking for an island. Mr. ARTHUR FINN was a plausible (but not very necessary) journalist. By the way, no lover of dogs cares to see such a dispirited performance as that put up by the wolf-hound. T.

"Girl wanted for telephone of nice manners and appearance."—*Leicester Mail*.

Happy advertiser! We have been seeking a telephone like this for years.



Brown (who is trying to let his furnished house). "THINK IT'S RATHER BARE FOR A DINING-ROOM? WELL, PERHAPS IT IS A LITTLE. BUT YOU HAVEN'T YET SEEN HOW WE 'VE FURNISHED THE CELLAR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE population of the United States is at present divided into two schools of thought. One holds that the country is in a state of lamentable unpreparedness, which should be remedied at once, before Luxemburg or Monaco or some other powerful invader happens along. The other, while admitting the unpreparedness, denies that America needs any other defences than its mosquitoes and President WILSON's typewriter. Mr. CLEVELAND MOFFETT belongs to the former school. He thinks that the United States should possess at least one aeroplane that can fly, and at any rate a handful of men whose mothers have not raised them not to be soldiers. In pursuance of this dream he has written *The Conquest of America* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), a book of the kind that used to be eagerly read in this country in the nineties. Designed to make the national flesh creep, it tells of the invasion of the United States by Germany in 1921, and is a powerful piece of work, marred of course by the impossible happy ending which the authors of these books always throw in by way of consolation. There are several significant passages, notably that describing the Battle of the Susquehanna, where the entire German army is burned alive in oil supplied by Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER. This is significant because Mr. ROCKEFELLER apparently supplied the oil free, a marked deviation from his usual practice. It is lucky for America that the invasion did not take place in 1916, before the great financier's heart became softened and patriotic. Another passage shows that there is a bright side even to invasion, where Mr. MOFFETT tells of a visit of a German officer to the premises of *The New*

York Evening Journal. "If the paper continues to appear," he tells the editor, "you will be shot, and William Randolph Hearst will be shot." No one who knows *The New York Evening Journal* can read a thing like that without a wistful sigh.

Publication in these days is nothing if not contemporaneous. Hardly has an event happened before the impetuous bookmakers are upon it, consolidating the position with their quills and ink-horns. So I ought really not to be surprised that already a couple of volumes dealing with the Irish Rising have reached my table. Considering that the theme of each is the same, they are about as unlike as any two books could be. One is *The Irish Rebellion of 1916* (CONSTABLE), an unemotional history of the movement, written for the benefit of neutrals and posterity, by Mr. JOHN E. BOYLE. The other, much slighter, is called *The Sinn Fein Rebellion as I saw It* (SMITH, ELDER), and is made up of letters written to a friend by Mrs. HAMILTON NORWAY, the wife of the Secretary for the Post Office in Ireland. Roughly speaking, the difference between the two books is that between a technical treatise on bee-keeping, and a lively account of falling into a hive. I have sufficiently indicated the nature of Mr. BOYLE's work; of Mrs. NORWAY it may be said that she wields a sprightly pen, and that her four letters supply a story of adventure that is amazingly full of human interest. They are written from the Royal Hibernian Hotel, and describe the hazards to which the writer, her husband and son were exposed during the grim days that followed Easter Monday. Frankly personal and intimate in style, and at times (one fancies) verging upon indiscretion, this little book is just the kind that will one

day furnish treasure-trove to the curious historian. Meanwhile, when the events of which it treats are still fresh in our minds, such a lively record should sell like two shillings worth (its price) of hot cakes.

BARONESS ORCZY seems to me to start her novels with a determination to keep her literary style in order, but something appears to snap directly excitements begin, with the result that the latter portions of her books are as carelessly written as they are thrilling. For my own part I like the BARONESS (whose Christian name is ERMUSKA) best when she has ceased to think about style and is just letting herself go for all she is worth. And in all truth she soon warms to her work in *Leatherface* (HODDER AND STROUGHTON), and gives us a yarn brimful of vigour and vitality. In the 16th century the Spaniards were terrorizing Flanders as the Bosches are to-day, and it is with the grandees of Spain and their merciless soldiers that this story has to deal. *Leatherface*, a man of mystery, was the guardian angel of the *Prince of Orange* and of Ghent, and my efforts to guess his identity failed so completely that when the secret was revealed I did not know whether to congratulate the BARONESS upon her cleverness or to convict myself of stupidity. For obvious reasons I prefer to do the former, and to my congratulations I should like to add that in this tale of fighting, murder and craftiness I have found a far greater air of reality than in any fiction connected with the present War.

If you would like a nice wholesome little novel *ex machina*, in which a girl of ineffable beauty, with hair of the colour of ripe corn and feet that tripped like PAVLOVA'S (the arduous apprenticeship omitted) and eyes like stars, is destined to give and ask for trouble as the sparks fly upward, then persuade the young lady at the library to get for you *A Broken Toy* (CONSTABLE), by K. KEITH. *Poppy Mainwaring* was the daughter of an aimless gentleman of independent but quite inadequate means, who jilted *Lady Olga Hamarult* (she had "thousands" and belonged to the odd end of the smart set) for a girl from the Sappho, which light-hearted and light-footed one duly left him and came to a bad end. *Lady Olga* conceives the paltry idea of punishing *Mainwaring* through his daughter. She waits patiently eighteen years or so with this queer dirk in her stocking, becomes *Poppy's* fast friend, loads her with jewels, and when the heaven-sent occasion serves contrives that *Anton Duval* should take the fair *Poppy* on the river. Given heredity operating at its baldest, and a man with a name like that, and the deplorable Marlow atmosphere—and the toy is as good as broken. *Lady Olga*, who alone had the courage of her convictions, smiles her sinister smile and goes on smoking too many cigarettes. *Poppy's* little loyal friend, *Marie-José*, and the vague kindly *Mrs. Mannering*, her incompetent chaperon, and the pleasantly rude *Galton*, knight-in-attendance on *Mrs. Morecombe*, are skilfully sketched in. If *Poppy* and *Lady Olga* need a faith which is denied me, there's no reason why you should share my scepticism.

As an investment the crafty sleuth with the complaisant friend in perpetual antagonism to the arch-criminal of incredible resource and versatility is still thought well of in literary-financial circles. MM. SOUVESTRE and ALLAIN have evidently patented such a trio; *Juve*, the incomparable detective of the Paris C.I.D., *Fandor*, the scooping journalist (less of an ass certainly than our old friend *Watson*), and *Fantômas*, a versatile, reckless and fantastically motiveless villain. *The Exploits of Juve* (STANLEY PAUL) is the fourth of a possibly infinite series in which the protagonists display alternating moods of ineffable astuteness and fatuous guilelessness according as the one or the other side has (so to speak) the service. The proper attitude in which to approach this particular art-form is one of unfaltering credulity. Then you will not wonder why, for instance, the mysterious instrument of *Fantômas'* frightfulness is now so immense as to paralyse with fear a posse of police, now so small and light as to be conveyable in a suit-case; and you will enjoy the breathless pace of a romance that refuses to let mere impossibilities, physical or psychological, stand in its way. And you will enjoy the

entente English into which it has been done, such as "Put me a mixture," which by the context is discerned to be an order for a drink. . . . Anyway, I found it kept me up an hour and half after my appointed bedtime.

If the author of a treasure-story is satisfactory on two points I am ready to follow his hunt to the finish. Let the villain of the tale be a monument of iniquity and let things really get a move on, and I am not bothering myself about trifles. In both these respects *The Reef of Stars* (HUTCHINSON) is

thoroughly sound; and should you have a few hours to burn I suggest that you consume them in following Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE'S boodle-hunt. *Macquart* is as unlovely a specimen of a villain as you can, even in these days, hope to meet, but perfect, as he is in his noxious way he is not the outstanding character of the book. In *Captain Hull*, a curious conglomeration of vice and virtue, Mr. STACPOOLE has given us someone who will linger in the memory long after *Macquart*, for all his rascalities, is forgotten; he so utterly and completely swamps the remaining members of the expedition that, although I have only just closed the book, I can scarcely remember their names.

There is much diversity of opinion as to the safest place to be in during a Zeppelin raid—under cover or in the open, on the top floor or in the basement; but a recent experience suggests that the most dangerous place on these occasions is in a Zeppelin.

"Sir Herbert Tree is in town. Quietly and unostentatiously he arrived at Liverpool this morning—for a fortnight's breathing space amid his American labours.

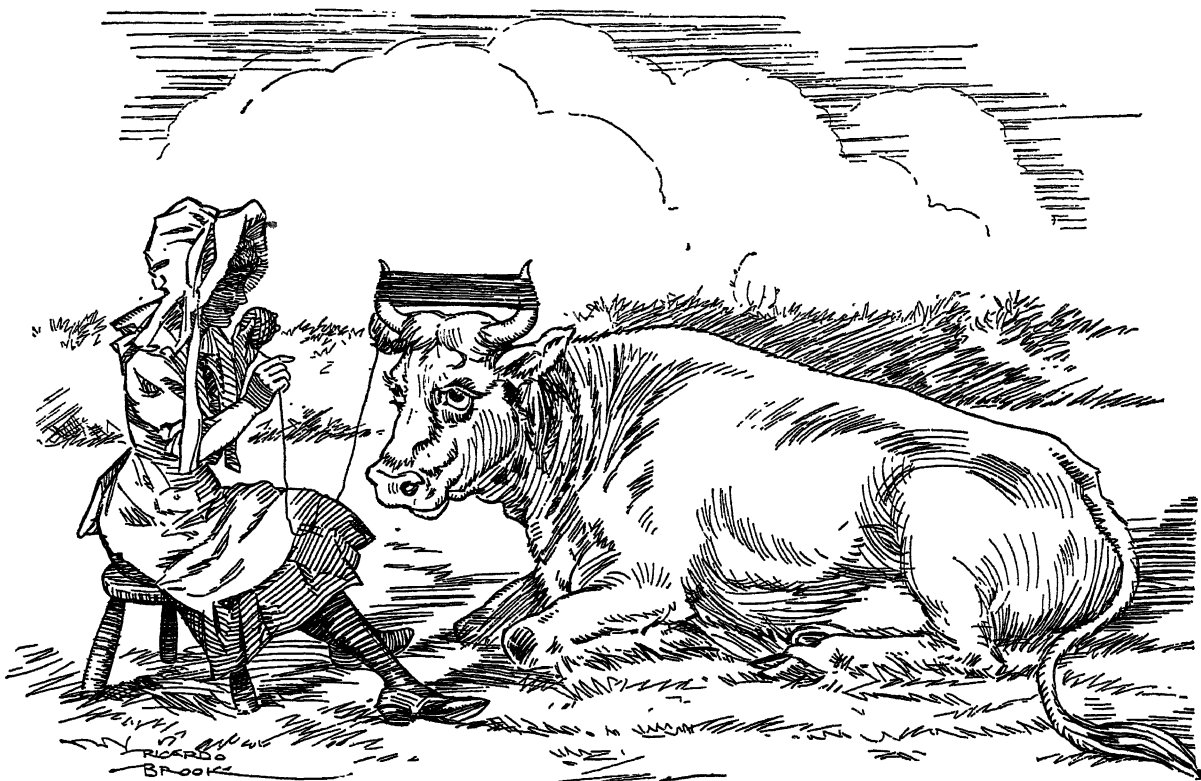
Last night I found him in the stage-box at His Majesty's."

Morning Paper.

Sir HERBERT was a bit of a hustler before he went to the United States, but now—



Tommy (who is an expert in such matters himself). "I SAY, YOUR DOG IS GOOD AT FACES."



THE SHORTAGE OF MALE LABOUR.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE egg," says *The Daily Mail*, "is disappearing from the breakfast table." Even the humblest of us, however, can still enjoy our daily mare's-nest.

**

To avoid the possibility of information being conveyed to the enemy it is announced that the correspondence of "pseudo-scientific" institutions will no longer be delivered through the post. Can this be another insidious attack upon the National Liberal Club?

**

Rounding up the shirkers appears to have been as difficult as squaring the Tribunals was easy.

**

Marshal HINDENBURG has confided to a German newspaper representative that, while trifling things make him nervous at times, he is not at all nervous about the conduct of the War. Nothing of course is so settling to the nerves as a realization of the inevitable.

**

According to Herr GEORGE VON BERNHARD of the *Vossische Zeitung*, Germany can only have cause to rejoice at the addition of another nation to the ranks of her enemies. Yet here we are in our stupid insular way bending every effort to enlarge the propor-

tion of Allies to Germans, and never realising—dull fools—that every time we kill a German we are really cutting our own throats.

**

A German savant, Professor RUBNER, has been endeavouring to fortify his fellow-countrymen against their gastronomic vicissitudes by pointing out that all really great men have been thin. The implied suggestion, however, that the super-Hun, instead of being born great, as he imagined, is merely having greatness thrust upon him, has not, it is understood, provided the desired effect.

**

Two Italian merchants have been arrested for smuggling large quantities of almonds into Germany. We were wondering where all the Prussian acid was coming from.

**

The small boy at Acton who encouraged his sister to enter into a thrift competition and then took the 14s. 7d. that she had saved is, we understand, already being talked of in political circles as a probable successor to Mr. McKENNA when there is a change of Government.

**

Somebody at Gillingham has just received a postcard addressed to him from Margate seven years ago; but the

postal authorities wish it to be understood that they cannot possibly guarantee equally prompt delivery in the case of communications posted after August 4th, 1914.

**

A dyspeptic at Peterborough told the Tribunal that if a fish diet could be guaranteed he "might be able to do something" in the Army, and the War Office authorities have given instructions for him to be tested with a small tiddler for the effect upon his disposition.

**

The offers of hospitality received by members of the "commandeered" clubs include, it is said, a most warm-hearted invitation to them both from the National Sporting Club.

**

The announcement that petrol substitutes come under the ban of the Petroleum Acts has caused widespread complaint, particularly since no corresponding restriction upon the rich man's wine-cellar appears to be in contemplation.

**

The oft-repeated official announcement of the German General Staff, "No change on the — front," is to be enlarged, we understand, at the suggestion of the Finance Department, to "No change anywhere."

TO A HUN FEEDING.

[The *Lokalanzeiger* comments upon the changes which the War has brought about in German manners at table.]

WHEN for our sins we've fed with you for neighbour,
Seen in your bloated neck the napkin tucked,
Flinched at the toothpick brandished like a sabre
And lips that slobbered as the soup was sucked;
When we observed you mopping up the gravy or
Gargling your gutturals in the finger-bowl,
It seemed improbable that this behaviour
Reflected Culture's soul.

Still less we thought that any fresh conditions
Could cause your table manners to decline;
Yet Fate has amplified those exhibitions,
Making you even nastier when you dine;
For now, like naked niggers out in Fiji,
You gnaw your meat-bones up against your nose,
Swabbing your plate with bread as with a squeegee
Until the polish glows.

Well, this is War, and War means famine prices
(As Paris learnt within your leaguer's lines);
And Culture's self must make her sacrifices
Undreamed in her original designs;
What then? Of ruth and truth you've kept no traces;
Your honour you have lightly blown in air;
Surely a little loss of meal-time graces
Should not be hard to bear! O. S.

THEIR HOLIDAY BIT.

It was Mrs. Montmorency who thought of it. She is so clever and original. Wentworth Montmorency and my little Fabian are home for the holidays, and Mrs. Montmorency said why shouldn't they go out as errand-boys? I call it a splendid idea. The darlings are delighted and mad to begin work at once. We have got them lovely situations at a fishmonger's. They are to have three-and-sixpence a week each for wages and put it in a Red Cross money-box every Saturday night. We have bought them new mackintoshes and goloshes. They start to-morrow morning, and Wentworth is going to call for Fabian at nine o'clock.

They have just gone off together in the highest spirits. I have waved them good-bye from the window. It is so nice for Fabian to have a companion like Wentworth, such an honest manly boy, so thoroughly *English*. They have just turned the corner at the end of the street, their arms are linked together, they are marching like soldiers—dear boys! Fabian has an apricot tart in his pocket for lunch. I wonder what Wentworth has.

Fabian has come in for dinner. He says it is topping being an errand-boy. He says will I give him two tarts to-morrow, because Wentworth asked for half his to-day? Of course I don't in the least mind giving Wentworth Montmorency a tart, but one has to look at everything now, particularly at jam. Fabian says he can't stop to finish his dinner because he has a barrel of oysters to deliver. Dear little industrious man!

Mrs. Montmorency and I have been for a walk together. We met Fabian and Wentworth. Fabian had the oysters on his head—such an enormous cask; the poor child was positively weighed down. Wentworth was lounging along with a couple of whiting dangling on his arm.

Mrs. Montmorency clasped me in a stupid sort of way and said, "Oh, don't you feel proud of our boys?" I am afraid I should have said something sharp in reply, but at the moment Fabian dropped the oysters. Mrs. Montmorency laughed. She seemed to find a poor little weak child overburdened with great heavy oysters amusing. I was *surprised*.

Fabian has finished his day's work. He is dead beat; I have put him to bed. I have been down to the fishmonger to ask why my boy is given all the heavy work to do. The man had no excuse to make. I told him the boys were to carry a basket between them in future.

Mrs. Montmorency has called to ask me not to let Fabian give Wentworth pastry again, as it gives him a pain. She says that Fabian has let the tail of a codfish flap against the sleeve of Wentworth's mackintosh and the scales won't come off. She says she has been to the fishmonger and told him to wrap up the codfishes' tails in paper in future.

I have been to the fishmonger and forbidden him to give Fabian any more codfishes to carry, whether their tails are wrapped up or not. My child is not a Hercules.

Mrs. Montmorency has sent round to say Wentworth has lost one of his goloshes, and has Fabian taken it by mistake? I asked Fabian, and he says he has lost one of his, and he believes it is the one Wentworth is wearing. I spoke to Wentworth about it, and he says he has lost the other one now and he thinks Fabian must have both. I have been round to Mrs. Montmorency about it, and she says one of the boys isn't telling the truth, and she has never known Wentworth tell a lie. I have been to the fishmonger and demanded to know where the goloshes are. He stared like a fool and said perhaps they had been boiled with the lobsters. This is the result of allowing Fabian to associate with a boy like young Montmorency, a mischief-making priggish boy, a thorough *German*.

Mrs. Montmorency has been to the fishmonger and forbidden him to allow Wentworth to take the other side of Fabian's basket.

Fabian has just come in to dinner. He is very flushed and excited. Wentworth met him in a lonely street and threw a crab at him. Fabian had nothing to defend himself with but a pint of shrimps. He thinks he got a good many into Wentworth's eye and down the back of his neck, and this afternoon he will be able to take it out of him with some scallops.

He has taken it out of him. He says Wentworth has gone home howling. Serve him right, spiteful little beast!

The customer who ordered the shrimps has complained of shortage of measure. The fishmonger has given Fabian notice!

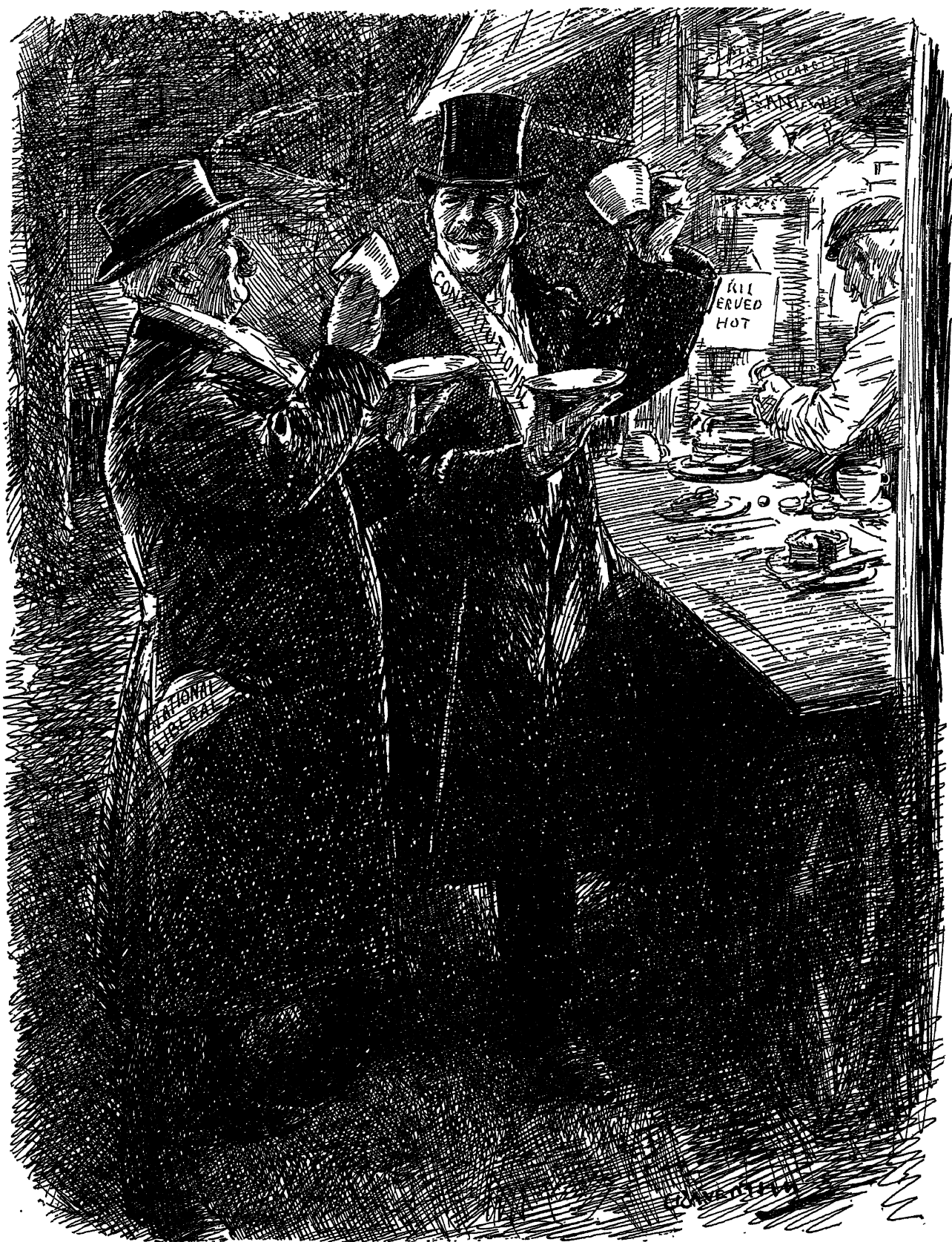
"Built almost entirely of wood, and containing articles of a highly inflammable description, the firemen, who had the assistance of several of the military, were unable to check the outbreak."

Glasgow Herald.

This homœopathic variety of fireman is new to us.

From an official report on Sphagnum areas:—

"The carriage of bags of half-wet moss over broken ground on men's shoulders may present great difficulties and damp much enthusiasm." Agreed.



THE TRIUMPH OF COALITION.

THE EVICTED ONES. "WELL, ANYHOW, DOWN WITH THE KAISER!"

SCENES FROM AN OUT FORT.

INCLUDING THE HUMOURS OF
TERENCE O'LEARY.

III.

THE ELUSIVE SUBMARINE.

"It is absolutely essential that the men should be amused," said Major Tusher, walking into the little mess-room one day and finding his subalterns absorbed in a comparatively recent back number of a local paper, *The Pudlington Echo and Visitors' Guide*.

Tipping was reading the news page, and Warberry studying the advertisement sheet, with the misplaced zeal of men who have nothing much to do and a great deal of time to do it in.

"Indeed, Sir—yes, Sir," said Tipping, springing to his feet. "How do you propose to amuse them?"

"They have not the same advantages as ourselves, Tipping," said Major Tusher gravely, "although of course they have *The Pudlington Echo* when we have finished with it. Still, I found Corporal Bennymede in a very depressed condition this morning, weeping because his baby had got a tooth and he had never seen it."

"I consider Corporal Bennymede very weak-minded," said Warberry hotly. "He might have been upset if his child had failed to produce any teeth at all, but the fact of such production argues perfect health on the part of his absent family."

"Quiteso," said Major Tusher. "What is it, O'Leary?"

"Corporal Bennymede was enquirin' as to whether I would play the bones to-night, Sorr, in this little bit of a gaff they are talking about among the men."

"Play what you like, when you like and how you like," said Major Tusher impatiently. "Why are you fidgeting at the door, O'Leary?"

"It was this way, Sorr," said Terence. "I have it all planned out, but there is a dress and a black face that goes wid the bones, Sorr."

"I have no objection to a fancy-dress entertainment, within limits, of course," said the Major, waving O'Leary from the room.

The splendid equipment of the nigger troupe was due in a great measure to the generosity of the officers' servants. Major Tusher made no remark when he recognised his scarlet- and - blue dressing-gown on O'Leary's back, and

Lieutenant Tipping was blind to the fact that across Gunner Donkin's broad chest blazed a new fancy waistcoat of his own, presented to him recently by a maiden aunt with the pious wish that he might "wear it of an evening when he slipped into plain clothes after working hours."

The concert party looked unique under the stars. Bombardier O'Leary, as the right-hand-corner man, was the success of the evening, and his song, "Where are you going to, my pretty

"I should hev been the star of the evening," he confided to the audience. "With my song, 'Put me among the Girls,' I'd hev knocked spots out of them figged-up niggers."

It was Terence O'Leary who silenced every objection during the short interval for refreshments, when the officers were temporarily absent.

"Sure, thin, Tim Nankivell," he said grimly from the edge of the platform, "if you can answer me this question you shall come up here and sing every song that your grandmother taught you wid the end of the broom-handle."

"And what may the question be?" said Tim Nankivell defiantly.

"Why is my head like a fool's head?" returned the right-hand-corner man with the bland innocence of a child.

"And for why is it?" returned Gunner Nankivell unwisely.

"Because it is the spit and image of your own," said Terence O'Leary, and the concert party pursued their well-ordered way, while Nankivell spent the remainder of the evening in considering whether it would be advisable to demand an explanation from O'Leary later in the evening.

The state of the tide had only been called twice from the walls before an orderly was observed to approach Major Tusher in haste, and in another moment the alarm was sounded by the trumpeter on the gate.

Bombardier O'Leary gathered up the Major's dressing-gown about him and leaped hell for leather to his gun as the word "submarine" rang through Fort Mornington.

"Sure and the Fort might hev been a bloomin' pirate

junk," he said later in the seclusion of his own room to his friend Bombardier Patrick Molloy, who was temporarily disabled by two black eyes caught on shore during thirty-six hours' leave. "There was me at the six-inch, and Harrington at the four-point-seven, and may the Saints preserve us, but whether he looked the greater judy than me I will leave you to imagine, Patrick Molloy."

"The Lord save us," said Molloy, "and hwat became of the submarine?"

"It was three rounds we fired," said O'Leary, "before I made out that it was nothing but an ould biscuit-box head on to the waves."

"It must have looked just like a submarine anyway," said Molloy sooth-



Small boy (who has received a penny for retrieving a tennis-ball.
"PLEASE, SIR, CHOC' LATE'S THREE-A' FENCE A STICK NOW."

Huns?" with its encore, "The Wearin' of the Iron Cross," was applauded to the echo. Even the backs of the watch behind the gun emplacements showed appreciation and something more, for the voices carried a long way in the quiet night.

Corporal Bennymede displayed a nice taste in his Shakspearean recitation, for it was felt that "Oh, sharper than a serpent's thanks to have a toothless child" was singularly appropriate to his position. But the audience began to exhibit signs of impatience as the evening wore on, and Gunner Nankivell was heard to enquire persistently at the end of every song as to the reason of his own exclusion from the troupe.

ingly. "Will I lend you my button grease to fetch away the black from your face, Terence?"

O'Leary whistled a few bars of "The Wearing of the Green," with a thoughtful accent on each note. Then he said, "It was what the Brigade Office said when they heard of the affair that is troubling me. I was in the room adjacent to the tallyphone, Patrick Molloy."

"That's a good tune," said Bombardier Molloy, "and you have the neat way of whistlin' that same, Terence. An' hwat did the Brigade Office say?"

"The Brigade Office is a black-livered, black-hearted lot. The tallyphone clerk, bein' my own cousin, is the only decent boy in it. Cock the like of that one up with their blaspheming nonsense, will they? If they'd thought the same they should never have asked him to set tongue to that message."

"Hwat was the message, thin?" said Molloy.

Terence O'Leary's eyes shone with suppressed feeling.

"They wished the garrison of Fort Mornington had been buried along with the biscuit box in the blackest pit of all," he said slowly. "My cousin would be set up, sending that word along."

"I don't care a thraneen about your cousin," said Molloy from the bed, "but hwat did the Ould Man say about it all?"

"I could not repate his language," said O'Leary, busy with the grease-pot; "but it was all shpoke afther he was parted from the tallyphone, and most of it was shpoke to Gunner Huggins, who gave the alarm."

"Glory be to God," said Molloy piously, "for John Huggins was niver a friend to me and I was niver a friend to him."

"If you guessed the half of your life," continued Terence O'Leary impressively, "you could never set your mind to the answer that Gunner Huggins gave to the Ould Man when he had finished shpakin'."

"And hwat might the answer be?" said Molloy breathlessly.

"I was behind the door, mind you, Patrick, and heard it all before iver I could walk away," replied O'Leary very slowly. "Gunner Huggins, salutin' powerful awkwardly, dhropped the tip of his rifle upon the Major's toe—the one that he had the gout set in a while back."

"Glory be to God!" ejaculated Patrick Molloy wildly; "and hwat—"

"You needn't to ask me any more," said Bombardier O'Leary, taking off his



TRENCH PHILOSOPHY.

"BILL, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A OPTIMIST AND A PESSIMIST?"

"WELL, IT'S THIS WAY, 'ARRY. WHEN THE BOSCHES ARE STRAFING, A HOPIITIMIST 'E THINKS THE SHELLS ARE JUST BEING FIRED INDISCRIMINATE-LIKE AT NO ONE IN PARTIC'LAR, WHILE A PESSIMIST 'E THINKS EVERY SHELL IS MEANT FOR 'ISSELF."

puttees. "There was some fancy language flyin' round afther that! The Major must have gone far to find the names he was afther callin' John Huggins. But I shall shpake a word to my cousin in the Brigade Office when next I go on shore—shtirrin' up the mud like that—anyone might think he was the Father of Evil or the KAISER himself."

(To be concluded.)

"They had dug magnificently before the rain came, under the inspiration of a splendid colonel, who cried 'Dig, dig, for God's sake! Dig, my lads!' knowing that he would save their lives by every foot of earth turned up by the German shovels they used for the work. In three hours they had dug an eight-inch trench in the village."—*Daily Paper*.

For the Super-Bantams, we presume.

"The bride's going-away dress being a grey gaberdine coat and skirt, with grey chiffon hat and a pale blue velours hat."

Hunts County News.

But why only two?

From a confectioner's advt. :—

"Specialists in Fancy Presentation, Christening and Birthday Cakes. BRIDAL CAKE unapproachable."—*Hyderabad Bulletin*.

Much obliged for his warning, but we never touch it ourselves.

"The street-vendor may not raise his voice in streets that are raucous all day with the cab whistle, but Paderewski himself would be sternly 'moved on' if he played his violin there."—*Morning Paper*.

Still more, if he were to bring the instrument with which he is usually associated.

THE LITTLE SHIPS.

["The small steamer — struck a mine yesterday and sank. The crew perished."—*Daily Paper.*]

Who to the deep in ships go down
Great marvels do behold,
But comes the day when some must
drown

In the gray sea and cold.
For galleons lost great bells do toll,
But now must we implore
God's ear for sunken Little Ships
Who are not heard of more.

When ships of war put out to sea
They go with guns and mail,
That so the chance may equal be
Should foemen them assail;
But Little Ships men's errands run
And are not clad for strife;
God's mercy then on Little Ships
Who cannot fight for life.

To warm and cure, to clothe and feed
They stoutly put to sea,
And since that men of them had need
Made light of jeopardy;
Each in her hour her fate did meet
Nor flinched nor made outcry;
God's love be with these Little Ships
Who could not choose but die.

To friar and nun, and every one
Who lives to save and tend,
Sisters were these whose work is
done
And cometh thus to end;
Full well they knew what risk they
ran
But still were strong to give;
God's grace for all the Little Ships
Who died that men might live.

Another Impending Apology.

"The Walking Stick Fund is getting known.
... We have to thank Mr. —'s futile brain
for the idea."—*Great Thoughts.*

From a list of "Books Received":—

"FORTY YEARS AT THE WAR. By
J. H. Balfour Browne, K.C." *Glasgow Herald.*

If the learned gentleman's participation
is going to prolong the War like this,
we trust he will return to his briefs.

From "Gossip of the Day":—

"It has been a great year for the re-marriage of widows, as witness the cases of Lord Euston, the late Lord Mexborough, Lord Savile, Lord Westmorland, Lord St. Davids, Lord Muskerry, Lord Cottenham, Sir Charles Wyndham, Canon Carnegie, and Dr. Percy Dearmer. And now comes news of the engagement of Col. McCalmont."—*Sunday Paper.*

Here is yet another example of the danger of gossip. There is good authority for stating that not one of the gentlemen mentioned has ever been a widow.

THE CORN FIELD.

OLD George is just the colour of the good brown earth. There is a slouchy bend in every bit of him, and he looks at you with a mysterious smile of feigned simplicity while he speaks in a high thin voice and sharpens his scythe for further efforts. He is cutting our field of oats, which is high and golden and fully ripe. About the end of August we get fussy and anxious about our harvest. It was only last year that we started growing corn in the unprofitable little field where only a rank poor grass had grown before. It is just an acre. A neighbouring farmer came to plough and sow it. In the late summer a party of convalescent soldiers, the keenest of them an ex-poacher, came for an afternoon of sport, with an attendant crowd of men and boys with dogs and ferrets, and helped to thin the predatory rabbits; then, early in September, the harvest of oats was reaped.

After the threshing we found we had forty-five bushels of good oats with which to face the winter and provide for our ponies and fowls. Thus encouraged, in the following spring we sowed again, and the second reaping has now come round.

But this year the shortage of hands is grievously felt, so old George is single-handed at the mowing, and there is only the Belgian boy, Gust, to bind. We lend a hand ourselves — three mature ladies in eye-glasses, followed by the cook and housemaid — and the old man "larns" us how to make a bind or "been" as he calls it; also how to stack the sheaves one against the other, leaving space for the wind to blow through. One of us even attempts to mow a swathe, but George finds that he "canna larn" us that — the result is a gallant failure and a tousled bunch of corn laid low. He takes the scythe away with his usual mystic smile, remarking, "There's a good edge on en — 'tis a wonder ye couldn't do better."

He knows all there is to know of the harvest field, and at the end of the mowing he plaits a curious little device in corn, called "the neck," and presents it to the house, receiving in acknowledgment a shilling with which to drink to our prosperity. It hangs in the hall for a year, this neck of corn, till replaced by that of the next harvest.

The second day old George comes sloping down the back road, followed at a respectful distance by what he calls a "rambler" — not a cascade of rosy flowers, however, but a rather discoloured gentleman of the road, less prettily designated a tramp by the

world in general, or "strag" in this particular locality.

"Ah 'll bind," says old George.

"Certainly," we say, and they attack the field together. A man of strength, he does excellent work for a time. When we next visit the field, however, he has disappeared.

"Ah said ah must goo to town and have a shave," says old George drily, continuing to mow. The rambler is evidently a person of impulse.

Later in the day he returns.

"A pity to waste so much time in doubtful weather," remarks one of us coldly.

"I had business to attend to," replies he imperturbably and with an improved appearance. He only works the one day, and then rambles out of our ken. Walking is evidently his hobby.

"Did he really get to the town in the time?" we ask.

"Ah did," says old George, "and ah sin a man there, drinking a glass of beer." He smiles again inscrutably.

Our harvest is on teetotal principles, and these pleasing visions are not to be found here. But the corn is gathered up into golden stacks, ready to be carted away for the threshing, and our harvesting is finished. Old George and his smile vanish in the wake of the thirsty rambler, and leave the field to the partridges. September, and the birds fly up still untroubled, for the shooters come not again this way. One in Gallipoli, one in the Great Push have passed over. No shooting parties this year of the War, 1916.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

Underneath a cartoon representing the Gallic cock crowing, "NIKH, NIKH, NIKH!" —

"'Nikh' is Greek for 'Victory.'"

The People.

"Wanted, Coy Quarter-Master-Sergeant or Sergeant-Major to take charge of a Home for Discharged Wounded Soldiers in Ireland."

Daily Mail.

We hope they may get him; but we have never met a coy one yet.

"The doctor came round, and had a look at imJ's right eye — which is not seriously injured — and asked, in his quiet way, 'hae this lad een decorabted?' — *Daily Paper.*

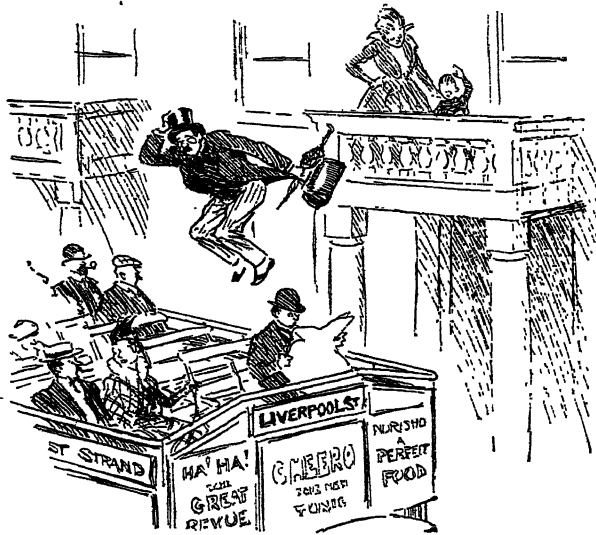
We prefer his noisy way, and so does imJ.

A number of eggs, each inscribed with a text, was sent to the wounded in a certain hospital. One which bore the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," unfortunately proved to be bad. The recipient is now of opinion that altruism is only perverted egotism.

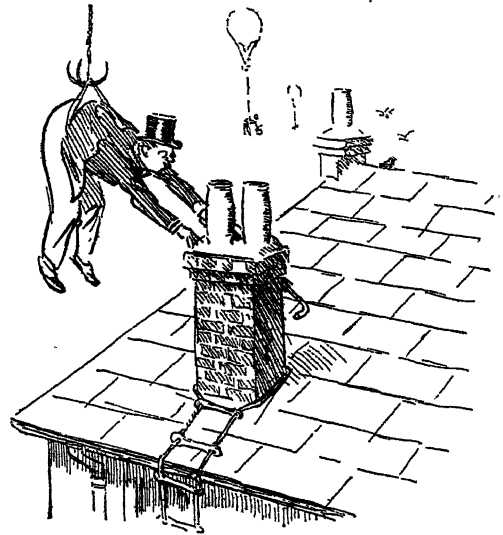
CINEMA MANNERS AS APPLIED TO EVERYDAY LIFE.



DISMISSING AN EMPLOYÉ.



CATCHING THE 'BUS.



ARRIVING HOME.

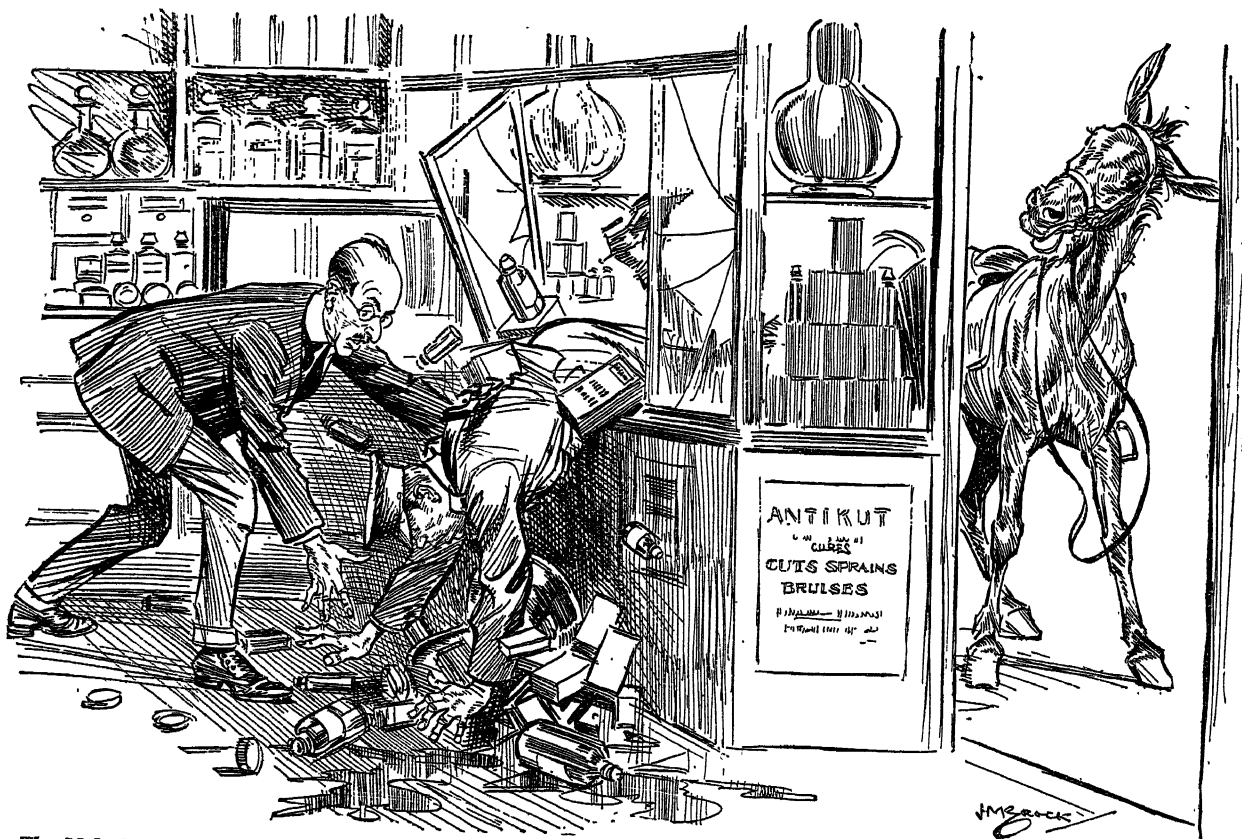


DISSATISFACTION AT THE RESTAURANT.



DEALING WITH A RIVAL.

Frank Reynolds



The Mule (having at last, after many failures, thrown his rider through a window). "WHAT AN ASS I AM! WASTED MY AFTER-NOON. I'VE BEEN AN' TROWN HIM INTO A CHEMIST'S!"

THE REAL CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

["Among those whom I met in California was the renowned Charlie Chaplin. Contrary to expectations, I found him to be a young man of a serious and sensitive disposition, who has artistic ambitions of a kind not suggested by his public records, and who in private life is thoughtful as well as versatile and entertaining." Sir HERBERT TREE in his *American Impressions* in "The Times."]

My name from China to Peru is loud on ev'ry lip;
I've millions more admirers than HALL CAINE or
RUDDY KIP,
And yet *amari aliquid* with all my sweets I sip.

In private life I don't indulge in idiotic games,
I am a serious thoughtful man with high artistic aims,
And a strenuous disciple of the late Professor JAMES.

I long to burst the fetters of my lucrative routine,
To quit the ceaseless folly of the moving picture scene
And blossom forth into a Judge, a Statesman or a Dean.

Unsympathetic critics harp upon my princely screw,
They little know how joyfully I'd see it cut in two
If a could write like MEREDITH or even EUGENE SUE.

I'd love to be a singer or a preacher, and to feel
That I influenced my hearers by a flesh-and-blood appeal,
Not by the speechless antics of a ghost upon a reel.

I long to solve the laws of mind, like Mr. OSWALD STOLL.
I long to be a diplomat and draft a protocol;
I long to write a symphony like BRAHMS's in *C moll*.

I'd love to play *Othello* or enact the noble Dane,
Or indite a new philippic in the Ciceronian vein,
Or ascend the Orinoco in a crystal hydroplane.

Anon I long to be a bard and sling prodigious rhymes,
Or contemplate a life enriched by most colossal crimes—
Such as forcibly abducting the Dictator of *The T * * * s*.

But then I am so sensitive, as TREE acutely saw,
I hold that even genius should be subject to the law;
I have no use for culture that is red in tooth and claw.

Men label me a jester, a mummer, a buffoon;
They rank me in mentality no higher than a coon;
They lamentably fail to read my spirit's tragic rune.

Under the motley that I wear, the clothes that fit me ill,
Under that silly bowler hat, those features never still,
Napoleonic passions surge of which the world knows *nil*.

And yet I draw some comfort from the fact that
HERBERT TREE

In our friendly conversations should have had the wit
to see

That an artist and philosopher are lost in CHARLIE C.

"Amsterdam, Wednesday.—According to a telegram from Berlin a Turkish farce will soon take part in military operations in Galicia." *Egyptian Mail*.
Truth will out, even in an Amsterdam telegram.

"Reports are coming in of the remarkable growth of grain following heavy rains and recent war weather."—*Canadian Paper*.
The effect of the bombardment in Picardy has indeed been far-reaching.

"FOR SALE, Orange Persian Cat (male); also Parrot Cage." *Hull Daily Mail*.
We hope the parrot made a good fight of it.



THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

KAISER. "I SUPPOSE YOU'LL WANT TO BE GETTING HOME NOW, FERDIE?"

FERDIE. "I'LL DO ANYTHING IN REASON, WILLIAM, BUT I WON'T GO HOME."



Tourist. "ARE THERE ANY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ABOUT HERE?"

Farm-hand. "NAY. THEY WOULDN'T BE ALLOWED. SQUIRE 'E 'AVE ALL THE SHOOTING 'EREABOUTS."

THE FOOD-STRATEGIST.

I DON'T like Vegetarians. I have a horror of Fruitarians. I loathe Nutarians. And I cherish a concentrated splenetic hatred for combined Nutto-Tutti-Frutti-Vegetarians that would make the author of the Hymn of Hate confess with shame that he had only succeeded in being slightly petulant.

Squidgly is a hyphenated Vegetarian. He rushes into battle (metaphorically speaking) with a cauliflower emblazoned on his oriflamme, and smites down opposition with a vegetable-marrow. *Fluellen* himself was not more valiant in defence of the leek. But Squidgly goes further. He defends not only leeks but celery and cabbages, beetroot and broccoli, and would be ready to die in defence of a stick of rhubarb. A cucumber is to him a microcosm of all the virtues, comparable only for honesty and square dealing with a Brazil nut.

I, for my part, am a carnivorous animal. I ruin my constitution with succulent steaks and have for many years been committing slow but determined suicide with mutton-chops. I eat meat for breakfast, for lunch, for dinner and at any old time when the craving seizes me.

My dislike of Squidgly and his fellow-ruminants, who flaunt the green leaf of a blameless vegetarian life, is due to their persistent efforts to rescue me from my slough of digestive iniquity.

Nevertheless I am now cultivating Squidgly. Our relations at present are those of benevolent neutrality, which I hope will ripen in time to an *entente*. I implore him by all he holds dear, by the recollection of his kitchen garden, by the remembrance of his early tomatoes, to hold true to his principles. I make hypocritical protestations that my deep regard for the circumstances of our family butcher alone prevents me from following his example.

You see, if the Government adopt the threatened plan of issuing meat-tickets and my daily chop is reduced to the dimensions of a sardine cutlet, Squidgly might be induced to grant me the reversion of his ticket, thereby enabling me to pander to my vice unchecked. One has to be a strategist in war-time.

"General Sarraill is attacking the Bulgarian-German forces along the entire Greek-Siberian frontier, a distance of more than 150 miles."
Victoria Daily Colonist.

Or even more still.

"A Touch of the Tarbrush."

"Rarely have larger crowds been seen in the streets of Cairo. The tarbrushes formed a crimson sea."—*Evening Paper.*

"The Lostwithiel String Band discoursed some good selections of music, and dancing commenced on the green at 6.30. About fifty wounded soldiers were present, and soldiers were present."—*Lostwithiel and Fowey Guardian.*

The brave fellows were still present, we observe, after the Welsh interlude.

"Judging from the latest output of designers and tailors, it would appear that an organised opposition to the present severely simple modes has been set on foot by fishmongers."
Bridport News.

A smart young lady crab of our acquaintance authorises us to say that she intends to be dressed as usual.

"Like a bolt from the blue this terrible war broke upon us. Then at the request of a great military genius five and a-quarter martial spirits rushed to the colours."
Manawatu Daily Times (N.Z.).

The censorship "down under" is evidently even more stringent than at home.

"The War Savings Association in connection with one large London firm embraces the entire clerical staff, the lift girl, and the charwoman."—*Evening Paper.*

A very comprehensive hug.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

YEOWOMANRY AND MANŒUVRES.

Topington Tower, September 15th.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Stella Clackmannan (I'm staying with them, as you see) has raised a corps or a division or whatever it's called—"The Duchess of Clackmannan's Yeowomanry"—in the country here, and she's their General. We all turn out in khaki three times a week (I'm on Stella's staff while I'm here—tempy. Colonel), and we drill and march and do positive wonders. Stella says her Yeowomen constitute a *Third Line of Defence*. I asked some of the Yeowomen themselves about it, and they said, Yes, in case of invasion, they'd be the third line of defence; and then I asked them what they'd do, and they said they didn't know. Some of us look immensely snappy in our khaki; I don't say *Stella* does, because (this is very, *very* much *entre nous*, dearest—we must remember we should never have *known* it but for her devotion to her country) the dear thing is *knock-kneed*!

Still, she makes a simply splendid General (she's had lessons from a N.C.O. and has all the military terms at the tip of her tongue), and to see her on horseback, commanding, on a field day or a parade day is really thrilling. She hardly ever calls out "Advance" when she means "Retire," or "Stand at ease" when she means "Charge," though of course such tiny slips would be *quite* excusable.

The Yeowomen have got a machine gun. They don't know yet how to make it go off, and they're too proud to ask any of the men, *qui se moquent d'elles sans cesse*; but they're persevering with it. I've made one or two suggestions, and we all hope it will go off soon. Stella says that her only little trouble is that her Yeowomen don't like *discipline*. One of her sergeants, Maud Something, an *enormously* efficient Yeowoman, cut open her military cap and put a big ribbon bow over the cut part. Stella paraded them all and told Sergeant Maud it was a breach of discipline to alter her uniform, and Sergeant Maud said she dressed her hair over a frame and the cap wasn't large enough. Stella told her the hair must be made to suit the cap, not the cap the hair, and that what she'd done made her liable to be *degraded to the ranks*, and Sergeant Maud said if she was to be degraded to the ranks she'd resign, and all the ranks called out that if it was considered *degradation* to be one of them *they'd* resign! Poor Stella was too worried for words about it.

However, it's straightened out now. Sergeant Maud has taken the big ribbon bow off her military cap and sewed the cap up again and does her hair smaller.

We were discussing Stella's discipline difs. at dinner last night, and the Duke said, "You'll never have discipline without punishment."

"Oh, you savage person!" cried Stella. "Punishment! *Quel mot!* Whoever heard of a woman submitting



Tommy (to Pat, who is looking for a sniper). "IS HE THERE, PAT?"

Pat. "BEGOB, HE MUST BE—'COS I DON'T SEE HIM."

to punishment, or, still less, being able to inflict it!"

"I don't say you're to send any of your mutinous Yeowomen to the cells, or even give them a good *smacking*," said Clackmannan; "but how would it be to issue a General Order of the Day saying that in future any insubordination will be considered a proof that the delinquent is not *young* enough to endure discipline?" Stella took it quite *au sérieux*. "I believe I'll try it," she said.

People are telling quite a touching little storyette about Lady Manœuvrer and a recent matrimonial reverse in her family. She and her four girls

were at Dawdlemoor Spa. Lady M. likes to be right in front of the movement, and her two eldest girls, Bluebell and Hyacinth (they're nineteen and twenty) were conspicuous even at Dawdlemoor for being dressed *on ne peut plus à la mode d'aujourd'hui*—frocks just to their knees, socks and strap shoes, and skipping-ropes to match their ribbons. But then there were the two youngest ones, Nettie and Nottie (Mignonette and Forget-me-Not), who really *are* kiddies, scarcely in their teens, and Madame Mère was puzzled as to how *they* should be *mises*, their grown-up sisters having touched the extreme limit of juvenility. She solved the problem by dressing Mignonette and Forget-me-Not in frocks to their ankles, with short waists and baby bonnets. As they're nearly as tall as their elder sisters the effect of the family group was something of a jigsaw, and thereby hangs the storyette.

Sir Lucre Oremount, on leave from East Africa, where he's been with his regiment ever since war broke out, and, *par conséquent*, not up to the vagaries of fashion at home here, was staying at the same hotel as the Manœuvrers, and was only too pleased to know them and join their party when invited. (The poor boy is *terribly* eligible, and Lady M. received him *à bras ouverts*.) There was the famous sunrise to see from Dawdlemoor Ridge (can't you see that poor devoted woman digging out those lazy girls at some unearthly hour?); there was the celebrated Echo to hear in the Fairies' Valley (Norty used to say that echo was done by a man employed by the Dawdlemoor Town Council and paid according to the number of people who visited the Valley during the season); there were picnics to that fraudulent Roman Camp and to the tinkered-up old castle (one of the five hundred old castles where Charles the First slept the night before Flodden Field). And then Sir Lucre's leave began to run out, and Lady Manœuvrer thought it time to use her delicate touch and great experience in turning attentions into intentions. She dropped a hint while *tête-à-tête* with Sir Lucre, and he at once responded by blurting out that he was "frightfully in love" with her "eldest daughter," and only waiting an opportunity to speak. You can imagine, dearest, the beaming expansiveness of Lady M. as she popped on her Bless-you-my-children air.

"Then I may count on your approval," went on the happy *soupirant*,



Village Expert (on the duration of the War). "ZOME ZES THIS, AN' ZOME ZES THAT AN' T'OTHER, BUT WOT I ZES IS—THERE AIN'T NO KNOWIN' AN' NO TELLIN', AN' I B'AIN'T FAR WRONG NEITHER."

"if I'm lucky enough to get the right answer from Forget-me-Not!"

"Forget-me-Not?" shrieked Lady Manceuvrer; "my 'eldest daughter! Forget-me-Not's the baby. She's scarcely thirteen! You don't mean Forget-me-Not. You mean Bluebell or Hyacinth."

"What! Those two children?"

"They're *not* children—they're only dressed in the extreme of the fashion—they're nineteen and twenty! Oh, what have I done? It was impossible for Nettie and Nottie to wear *shorter* skirts than their grown-up sisters were wearing, so I put them into ankle-frocks, with baby waists and bonnets. Dear Sir Lucre, you don't mean Forget-me-Not—you mean Bluebell or Hyacinth."

Sir Lucre was very positive, however, that he *did* mean Forget-me-Not and no one else, and, his chosen Fair One proving utterly ineligible, he left Dawdlemoor the same day, trying to adjust his views of things in general and the *fashions* in particular. Lady M., wringing her hands and tearing her transformation, retired to her base with her forces—forgive me, dearest, it's all the fault of Stella and her Yeowomen—I mean that the Manceuvrer family have gone back to Manceuvrer Court.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"Grandfather's brass works wanted; grandfather's dial wanted."—*Hamilton Advertiser*. These were the men!

PROTECTING THE PUBLIC.

A PARAGRAPH in the Press states that "in response to a request from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Management of *Ye Gods* have withdrawn the grotesque masks worn by the sandwichboardmen advertising this farce at the Aldwych Theatre." The above is, however, only one instance of the fine work being performed by various societies on the same lines, unobtrusively and without adequate recognition.

Thus, recent innovations in the gags employed by one of our best known revue comedians having been brought to the notice of the Society for the Preservation of Historic Landmarks, that body at once protested to the Management concerned, and was successful in getting all the more venerable wheezes reverently replaced.

It will be noticed that the new revue at our leading West End variety house will be marked by several novel features, amongst them the disappearance of the joy-way down the centre of the stalls. This change has been effected by the Management at the urgent request of the Anthropological Section of the Royal Society, which has found that the strain of sitting for two hours with the neck screwed at an acute angle was having deleterious consequences among the younger generations of British playgoers, the chief sufferers being males of military age.

A Speak-the-Truth Society is being formed in London and the provinces with the primary object of discouraging inexactitude in Theatrical Press agencies. Among other results it is hoped to secure the entire abolition of such preliminary boom-paragraphs as can only be described as Whoppers.

"They [the German newspapers] clamour for peace, and renounce any ambitions of annexation. A veritable disease of truth-killing has broken out among them."

Provincial Paper.

But is that anything new?

"Defendant [a motor-cyclist] said the road was tarred and wet, and his machine skidded. He put his hand accidentally upon the throttle, in consequence of which he went upon the footpath."—*Western Times*.

Motorists ought not to take their birds about with them. We saw a joy-rider the other day with a whole clutch.

From a book review:—

"Although originally addressed to a Scottish audience, the author in the selection and arrangement of his subject-matter has been guided by other considerations than the purely utilitarian."—*Nature*.

On behalf of our Scottish readers we protest against the "although."

"Experienced gentleman required . . . Write particulars of previous experience and age."—*Daily Telegraph*.

A cynical correspondent (female) observes upon this that "an experienced lady gives her previous age as a matter of course."

THE FACTOTUM.

FROM time to time lexicographers make calculations as to how many words the members of various classes of English society employ. The rustic comes at the foot, I believe, with only a hundred or two, and so on, through the grades, to Sir OLIVER LODGE and VERNON LEE and Mr. GOSSE, whose words are legion.

But never mind how many or how few words we use. More interesting is the way we overwork one or two of them.

Here are some reports from various centres illustrating the strain that it is customary now to put upon that adjective which BUNYAN, who used no word lightly, coupled with the City of his desire:—

At the National Gallery. Guide to Australian Soldiers: "Now let me show you one of the most beautiful pictures we have—a landscape by COROT."

In the Park. First Dog-fancier: "Do you know, I met a man yesterday who denied that Pekinese were beautiful."

Second Dog-fancier: "Good heavens! Still, they're not so beautiful as bull-dogs."

First Dog-fancier: "My dear! How can you think so?"

In the Trenches. First Soldier: "You know that fellow who was sniping us all day yesterday? Well, I set my heart on getting him, and about half-an-hour after daybreak this morning my chance came. He showed himself just a little too much, and I made a beautiful hole right through his head. No more trouble from him!"

In the Lounge. First Lady: "Tell me something to read."

Second Lady: "You should get *The Treacle Moon*, by Green Stratton Water. It's beautiful."

At the Hospital. First Student: "You should have been in the operating theatre this morning. The way Sir Sawyer Lympne took that leg off was something beautiful."

At Queen's Hall. Enthusiast, entering late: "I hope I haven't missed anything."

His Friend: "Missed anything? I should think you had. They've played that beautiful symphony of BEETHOVEN'S—your favourite—and played it beautifully too."

In Camp. First Soldier: "Was it a good concert?"

Second Soldier: "Not 'arf. Old Bill playing 'Farewell, Virginia' on his jews-harp was A1. Well, it was beautiful—there's no other word for it."

In the Country. Materialist: "Why on earth don't they flush the lake? It's stagnant."

Rhapsodist: "Yes, but look at the beautiful iridescence on the surface!"

At Thurston's. First Spectator: "You may say what you like about INMAN, but there's nothing beautiful in his play such as there is in REECE'S."

At the Seaside. Second Bather: "What's the water like this morning?"

First Bather: "It's beautiful."

Hammerhun is marrying? Is she pretty?"

His Partner: "She's more than pretty—she's beautiful."

At the Alhambra. Member of the Audience: "So that's GEORGE ROBEY, is it? Well, I'm glad I've seen him at last. He's just beautiful."

At the Butcher's. Customer: "I want some steak. Something very nourishing."

The Butcher (slamming upon the block a viscous mass of quivering redness): "There you are, Madam. Never had a more beautiful fillet than that in the place."

"Drums Practice must commence punctually at 7 p.m., so that drishrdluunnunu punctually, in order to finish punctually at 7 p.m., so that drill may begin to time."—*Provincial Paper.*

Drishrdluunnunu seems to take up less time than our old friend rataplan.

"North of Pozieres we have made some further advance by bombing along the enemy's trenches, capturing 25 prisoners in the Ypres salient."

Guernsey Evening Press.

We commend the restraint of our contemporary in describing this sixty miles' raid.

"As Mr. Lloyd George said on Saturday night in his Welsh retreat, 'The nippers are gripping.' For the first time for two years he feels it will 'not be long before we begin to hear a crack,' though the extraction of the kernel may be a slower business. The Russian half of the nippers is gripping also."

Morning Paper.

We are delighted to learn from so high a source as the Press that the Allies have given up trying to crack the nut with only one half of the nippers—a process rarely successful.

"This paper is distributed to ships, regiments, hospitals, etc., through the Admiralty, the War Office, the Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A., and other philanthropic organisations."

Blighty.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE should be pleased with this description of his new department.

"BOMBS AT A RAILWAY STATION."

Considerable agitation has been caused in Switzerland through the discovery at Lausanne railway station of thirty-six mobs, believed to be of Austro-German origin."

Evening Paper.

The Swiss authorities are to be commended on the prompt and effective way in which, as indicated in the headline, they dealt with the situation.



"ANY EXCUSE —."

Scene. Somewhere in Middlesex. Charge. Overstaying leave.

The Old Soldier. "IT WAS LIKE THIS, SIR. I HAD TO WAIT FOR MY TRAIN, SO I HAD A CIGARETTE, AND TOOK A STEP BACKWARDS TO GET OUT OF THE WIND, LIKE — AND, SWELP ME! IF I DIDN'T WALK STRAIGHT INTO THE OPEN GUARD'S VAN OF THE SCOTCH EXPRESS THAT WAS JUST LEAVING THE PLATFORM."

At the Tailor's. Fitter to Customer: "I shouldn't have anything done to that if I were you. I call that a beautiful fit, Sir."

After Church. First Parishioner: "Well, I never heard the Rector in better form than he was to-day. Really beautiful."

In the Train. Newspaper Reader: "There's been another round-up, I see. It's beautiful the way they're after these shirkers."

In a Flower Garden. Hostess: "What do you think of our Gruss an Teplitz?"

Visitor: "It's beautiful."

In a Kitchen Garden. Visiting Gardener: "Your celery looks all right."

Home Gardener: "Yes, it's coming along beautiful."

At a Dinner-party. First Guest: "What kind of a girl is it that Captain



Tommy (who has found some kipper bones in his tea). "ERE, HALBERT, TAKE AWAY THIS MOCK TURTLE SOUP AND BRING ME SOME OF THE CONSUMMY!"

AT THE PLAY.

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER IN SOCIETY."

THIS queer money trouble in three Acts with a happy ending finds itself outside criticism by its charming naïveté. Mr. MONTAGUE GLASS, besides creating, with the skilled assistance of Mr. AUGUSTUS YORKE and Mr. ROBERT LEONARD, the immortal *Abe* and *Mawruss*, has got the smell of dollars across the footlights more completely than any other of his enterprising countrymen. And it is some smell!

As to the general business background, I can imagine the nightmare of a respectable Wood Street merchant after a gastronomic indiscretion at Pimm's might be something like it. That is, if it were not for *Abe* and *Mawruss*. That's not nightmare. That's the human comedy—that's life, odd but real. And not many authors could string together so many sentences which induce the loud guffaw that speaks the well-contented mind. Which is the abundant justification of *Potash and Perlmutter in Society*, as of its predecessor.

The two worthy costumiers have prospered. *Mawruss*, newly married,

has a pretentious flat in Fifth Avenue. Some financiers who are on the lookout for pretentious flats find it. The upshot is that *Potash* and *Perlmutter* are "incorporated." *Abe* breaks away aghast at the dishonest watering of the capital. *Mawruss* is engulfed, and it is *Abe* who comes to the rescue, and the broken partnership is renewed in a fresh start in honest business on the old lines. Queer how lovable these two fellows are with all their preposterous meanness and ridiculous preoccupation with money-getting.

I amused myself by trying to catch Mr. YORKE and Mr. LEONARD off their guard. Not on your life, not for a single instant; not by a quiver of an eyelid did they give themselves away as the two robust gentlemen whose photographs graced the foyer. A really wonderful performance.

I don't suppose anyone who has made acquaintance with *Abe* or *Mawruss* will hesitate to renew it. But to the others I say: Go and laugh. The kaleidoscopic crowd of secondary characters hasn't much chance. Pretty Miss LAURA COWIE, who has some very good things to her credit, didn't seem quite the simple loyal little wife that Mr. GLASS meant her to be. But this

isn't quite her galley, is it? Miss MILLIE HYLTON makes an excellent grotesque of Mrs. *Potash*. Mr. GEOFFREY WILMER gives a good smooth performance as a well-mannered optimistic crook; and Mr. PETER WISER's insurance agent was a good study of canvass by barrage and battery. The wicked business-man, swindler and sensualist, of Mr. FRANK PETLEY was effective. Many others also ran—in and out of the general medley. T.

"Early this morning [at Athens] a party of reservists asked an officer who happened to be passing by to help them raid a horse where they said they suspected arms were concealed."—*Sunday Times*.

It sounds like poor old Laocoon again.

"CORLETT.—On July 21, at 67 Colville-street, Battery Point, to Private and Mrs. O. K. Corlett: a daughter (Martha Claudeina Francis). Now on active service."

Tasmanian Paper.

We like Miss CORLETT's spirit and congratulate her parents.

"Bukarest.

The German and Turkish Legations left this morning, travelling respectively to Berlin and Constantinople through Russia and Sweden."

Morning Paper.

It seems a long, long way to Constantinople.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THIS Mr. E. F. BENSON is becoming a prodigy. The rapidity with which he turns out books that (for all their facility) never seem in the least slipshod entitles him to rank among the marvels of literature. Speaking as a reviewer, my complaint is especially concerned with that easy dialogue of his, which, while seeming to be about nothing at all (as is the talk of most people), is really so artfully getting the story told that I am prevented from skipping a word of it, and driven forward as with goads. This is notably the case with *Mike* (CASSELL), which, though I don't call it quite Mr. BENSON's best, is certainly among the most human romances that have been written about the War. It is courageous, too; it must have taken some nerve to create such very attractive Germans as *Hermann* and *Sylvia*. I don't intend to spoil the tale for you by telling it beforehand; but I will say that you will certainly not put it down before the last page is turned. As usual with Mr. BENSON, the plot is rather less important than the characters, some of whom are as good as anything that he has done—*Lady Ashbridge*, for example, who at first seemed only another of those clever studies of feminine futility of which the author has already such a gallery, but afterwards developed into something vastly different (her later appearances indeed are almost intolerably poignant); *Michael* himself, the shy egoist; his pompous father and his delightful aunt. All these are admirably drawn; and not less striking is the treatment of another minor character, none other than the All-Highest War Lord himself. Probably you were not prepared to find him in the cast. But at all events you will now have to read the book if only to see how so sensational an appearance is brought about.

Fictional variations upon the war-theme continue, as I knew they would, to engage our novelists. But I own that I was unprepared for anything quite like *Dead Yesterday* (DUCKWORTH), which, so far as I have been able to grasp its meaning, appears to be a pacifist tract thinly disguised as a story. Of course it is always possible that I may be wronging Miss MARY AGNES HAMILTON, and that the peace-at-any-price views of her heroine are not to be identified with her own; but in that case she should certainly have copied the newspaper editors and disclaimed responsibility. Besides, not only the heroine but all the "sympathetic characters" adopt the same attitude; and for further evidence there is the recruiting meeting in Chapter 22, at which the arguments of the speaker, one *Nigel*, are indicated with superior scorn, and implied to be at the mercy of the quiet man in a flannel collar who is not allowed to question them. After this the plot is of secondary importance. The matter of it is how the heroine heroically breaks her engagement to this *Nigel* on the ground that he is unable to "understand her." I am afraid that she

would have to include me in the same charge. To speak quite frankly, as a polemic the thing is conspicuously ill-timed. There are some fairly well-drawn sketches of modern London scenes, and some clever wit that I would gladly have seen better employed. Otherwise the effect of the whole is irritatingly artificial, and so feminist that it reminds me of nothing more than a play at a ladies' seminary, with all the characters, of both sexes, impersonated by precocious and rather conceited young women.

Non-Combatants is, so Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON tell us, "a story of the War as it reacts on the people at home," and for my part I will say at once that it is a gloomily didactic tale. Miss ROSE MACAULAY has strong views about war, and now that she has expressed them I hope she will return to subjects more in harmony with her natural talent. Under ordinary conditions I do not believe that she would have created a family genteel to the point of vulgarity for the joy of heaping ridicule upon them; nor introduced us to a heroine who in moments of strong

emotion was physically sick. I forget how often *Alix Sandomir* suffered from nausea, but more than once I found myself wondering whether attacks of nose-bleeding, sneezing, or even hiccoughs would not have emphasized sufficiently her internal emotions. There is, however, a lot of clever writing in this "story of the War," and, in spite of the fact that the present example of Miss MACAULAY's art provides abundant proof of the pitfalls which lie in wait for an ambitious novelist, I still pin my faith to her.



Wife of Author (hearing the sound of a brow being slapped). "OH, HAROLD! AN INSPIRATION?"

The Author (sadly). "NO, MY DEAR—A MOSQUITO."

Armchair Stories

(MILLS AND BOON) is the attractive title that Mr. I. A. R. WYLIE has given to a collection of short tales. My only comment upon it shall be to suggest that you should place your armchair within easy reach of a salt-cellar, since the demands that the stories will make upon it are likely to exceed an occasional pinch. Take for example the first half-dozen, which concern a common hero, one *Sandy McGrab*. This gentleman (I will not hide it from you) was a native Scot. When not engaged in pursuits more proper to the Highlands, he was reciting passages from SHAKESPEARE to the surrounding heather. These recitals having been overheard by a real leading lady—oh these actresses!—she encouraged him to such an extent that, on the night of her London debut as *Juliet*, the braw laddie knocked on the head the mime who was cast for *Romeo*, and took his place with triumphant success. This interesting sidelight on life behind the scenes should be welcomed by those who, like myself, imagined that not only the speeches but the related movements of the players require some practice before the rising of the curtain. After it I was incapable of surprise when a dramatic critic, tempted for vile ends to write a bad notice, replied hoarsely, "I can't! I should be perjuring my own soul!" But after that I rose from my armchair and turned for relief to the verisimilitudes of the BARON VON MÜNCHHAUSEN.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XLVIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You will, I fancy, agree with me that War is assuming a serious aspect when a crowd of armour-plated monsters (under the command, it is rumoured, of General HEATH ROBINSON) clamber laboriously out of our trenches and plod slowly but surely across to theirs, apparently to serve some useful purpose.

I see that they are officially described in the communiqué as "heavy armoured motor cars," but this does little justice to their buxom figures and autumnal tints, and is not too flattering to the modern automobile. The *Echo de Paris*, hovering between the words "battleship" and "caterpillar," gets nearer to the mark. If your imagination can conceive a cross between these two species you will have some idea of what happened to the Bosch in the early morning of September 16th, 1916.

I am told that, in one case, some of the more optimistic mistook the apparition, in the dim light of dawn, for a lost field-kitchen, and ran up to it with mess tins and an immediate request for hot coffee; but I do not believe that. I am at a loss to conceive the real feelings of those who were, so to speak, being approached in the matter; they cannot have dared to hope that this was a novel, if extraordinarily cautious, method of desertion to their side of the invisible Englishmen within. There can have been no doubt that they came on business; I know them by sight and they have that look. But what manner of business was theirs and what reception should be accorded them? These are questions which must have sorely puzzled many a thoughtful Bosch that morning. No good firing at them; the bullets would only bounce off and hit you in the face. No good staying where you were; the things would only run over you. No good running away and climbing up a tree; they would only follow you. It was even no good running to a house and crouching on the other side of it; the unlovely but painstaking monster, coming across a building, merely leans up against the wall till it collapses, and then proceeds. It cannot be disputed that the whole idea was distinctly unkind; very funny, no doubt, but not quite nice.

When the matter was still in rehearsal I am told that the authorities had some knotty problems to solve. Should they be treated as motors and given horns, or as engines and given whistles? In the matter of drill disci-

pline, was it up to the driver to give notice of his intention of turning a corner by thrusting his arm out through a loophole? Only one misgiving was felt. The crew, carried away by excitement, might go too far and find themselves stranded with all ammunition and motive power spent. Besieged and forced by hunger and lapse of time to surrender, they might have to open the window and come out. "Mark my words," a Disembarkation Officer is reported to have said as he piloted a platoon of these animals down the gangway, "one of these days we shall find one of them back here again; not till we have gone up to it to stroke it and offer it a lump of sugar shall we find that its insides have become German and it has turned against us." This may concern you, Charles. The animals look so dreadfully competent, I am quite sure they can swim. Thus, any day now, as you go to your business in the City, you may meet one of them trundling up Ludgate Hill, looking like nothing on earth and not behaving like a gentleman. I suppose you have by this time heard the first report we received of the progress of any member of the party, on that hilarious morning: "Have just seen 'The Hedgehog,' walking up High Street, Flanders, followed by crowd of cheering Tommies."

Earlier operations round Ginchy, I believe, produced a smaller but not insignificant incident. It concerned a special system of sending reports from the battle. This may or may not be a regular practice; I don't know. In any case it was to be something very rapid, very effective and very, very special. Great preparations were made and everything was provided for except the comfort of the man who had to carry the apparatus into the battle.

Any man in the Army who goes for a walk starts off with some hundred-weights of luggage attached to him. Up to the moment the powers that be haven't taken to hanging odd knick-knacks to one's ears, but otherwise there is no space to let. If in addition to the packs and pouches, arms, side-arms, water-bottles, haversacks, gas helmets, emergency rations, ammunition and spare parts of everyday life a man has also to carry the apparatus of a special idea with him, he sets forth with little spring in his step, and after he has got some miles his enthusiasm for the special idea does not increase. I have no doubt that the man in this case besides his own luggage had also some pounds of patent stationery for writing his messages on, and many other contraptions in some way connected with his business. However

that may be, he was started off all right, in good time for the battle.

By the time the message was expected a distinguished crowd had become interested in the affair and had gathered at the receiving-station to witness the working of the special idea. I am informed there was a General among the waiting assembly, and that there was plenty of waiting to be done. It was bad enough when much time elapsed and no news of the battle arrived; it was worse when more time elapsed and news of the battle did arrive, but by other channels. Feelings were suppressed but intense; there was, in fact, some impatience. Great things were expected of the apparatus; there must be some very important event it had been waiting all this time to bring the news of. I don't know how many of the distinguished crowd at this moment gave a thought to the man who'd set out in the early morning with the apparatus. I can only picture them all there, gathering round the General as the message was handed to him, listening in an expectant hush as he opened it and read: "I think I've carried this damned apparatus long enough now."

Lastly, let me tell you of the nameless battalion which, about this period of operations, had managed to capture five German prisoners, and with great zest and pride wired the great news to the Division, and intimated that the five were being sent forthwith to the Divisional cage. The officer who was detailed to meet and deal with them was a little disappointed to find that on their arrival there were only four. The escort most indignantly denied the accusation of having lost one on the way, and very strongly deprecated the other suggestion. Where then, said the officer, was the fifth? Reluctantly the truth was made known. It appeared that, after the wire had been sent, but before the prisoners had been started on their way, the captors had met another nameless battalion, and had been so melted by the latter's piteous tale of two months' toil and trouble, but never a single prisoner taken, that a bargain had been completed. The second battalion had in fact become owners of the prisoner, the missing fifth, by right of purchase. And at what price? Five hundred sand-bags.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"Mr. Leslie Smiles, the aviator, looped the loop twenty-three consecutive times at a war charity gathering at Finchley on Saturday afternoon."—*Daily Express*.

Yes, but you should see us do the same feat twenty-three times simultaneously.



A WASTED LIFE.

KAISER (to Count ZEPPELIN). "TELL ME, COUNT, WHY DIDN'T YOU INVENT SOMETHING USEFUL, LIKE THE 'TANKS'?"

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(Grand Admiral von TIRPITZ and General von FALKENHAYN.)

Tirpitz. So you've joined us at last. I've been expecting you for a long time.

Falkenhayn. What do you mean?

T. Oh, you know well enough. You needn't be so modest about it. It's really a great distinction to be one of us in these days. Have you brought your letter with you?

F. What letter?

T. Why, the letter he wrote to you. The letter in which he told you he had noticed that your health was failing.

F. Oh, that letter.

T. Yes, that letter. And then he went on to say that it tore his heartstrings to pieces to be parted from you, but he had been forced at last to yield to your own repeated requests to be relieved of your functions.

F. Yes, that's about it.

T. And then he went on to say that he would find you some other employment of a lighter kind suited to your high abilities.

F. That's it. You've got it quite pat.

T. And then didn't he finish by saying he was sending you the Order of the Red Eagle and his own gracious and splendid portrait in a jewelled frame?

F. Yes; isn't he the most kindly of Kaisers?

T. And the most considerate.

F. And the most tactful.

T. Upon my word, it's a privilege merely to serve such a man.

F. Merely to look at him is enough for me, and even of that I sometimes think I've had too much lately.

T. Has he been interfering in his usual way?

F. Interfering, indeed! Why, he never left me alone. No sooner was any movement decided than he must come and put his fist in the pie and stir it all up again. If it went well, of course he took all the credit.

T. Ah, that is the way with all these imperial big-wigs.

F. But if things go badly, then I have not noticed that he is very eager to take any share of the blame.

T. Of course not. To offer any blame to so skilful and foreseeing an All-Highest would be *lèse-majesté* of the worst description.

F. In the end I got tired of it and broke out. "Your Majesty," I said, "has forgotten to take a few facts into account. First, that the French and the English can also fight, and are not yet by any means all killed; secondly, that the Russians do not consider that they are all dead; and thirdly, that, if we are to win, we must have more men and, above all, more guns and ammunition, and of a better quality. I am not useful for making bricks without straw."

T. That was very bold of you. What did he say?

F. He didn't say much—just turned on his heel and snorted—you know that way he has. And two days afterwards I got that letter that seems to amuse you so much.

T. Well, well, I don't congratulate HINDENBURG.

F. Nor I; his job is not like walking in a rose-garden. Things really are not going well. There is no use in disguising the situation.

T. Not the least. I own I never thought it would come even to this.

F. Ah, you hadn't reckoned on the All-Highest's capacity for mischief. Besides, there is that little jackanapes of a CROWN PRINCE with his crown of oak-leaves. He can spoil most things.

T. Too true.

THE RHYME OF THE "INISFAIL."

LIMEHOUSE way, the other day, as I did chance to be,
I met with a hairy sailorman, was shipmates once with me,
With his short black pipe between his teeth, and his tarry dungaree.

I gripped him by the elbow then; he swung upon his heel
(And oh, that deep-sea speech to hear, that rope-hard hand to feel,

It brought me back the younger years, the look-out and the wheel!

The way of a ship in the great waters where the flying-fishes are,

A creaking block, and the reef-points tapping, and a far Southern star,

And the smell of nitrates, and new lumber, and paint and Stockholm tar).

And "What's the news now up and down?" and "Where's your ship?" I cried,

"Greenland Basin or Martin's Wharf?" He turned and spat aside.

"She's dockin' far from here this night on a late, long tide.

"An' I came home in steam," he said, "I never thought to do,

In a sooty, smeary cargo-tank, with a greasy steamboat crew;

An' if you'd know the why of it I'll tell ye plain an' true.

"I sailed last June from Carrizal—no call to tell the tale
Of every bit of a blow we had an' every Cape Horn gale—
In an old-time Clyde-built packet that was named the *Inisfail*.

"One o' them ships with painted ports that Gow of Glasgow had

In the great old days of the wool-clippers when I was but a lad;

An' she was one o' the best o' them; their worst was never bad.

"All full-rigged ships in them days too, I've heard old shellbacks say;

The *Inisfail* was near the last, an' she had had her day
When they cut the half of her sail-plan down and her mizzen yards away."

"Why, well I knew the *Inisfail*," I said, "and well should know;

She lay with us in Taltal once, and once in Callao,
The time I sailed in the nitrate trade, a sight o' years ago.

"A woman with a harp she had by way of figurehead,
And shamrocks all about her dress like golden stars were spread;

A bonnier thing was never carved." "That's her," he sighed and said.

"Ay, well, she's gone, the *Inisfail*; her split an' broken hull,

It does not lie by the Seven Stones, the Brisons nor the Gull,

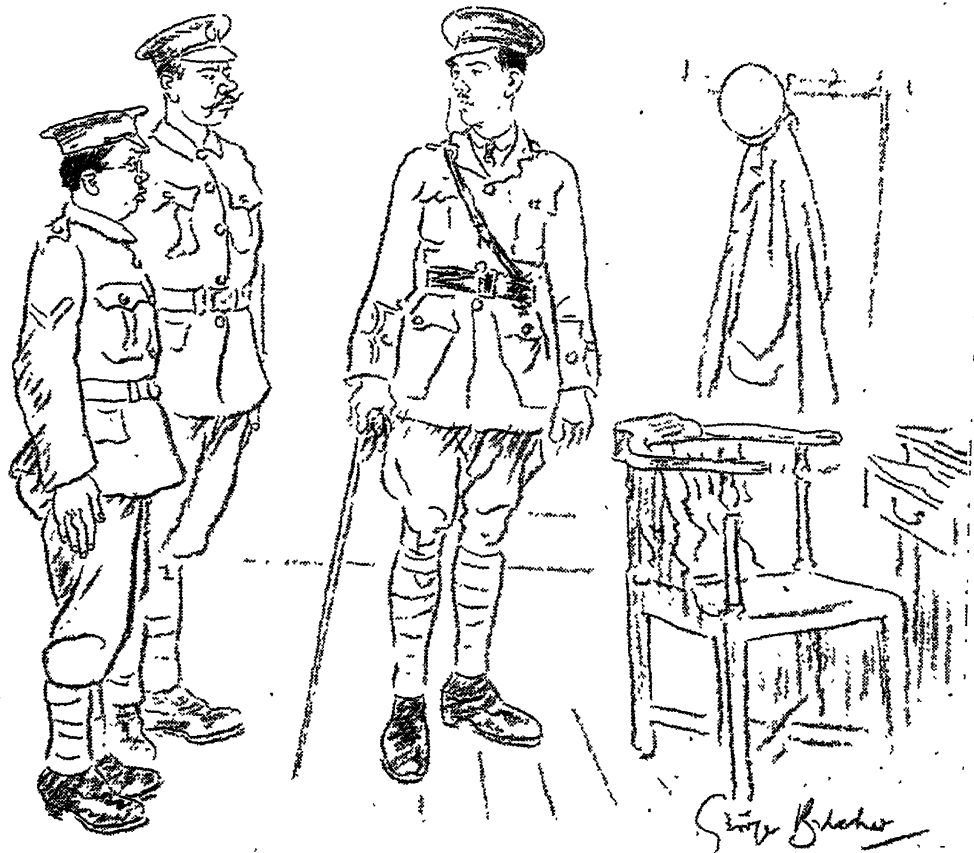
Where many a bumpin' cargo lies an' many a dead man's skull.

"But fifty miles from Fastnet Light, in the wide and open sea,

Where the seagulls meet the homeward bound through the rollers plungin' free,

It's there I left the *Inisfail* in the place where she left me.

* * * * *



Lance-Corporal Jones. "I 'AVE TO REPORT PRIVATE PERKS, SIR, FOR MAKING PREJUDICIAL INSULTS UPON MY PERSONAL FACE."

"A shadow like a shark, I saw the damned torpedo glide;
Like a sunken reef it jarred her ribs, it ripped her loaded
side
As the killer rips the mother-whale in the red Behring tide.
"We did not need the soundin'-rod to try the depth below;
By the feel of her beneath our feet we could not help but
know
She'd never fetch a port no more, an' 'twas time for us to go.
"So we cast the long-boat's lashin's loose, we hove it over
the rail
(An' we blessed our luck, as we tumbled in, it wasn't blowin'
a gale),
An' we stood off an' on, to see the last of the *Inisfail*.
"We had not got the sail off her; with all her cloths
aglean
She looked as lovely as a bird, as peaceful as a dream,
As she lay with her mainyard aback an' liftin' on the
stream.
"We could see the smoke from the galley-fire, in little puffs
that blew,
An' the brasswork winkin' in the sun an' the gilt vane
flashin' too,
An' the shark's tail at her bowsprit end, an' a score o'
things we knew.
"We sat an' watched for the end of her—we hardly spoke
or stirred;
'She'll maybe float,' said someone then. He scarce had
shaped the word
When she shivered an' lurched like a meltin' berg and
dived like a wounded bird.

"An' she'll never know the stars an' the wind no more, the
sun an' the blue,
Never the kiss of the Trade again, never the sound o' the
crew
An' they chanteyin' up the anchor in one o' them ports she
knew.

"No one 'll doze in the black shadows when the moon's
yellow as corn,
Or sing songs in the dog watches, or wish he was never
born,
Fistin' them big courses of hers down there off the pitch
o' the Horn.

"Nor they won't sell her or scrap her now when workin'
days are done;
She won't rust in the breaker's yard nor lie an' rot in
the sun
Like an old broken sailorman whose yarn is nearly spun.

"For she lies deep, the *Inisfail*—ay, deep she lies an'
drowned,
Farther 'n ever a wave will stir an' deeper 'n lead can
sound—
Fifty mile from Fastnet Light an' homeward bound . . . "

"An officer friend of mine who has just 'gone out' as a subaltern
in the Engineers is going to employ against the Germans the scientific
lore he learned at one of their famous schools—the Royal School of
Mines at Freiberg, Saxony.

It is rather an amusing, and doubtless unique, circumstance that
one of the things which helped him to a prompt and deserved com-
mission was the fact that he graduated from Freiberg magnum cum
laude!"

Morning Paper.

The Latin, at any rate, is unique.



Tripper (to proprietor of refreshment shanty on summit of Cader Idris). "AND WHAT DO YOU FIND TO DO ALL DAY HERE?"
Proprietor of shanty. "WELL, INDEED, I KEEP THE MOUNTAIN COMFORTABLE FOR THE VISITORS, WHATEVER."

GRIEVANCES.

DENTISTS.

NEXT to golf there is perhaps no pleasure greater, between men, than pointing out what is wrong—wrong not only in the Government, which of course is perpetually vulnerable, but in social life too.

Oysters, for example. Here we are in the first month of a new oyster season—and to many right-minded men life is a blank between April 30 and September 1—and the papers tell us, with dismal iteration, that there never was such a good crop, and oysters are among the few things which the War has not made dearer, and even the poor man can enjoy his oysters this year, and at Billingsgate they are so cheap that twenty a shilling can be obtained retail and every one with a pearl in it, and a lot more besides; but none the less the West-End restaurants are still asking three-and-six a dozen, as though nothing had occurred to bring the price down.

Surely that's a subject for discussion! Threepence-halfpenny each for oysters just because there is a selfish—or shall I say?—yes, I will chance it—a shell-fish—ring which is determined that the public, at any rate the richer public, shall not participate in

cheap rates! It is of course a scandal, and I should like to hear that new Cato, Mr. Justice Low, who has such a short, sharp way with dishonest Army contractors, on the matter.

No wonder that that little band of true patriots, censors and friends of man and equity (of whom I am one) which assembles in the corner of a smoking-room of one of the few clubs that have not yet been commandeered by the War Office or Munitions Office, had something to say about it. But of our remarks on the delicious bivalve, as the stylists call it, and inflated prices, I shall say nothing here. It is of our decisions with regard to another unsatisfactory affair that I wish to call attention.

Somebody—I think it was Masters—began it by informing us that he had a story of medical turpitude to unfold to us. But he had no chance; for old Colonel Blythe was all over him in an instant.

"Don't say anything against doctors," he said. "I won't listen to it. Doctors are all right. They do their best. It's dentists that want reforming."

A murmur of support indicated how widespread was this feeling.

"Yes, Sir," the Colonel went on, "there may be a doctor here and there

who is deficient. But take them as a whole they're wonderful. They're fine fellows. They work. They consider their patients. If you're ill your doctor comes to you; he doesn't command you to go to him. If you need half a day's attention he gives it to you. If you're bad in the night you can send for him and he'll get up. You know the address and his home telephone number; and he'll come the next day too, and every day, and sometimes twice a day—till you're well, or dead. But what does a dentist do?"

The Colonel glared at us as furiously as though we too were dentists.

"What does a dentist do?" he repeated. "I'll tell you. The dentist does as little as he can. To begin with, he doesn't come to us at all, but sends for us: chucks us half-an-hour here, on Monday, say, at 11.30, and then half-an-hour on Friday at 4.15, just as if he were an employer of labour and we were starving applicants. And when we get there he is never ready, and then when we reach his room he is in a hurry because he is late, and most of the time he is leaving us to go to the telephone; and if, when we go away and have pain, we want to get at him again, we can't, because he never lives at his business address. A

doctor does, but a dentist never does. Dentists practise in Welbeck Street and live at Great Missenden. Yes, Sir, Great Missenden; that's what dentists do. I tell you they're clever fellows, and we're their dupes. You can't ring a dentist up in the night; no one ever spoiled a dentist's rest yet. And as for Saturdays and Sundays, they never show up at all either day.

"And that's not all," the Colonel continued. "They're always too busy. However busy a doctor is he can always come to-day. A dentist can't find a minute till Thursday, and then you must be squeezed in between other patients.

"And then their bills. Anyone else tells you what you are paying for. A dentist says 'Attendance—thirty guineas.' On consulting the dictionary I find that 'attendance' means 'waiting on.' Now who does the waiting at the dentist's—you or he? Why, you do, of course. It's all waiting, and under dashed uncomfortable conditions too, with back numbers of *The Graphic*, and a lot of frowsy people who it is ten to one are to be called before you are. Attendance, indeed! Why, we ought to be paid for our lost time.

"But it will all have to be changed. There's a fortune for the dentist who does not take on more than he can properly accomplish, who keeps his appointments, who realises that teeth don't adhere to office hours and ache only between 10 and 5, and who, living in London, is accessible at odd times. Dentists have been bullying us too long. They've got to come into line."

"When?" I ventured to ask.

"Well," said the Colonel, "you won't see it, and I won't. And my sons won't. But possibly our grandsons, when they're very old men, may."

REPRISALS.

"SÉMIRAMIS, reine d'Assyrie, vingtième siècle avant Jésus-Christ . . . embellit Babylone," repeated Jeanne, both elbows on the table, her head supported on her hands—"Sémiramis, vingtième siècle avant Jésus-Christ." And, closing the book with a sigh of relief: "Voilà pour l'histoire ancienne!" There remained now only the sonata to run through just once more, to make quite sure of it. "Do mi fa do sol sol do mi do sol"—no, not on the piano, but in a loud and desperate whisper—"sol la fa sol mi fa ré mi do. . . . Ça! voilà pour ce maudit Clément!"

And now to play. Confidently pulling open a drawer, she met a shock of disappointment. "Et ma poupée?" queried Jeanne; but obviously no doll was there.



SCENE: Concert at a Casualty Clearing Station.

Padre. "LANCE-CORPORAL GASCOYNE, OF THE — REGIMENT, JUST IN FROM THE SOMME, WILL SING 'A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN.'"

Well, then, it must be in the cupboard. . . . No? "Et ma poupée?" Well, of course, then it must be in the ottoman . . . Not there either? Now indeed it was time to invoke aid, and out rang the little voice, "Ô bon Saint-Antoine de Padoue, aidez-moi à retrouver ma poupée!"

The search begins again with renewed confidence—back to the drawer—"Ô bon Saint-Antoine"—on to the cupboard—"de Padoue"—now the ottoman is ransacked—"aidez-moi à retrouver ma poupée!" Strange!

However, Saint Anthony would not fail her—of course not. And louder, "Ô bon"—Why, yes, she must have left it in the boudoir last night . . . Easy-chairs, cupboards, work-table are eagerly peered into, but the search in this room ends with an appealing, "Ô bon Saint-Antoine de Padoue"—and a turning of steps in the direction of the bedroom this time—"aidez-moi à retrouver ma poupée!"

Now a note of exasperation creeps

into the prayer—"Ô bon Saint-Antoine de Padoue"—and less and less reverence remains and more and more exasperation forces its way in until the little feet come to a standstill, and out rings not a prayer but a summons, "aidez-moi!"

A last desperate look round in vain. Prayer is unavailing; effort is exhausted. Is there no retribution? Wait! Consequences might be hinted at: "Eh bien, si Saint-Antoine ne veut pas m'aider à retrouver ma poupée"—the rest is rapped out, punctuated by vigorous stamps of the little foot—"c'est—tant—pis—pour—lui!"

Commercial Candour.

"There is no road in the British Isles but what they won't climb."

Light Car and Cycle Car.

"Man required for cleaning staff of large building."—*Provincial Paper.*
The staff are too busy, we suppose, to clean themselves.



Crafty Nurse (to soldier who won't eat his pudding). "COME, NOW—DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD JUST NIBBLE OFF THAT SALIENT?"
Soldier (pricking up his ears). "OF COURSE, IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, NURSE——" [Devours the whole plateful.]

THE FUTURE OF BELGIUM.

I'M feeling quite cheerful about the future of Belgium. This is how it came about.

The lunch at my Belgian Refugee hostel was over. The babies and very small children were sitting round the tables while their mothers cleared away. At one table in the far corner of the room, Georges, aged two and a half, was sitting opposite to Elizabeth, aged one and a half, who was born here, and rather takes a pride in being thought English. Georges always has been a trial to us ever since he came. If it wasn't one thing it was another, and his latest habit of handing me his half-finished saucer of potato and gravy upside down at lunch is distracting in the extreme. Also, he frequently struggles out of his chair and crawls across the table if he sees a pudding he likes better than his on the other side.

At this particular moment his mother was out of the room, and I, knowing his past, kept my eye upon him.

He gazed at Elizabeth approvingly.

Then, with an ease acquired by long practice, he got out of his chair and walked across the table and knelt down in front of her.

He patted her head hard on the top. Elizabeth looked far from pleased, so I thought it was time to interfere. I walked across the room and said, "Georges!" in a reproving voice.

He looked up at me, and then, with an engaging smile, he flung his arms round Elizabeth and said, "*Lis'beth pour moi.*"

"It was rough-and-tumble comedy, but quite the best of its sort. Certainly Mr. Glenville can sweedle smiles from you in a way all his own."—*Daily Paper.*

And, no doubt, in tragedy he could tweedle tears.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

HOMES of outworn and fossilized traditions,
 Tending to cramp and sterilize our sons,
 Checking the growth of generous ambitions—
 So the impeachment confidently runs.

Thus do we see the glib suburban Rousseau
 Tilt at the system, ridicule its rules,
 And, by adroitly mingling false and true, sow
 Envious distrust of British Public Schools.

Let the Roll answer, not alone in losses,
 Not in the lists that daily make us mourn,
 Rather in deeds beyond the meed of Crosses,
 Signs of a race regenerate, reborn.

Cherished at home and delicately bred up,
 These were the first to lend their country aid,
 Only impatient, saying they were "fed up,"
 When to the Front their journey was delayed.

Spite of the anti-Classicists' arraigning,
 Spite of the ink so petulantly spilt,
 Not by exact laboratory training,
 Not by the test-tube character is built.

Only in fields of emulous endeavour,
 Fired by the teaching of the famous dead,
 Public-school boys, who play the game for ever,
 Grow into leaders and inspire the led.

"All the civil and religious liberties we enjoy to-day spring from the seed sown by our forefathers, and in their defence we went voluntarily into the Great War, so that those liberties, and the spirit of live and let live, may be handed down unimpaired to our ancestors."

Bournemouth Visitors' Directory.

And where does poor old posterity come-in?





New-comer. "W-WAS THAT A SHELL?"

Old hand. "No. I THINK YOU MUST HAVE TRIPPED OVER THE MAT."

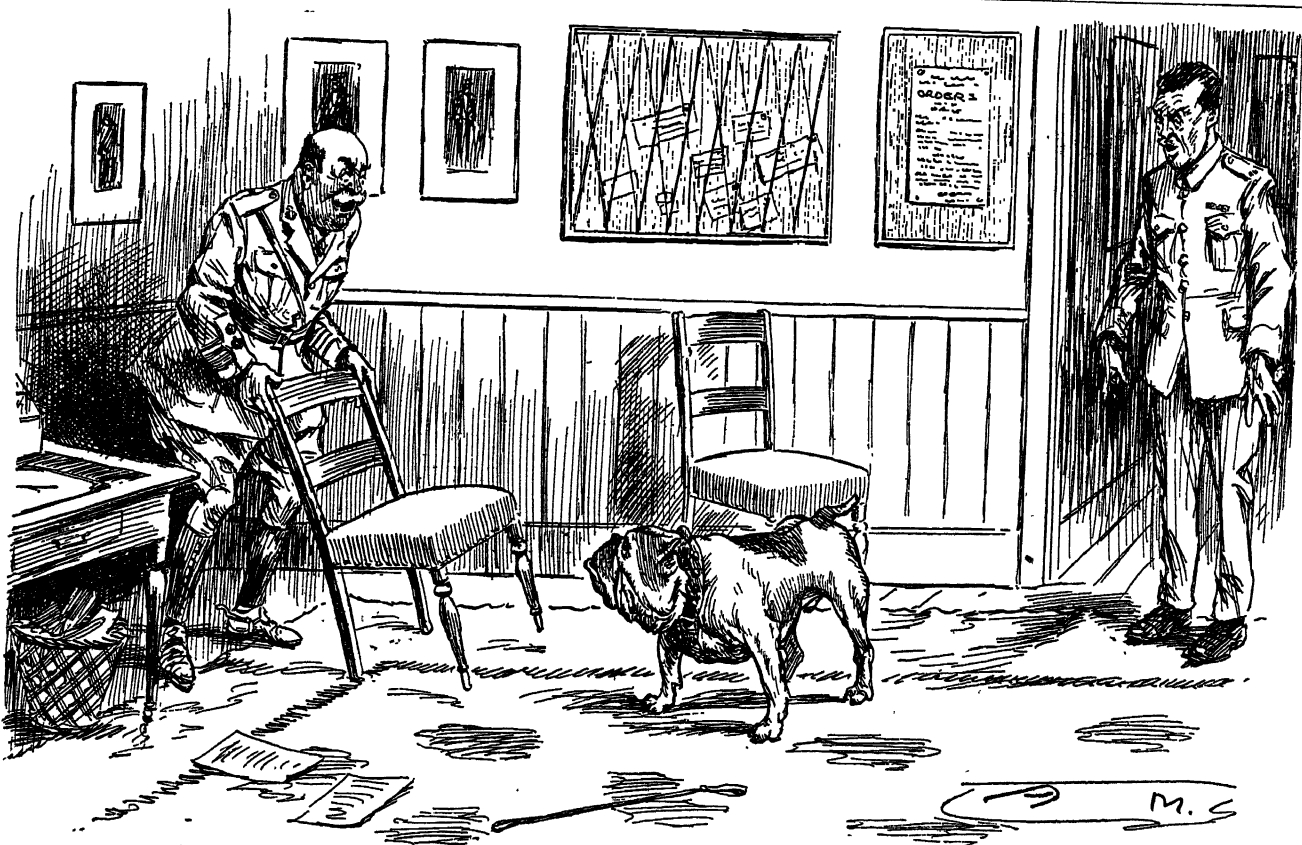


Australian Officer (who has been watching the storming of the opposite hill by the Australians). "SERGEANT, CALL THE SIGNALLER. THERE'S A LIGHT FLASHING EVERY NOW AND AGAIN OVER ON THE HILL THERE LIKE A HELIOGRAPH, AND I CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF IT."

Sergeant. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. IT'S PROBABLY ONLY BILL WATTS. HE'S MENDED THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS WITH A JAM-TIN."



Chaplain. "SO YOU'VE BEEN TO THE HOSPITAL TO SEE YOUR SON. IT'S A SITTING-UP CASE, ISN'T IT?"
 Proud Mother. "YES, BUT HE MADE THEM 'UNS SIT UP AFORE THEY DID 'IM."



The C.O. "ORDERLY!! WHAT THE — WHAT THE DEUCE IS THIS?"
 Mess Orderly. "NEW REGIMENTAL MASCOT, SIR. JUST DITTEN THE SERGEANT-MAJOR, SIR."

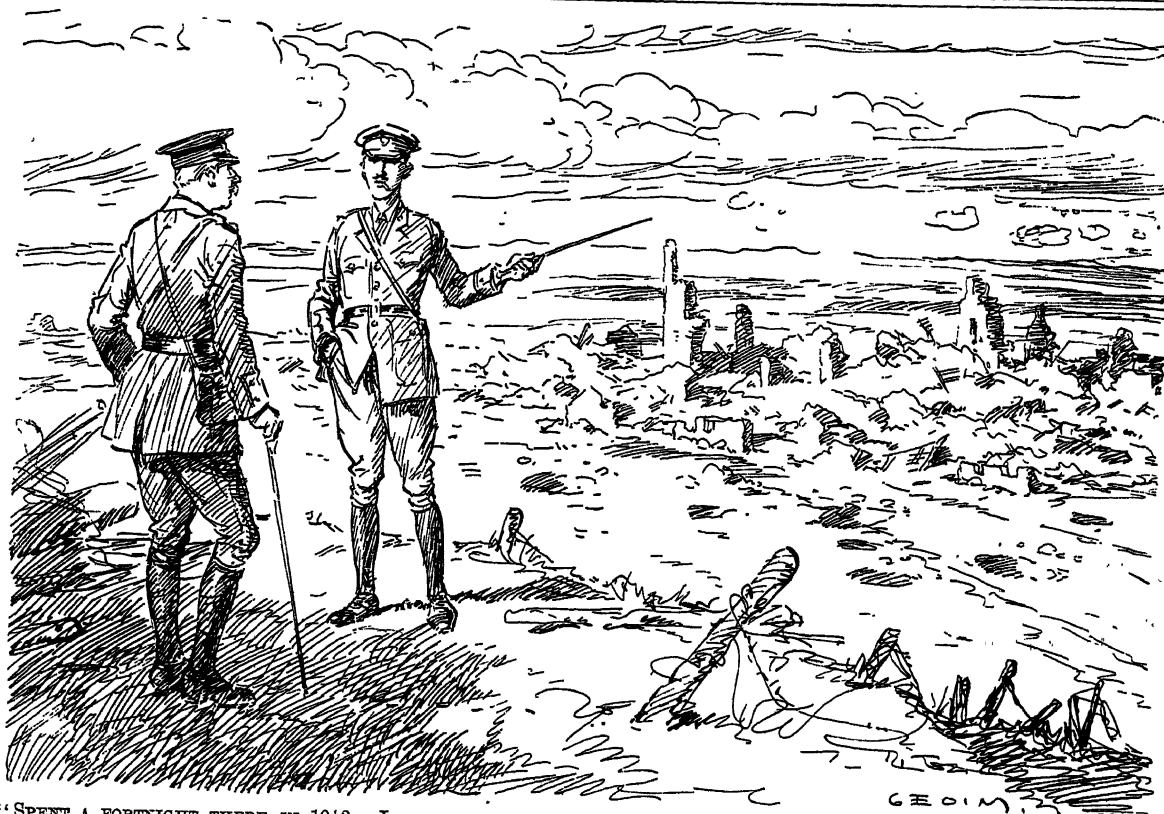


Recruit (trying to shirk at physical drill). "BUT, SERGEANT, IT CATCHES ME HORRID IN THE KIDNEYS."

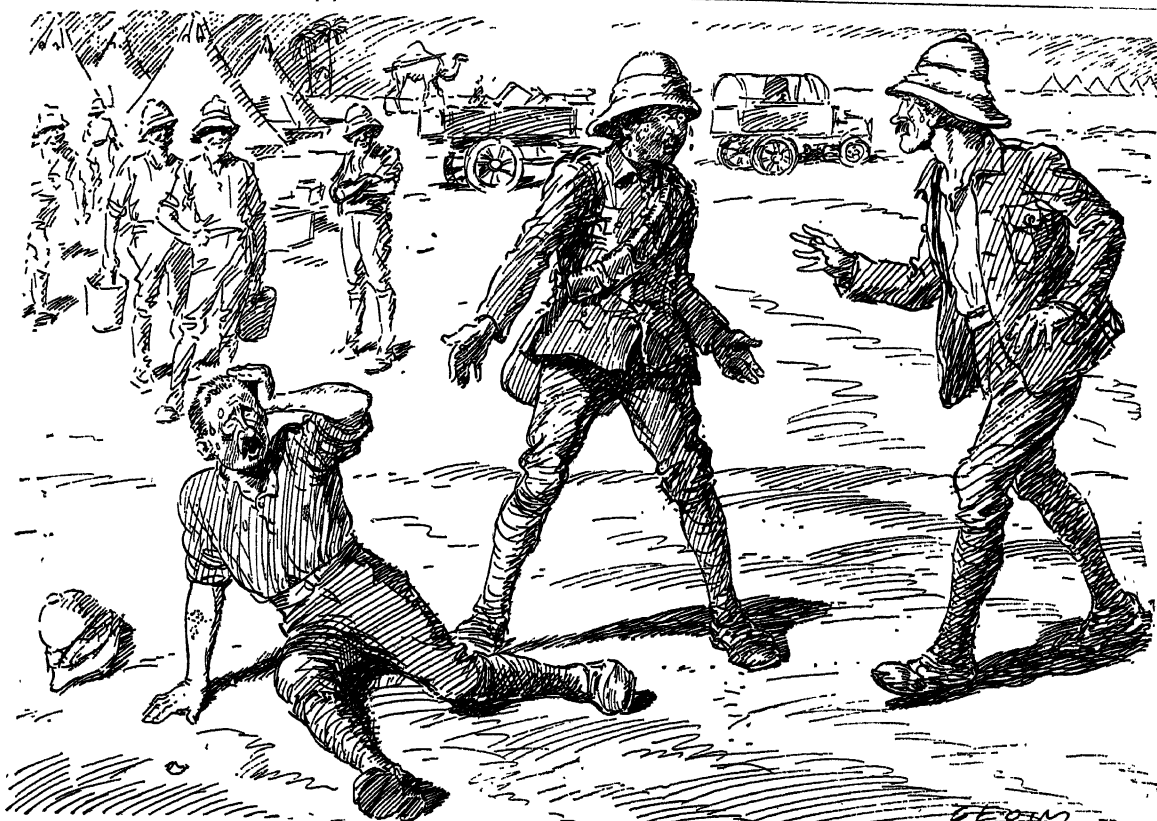
Gymnastic Instructor. "KIDNEYS! YOU'VE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS KIDNEYS IN THE ARMY."



The Escort (jubilantly). "CHEER-O, MATE! WOT'S THE NEAREST WAY TO SAINT 'ELENA? B'LIEVE I'VE COPPED OLD BILL 'ISSELF THIS TIME!"



"SPENT A FORTNIGHT THERE IN 1913. JOLLY PLACE IT WAS. THEY PALMED OFF A BAD FIVE-FRANC PIECE ON ME AT THE HOTEL—AND YET I FEEL KIND O' SORRY FOR THE PLACE."



[SCENE—Mesopotamia, 120° in the shade.]

The Sergeant. "'ERE, NONE-O' THAT. YE CAN'T GO KNOCKIN' PEOPLE ABAHT THAT WAY!"
The Assailant. "WELL, 'E AST ME 'OW I'D LIKE A STONE GINGER WIV A TUPPENY ICE IN IT."



Keen but diminutive warrior (unable to go the pace). "I SAY, LONG-LEGS, YOU CAN SEE FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD THAN I CAN. AM I IN STEP WITH THE REST?"



Fair Stranger. "PLEASE WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHY YOU WEAR THAT PIECE OF BLACK STUFF ON YOUR BACK?"
Royal Welsh Fusilier (confidentially). "WELL, STRICTLY ENTRE NOUS, IT'S BECAUSE WE'VE DONE SOMETHING NAUGHTY."



Forward Observation Officer (at periscope, dictating report). "At 6.30 P.M. OBSERVATION BECAME IMPOSSIBLE OWING TO LOW VISIBILITY."



THE OTHER END OF THE PERISCOPE.



Officer. "VERY DIRTY TURNOUT, SERGEANT. LOOK AT THAT MAN—HE'S NOT CLEAN."

Sergeant. "WELL, SIR, IT AIN'T AS IF THEY DON'T WASH THEIRSELVES, BUT, WHAT-A-MEAN-TER-SAY, A LOT O' THESE 'ERE MEN THEY DRY DIRTY!"



The Pess-Optimist. "WOT A LIFE! NO REST, NO BEER, NO NUFFIN. IT'S ONLY US KEEPING SO CHEERFUL AS PULLS US THROUGH!"



Tommy (at Tube junction). "Now, WHICH OF THESE HOLES IS FOR WATERLOO?"



Dreamy Voice (in reply to officer inspecting dug-outs). "IF YOU 'VE COME FOR THE RENT YOU CAN CALL AGAIN."



SHOWING HOW



OUR EAST AFRICAN MASCOT



WAS DISMISSED THE SERVICE



FOR CONDUCT



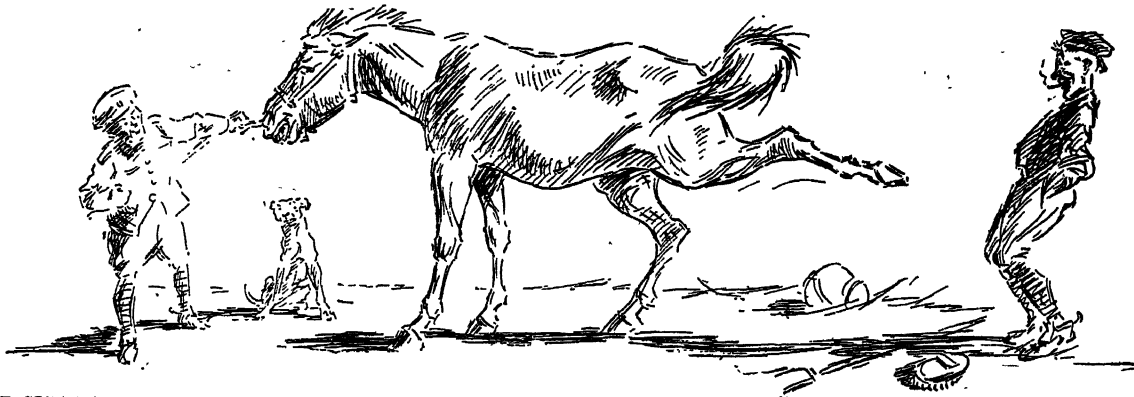
UNBECOMING



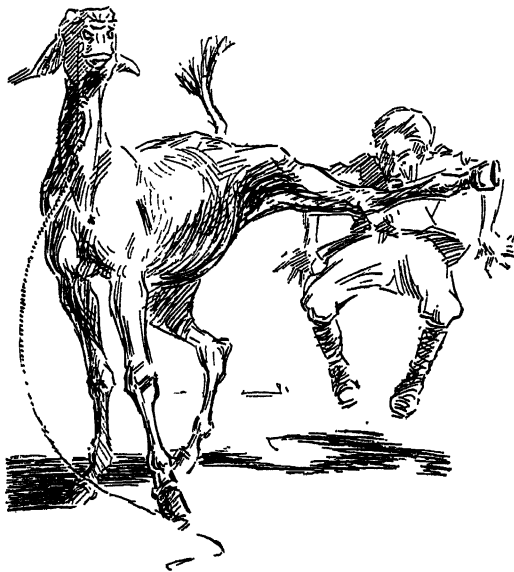
TO A SOLDIER.



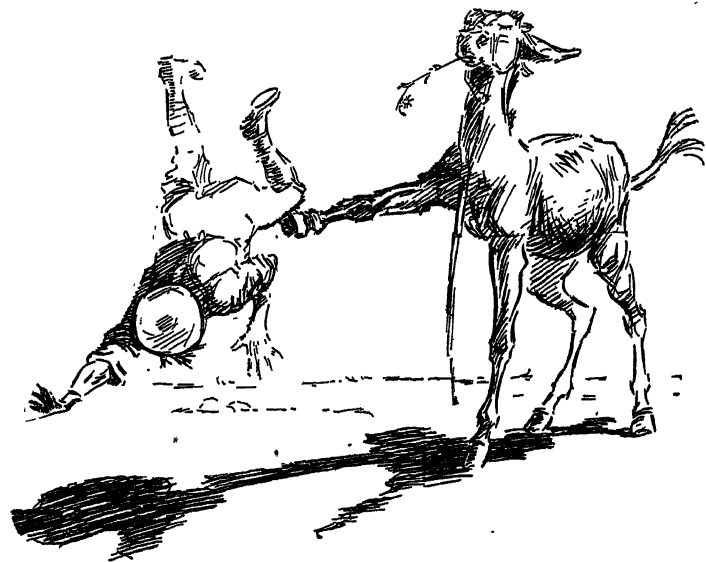
EPILOGUE.



ONE GREAT ADVANTAGE OF A MULE (AS OPPOSED TO A HORSE) IS THAT, WHEREAS A HORSE KICKS FROM ONE DIRECTION ONLY,



A MULE



CAN KICK



FROM ALMOST



ANYWHERE.



Wounded Soldier. "ALL THE 'UNS AIN'T COWARDS, MISS. WHY, SIX ON 'EM CAME FOR OLD MAC HERE, AND IT WAS A LONG TIME AFORE THEY GIVE IN."



Medical Officer. "GOT A PAIN, HAVE YOU? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN EATING?"
Sick Private. "NOTHING, SIR. IT'S THE WATER 'ERE. IT AIN'T FILLETED PROPERLY."

SAFETY PRECAUTIONS.

AS WE DO IT—



I. AT THE SCHOOL OF GUNNERY.



II. IN THE PUSH.



Inquiring Lady. "AND WHEREABOUTS EXACTLY IN THE HEAD WERE YOU HIT?"

Soldier. "WELL, MUM, IT WAS LIKE THIS. THE SHELL BURST RIGHT OVER ME, AN' MY FOREHEAD DIDN'T HALF COP IT IN THE NECK." (*Lady still unsatisfied.*)

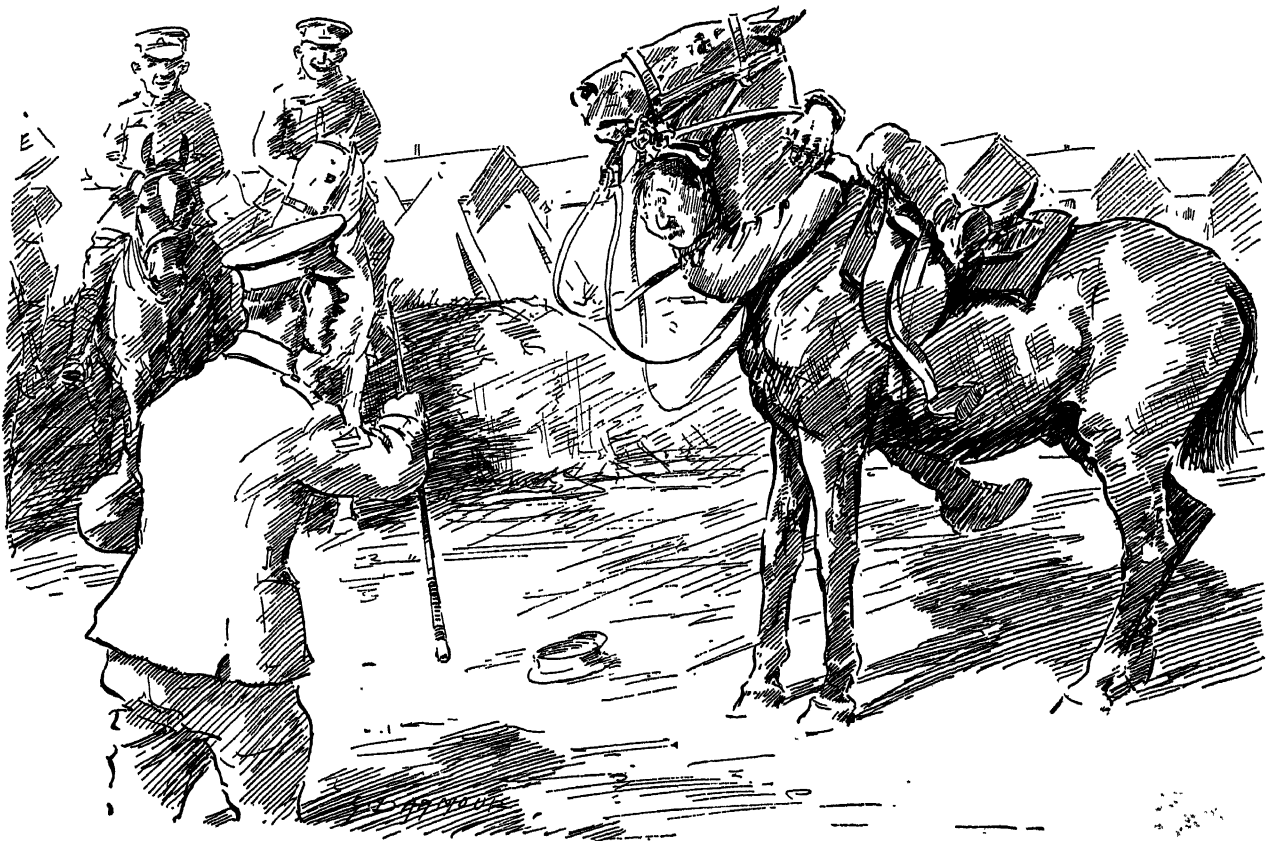


Young Person (who has been caught sketching in East Coast Town). "THEN YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT EVEN IF I WERE A SARGENT I COULDN'T GET PERMISSION TO SKETCH HERE?"

Officer. "MADAM, YOU COULD NOT GET PERMISSION TO SKETCH HERE EVEN IF YOU WERE AN OFFICER LIKE MYSELF."



Officer (with the M.E.F.). "NOW THEN, MY LAD, IF YOU CATCH HOLD OF HIS HEAD HE CAN'T KICK YOU."
Private. "NO, SIR. AND IF I CATCHES 'OLD OF THE BEGGAR'S TAIL 'E BLOOMIN' WELL CAN'T BITE ME."



Corporal. "YOU NEEDN'T SAY A FOND GOOD-BYE TO THAT 'ORSE. YOU AIN'T SEEN THE LAST OF 'IM BY NO MEANS."



Tommy. "HELLO, FRITZ! BOUND FOR ENGLAND LIKE MYSELF?"

Fritz. "JA WOHL! BOT NOT MIT A RETORN TEECKET—TANK GOOTNESS!"



First Tommy (to pal). "THERE YOU ARE, BILL, ALWAYS THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN. I WONDER 'OO 'AD THE SAUCE TO CAPTURE 'IM."



THE DOPE.

GERMAN CITIZEN. "I USED TO SWALLOW THIS STUFF WITH A RELISH, BUT SOMEHOW IT DOESN'T SEEM TO GO DOWN QUITE SO EASILY NOW."

SCENES FROM AN OUT FORT.

INCLUDING THE HUMOURS OF
TERENCE O'LEARY.

IV.

THE STRATAGEM.

"Bombardier O'Leary," thundered Major Tusher, "the Brigade office reports that your wife is coming off to identify you this afternoon in the ration boat. Why did you not report yourself as a married man when you joined?"

"Because I was niver a liar, Sorr, and what is wrong wid the Brigade office this morning that they'd be fixin' wives on men as niver had them in their lives before, Sorr?"

"But there can be no mistake about this wife, O'Leary," said the C.O. angrily. "She claims to be the wedded wife of Terence O'Leary of Ballycudder, and she has been round the whole garrison trying to identify her husband till the General is distracted."

"He must be distracted at the sight of her," said O'Leary, handling the teaspoons nervously. "Leastways if she's resolved to find a husband onyway—the General bein' a single man himself, Sorr. She's afther the separation allowance—the way they call it that, though devil a bit of separation is there in the whole affair. And me that has never been nigh to Ballycudder these seven year!"

"I can't help that," said Major Tusher, waving away an inquisitive wasp. "You should have thought things over before you deserted her, O'Leary."

"It'll be the bad day for me when the woman comes here, Sorr," said O'Leary gloomily, "and me wid the face-ache terrible bad this morning, Sorr; it's growin' on me; me gum is the size of a pullet's egg and you'd feel it leppin' when you'd put your hand upon it, as it might be a frog under a glass."

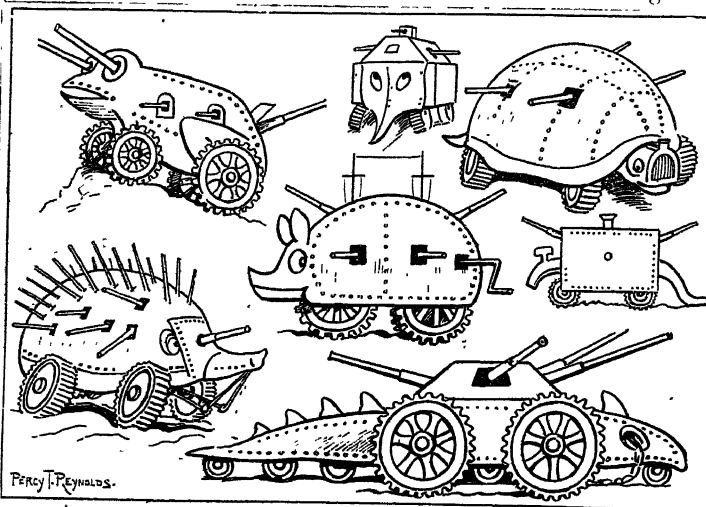
"Then go and get something to put on it, for I particularly dislike being waited on by a man in pain," said Major Tusher impatiently.

By lunch-time the face of Terence O'Leary had swollen to the size and shape of a small football. His right eye, being bunged up, lent him the air of a dissipated Silenus, and his voice, harsh as the whistle of the approaching ration boat, increased the strange horror of his personality. He had tied a

band of red flannel round his head and pinned it with a huge cairngorm brooch, the property of Patrick Molloy. The mess secretary devoted the better part of an hour to searching through Army Regulations as to the procedure in the case of a disfigured mess waiter, but, since such a contingency was unprovided for by military law, the officers submitted to their degradation in silence.

There was the flutter of a skirt in the ration boat when it reached Fort Mornington, and every available man was on the parapet, ready to witness the confounding of Terence O'Leary, since ill news flies apace.

"'Tis a female," said Patrick Molloy in an awed tone. "Sure she has a way wid her, Terence, and a fut on her besides!"



A FEW CONCEPTIONS, PICKED UP FROM PRESS ACCOUNTS HERE AND THERE, OF WHAT THE "TANKS" ARE REALLY LIKE.

"I'd be ashamed of my life to be seen wid her, then," said O'Leary hotly. "Why, she's old enough for me grandmother!"

"Truth and she is that," said Molloy, as a staid elderly woman set a square determined foot upon the steps of the Fort and looked up with an unflinching eye at the line of men on the parapet.

"She knows you, Terence," said his friend.

"Then it's mad she is," said O'Leary, adjusting the flannel, "for me own mother would not recognise me at this minute, and that's the thruth if it's my last word."

When Terence O'Leary entered the Major's office Mrs. O'Leary was still talking. She had already given the confidential history of her birth and vaccination, her marriage with her defaulting husband, his personal appearance and the position of two identifying moles upon his body; and Major Tusher was stunned by her volubility.

"Is this woman your wife?" he said irritably as Terence came in.

But without waiting for an answer Mrs. O'Leary flounced to her feet indignantly. "And what good would a man like that be to me, your honour? There isn't a child he wouldn't fright the life out of wid a face on him like that. Let me go, Colonel dear, for there's two other forts I have to visit yet, and two more O'Learys in them, and when I find the right one I'll take the skin from his back; but sure it's worse I'd be wid that creature there than wid-out him."

"That's a terrible woman, O'Leary," said Major Tusher, wiping his forehead as the ration boat withdrew back to the mainland.

"She is that, Sorr," said O'Leary thoughtfully, "and the tongue av her when she would set and talk by the hour was like the sea for clatter."

Major Tusher looked sharply at him, but the expression of his left eye was as innocent as that of a little child, and the C.O. turned away.

In the quiet of his room that night, O'Leary removed the sodden remains of a potato from his cheek and unbuckled the cairngorm brooch.

"It was a sstratagem," he said in answer to a concise question on the part of his friend. "There's many such things writ down in the pocket manual of in-

struction, such as setting men up wid branches of trees when they advance to the attack—or givin' an evasive answer to a plain remark."

"There are them as might call that a lie," said Molloy thoughtfully.

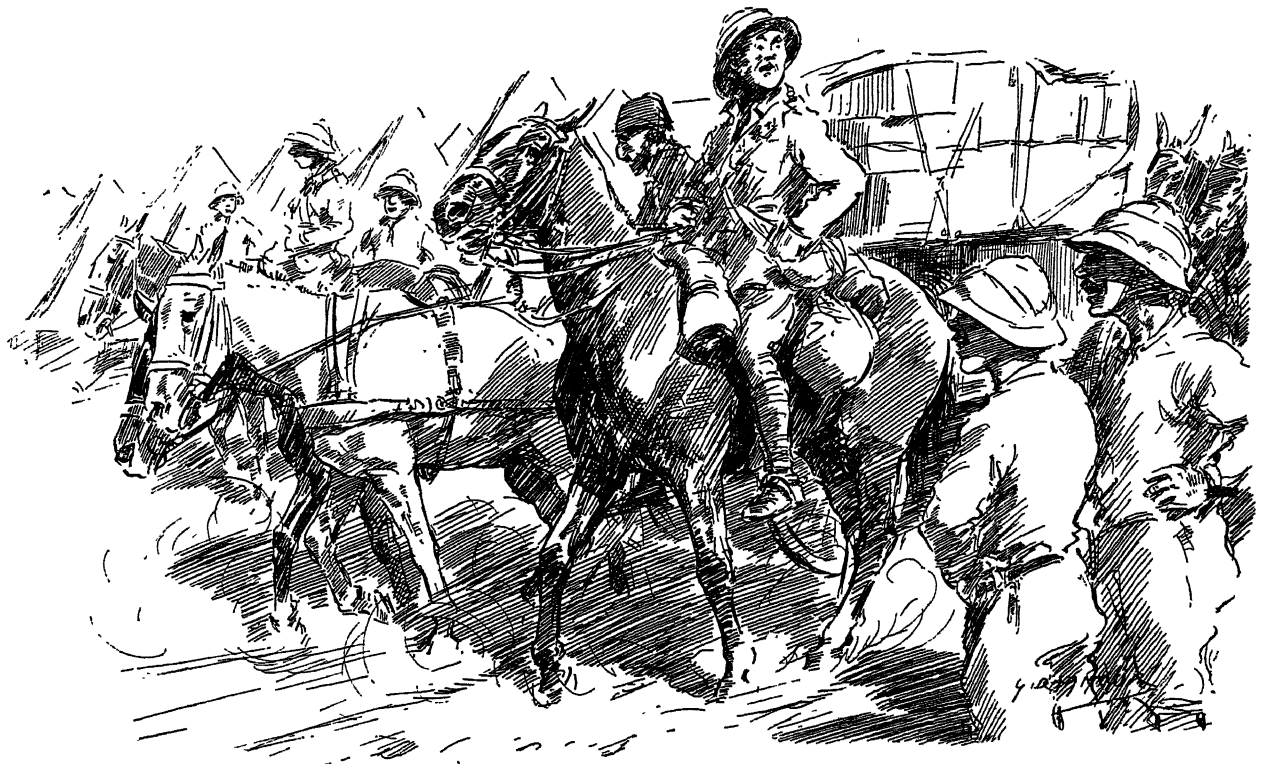
"Sstratagems and lies is first cousins, and that's the whole thruth," said Terence O'Leary as he flung the potato far out to sea.

VARIATIONS ON AN OLD THEME.

THE patriot Greek
Is sadly to seek;
Not five in five-score,
But ninety-five more;
All save VENIZELOS—
He's staunch and unbeaten;
But then VENIZELOS,
We know, is a Cretan.

"On one large Yorkshire farm in the first fortnight of the harvest the men have consumed eight 18-gallon casks and two 36-gallon casks."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

Dura messorum ilia.



Tommy (sometime chorister, coming into camp with captured convoy). "WE WILL NOW SING HYMN No. 100, 'ALL IS SAFELY GATHERED IN.' TUNE 'BERLIN,' No. 1916."

"GRANNIE."

"I'm told there's 'appenings at the Front as 'd make your blood run cold," began the landlord invitingly, with a glance at Corporal McGlusky, home on short leave.

"Not 'alf there ain't," agreed McGlusky. "Got mixed up with an affair a couple of months ago that gave me the fair 'orrors!" He paused.

"Them 'Uns?" said the landlord.

"'Twasn't the 'Uns. It was us."

"Out o' revenge, like?"

"In a manner o' speaking. The old lady 'adn't played the game."

"German spy?" suggested the landlord, but Corporal McGlusky shook his head.

"My platoon was quartered at a farm at the time. The farmer was a greybearded old dodderer of about seventy. 'Father Christmas' we used to call 'im. It was 'im as introduced us to Grannie. We never knew 'er proper name, if she 'ad one. She couldn't talk a word of English, but she was popular—at first. The whole trouble was over the egg supply. She let us down something cruel. And we was fair gluttons for new-laid eggs, 'specially the Lieutenant, a red-headed Irishman named O'Hara, with a temper, when roused, like a mad bull. When Grannie deceived us for the

fourth time in a week no one but me dared to tell 'im.

"'Beg pardon, Sir,' I says, 'but Grannie—'

"'Ain't she delivered the goods again?' 'e says, and jumps up from the soap-box 'e'd been sitting on, with 'is eyes fair blazing. 'Where's Father Christmas?"

"'Gone off to sell butter in the next town, Sir,' I says.

"'Right-o!' says the Lieutenant, 'Je suis going to get un morceau of my own back, si je swing for it!'

"Grannie 'erself stood a little way off, watching 'im. But when the Lieutenant comes towards 'er she gives a squeak of terror and bolts. In a jiffy O'Hara was after 'er. She was fat and old, but a fair miracle for speed and quicker at dodging corners than 'e was. Presently, when they'd been round the barn a dozen times, the Lieutenant slips on a stone and goes 'eadlong, and Grannie disappears through the open door of the scullery. We all thought that was the end of it, but it wasn't. O'Hara, fair beside 'isself, scrambles up and begins un-buckling 'is revolver-case.

"'For 'Eaven's sake go slow, Sir!' says the Company-Sergeant. But 'e might as well 'ave spoke to the fence 'e was leaning against."

"We saw the Lieutenant dash into

the scullery; we 'eard a shout, the crash of a chair falling over, a shot, another shout. Then O'Hara comes out.

"'I—I've done it,' he says, wiping 'is forehead. 'I've done it!'

The Company-Sergeant was the first to pull 'isself together.

"'Beg pardon, Sir, but the—the body?"

"'I forgot,' says the Lieutenant. 'We'll 'ave to get rid of it in some way. There's a couple o' knives in there. If you or McGlusky knows anything about anatomy—'

"An—an' you cut 'er up?" gasped the landlord.

The Corporal nodded.

"Between us. We 'adn't much experience, but we managed to pluck and truss 'er, and a tastier fowl I never met with, bar none—which, considering 'er age, was surprising."

"A heavy responsibility will rest upon the hens in many an Irish household during the coming winter, for to their laying power must be entrusted the task of keeping the wolf from the door."—*Southern Star* (co. Cork).

Not so much by the egg as by the cackle.

"Mr. Acland had great hopes personally that agriculture would develop in the direction of more men being put under the plough."

Evening Paper.

We gather that he contemplates an early revival of the Universities.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE HAWK."

I SHOULD not myself have said that, as a bird of prey, the eagle's methods are so much superior to those of the hawk. But *George de Dasetta* (of the Hungarian nobility) thought they were. As the eagle to the hawk, so, in his opinion, were the manners of his ancestors, who preyed on their neighbours from their castles on the mountain-tops, compared with his own, who did his preying at the poker-table. But I was altogether with him in his frank recognition of his state of decadence. Indeed it was a depraved life that he and his female lived in light-taloned collusion. Let me briefly unfold the sorry facts.

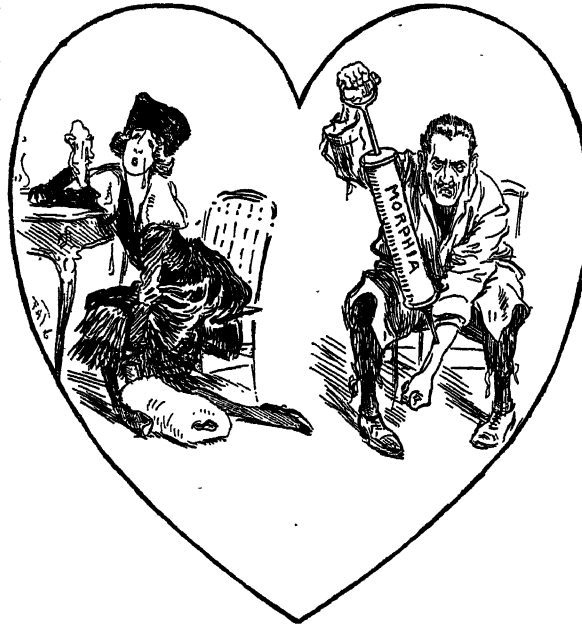
It all began on the day when he discovered his wife (Slavonic temperament with a touch of Tartar) improving her hand by the adoption of a discarded ace. Till then an innocent gambler, he at once perceived his chance of utilising her gift for their mutual benefit. Even so his motives were fairly sound, for he only wanted money in order to buy jewellery for his adored partner, with a view to retaining her affections. Then there came into her life an English lover, *Richard Phillimore*—"so different from the others"—who inspired her with a yearning for spiritual betterment (though you might not have guessed this from the cut of her evening gown), and cheating became so distasteful to her that she only continued it at her husband's urgent desire. Unhappily, before she could wean him from the error of his ways, she was detected in the act of passing him a fourth king.

Her lover, who had seen her doing it, denounces her for a thief, but condones her offence so far as to propose elopement with her. *Dasetta* himself, a little embarrassed by the fear of exposure, but much more concerned about his wife's fidelity, makes to throttle the lover, but eventually hands her over to him in disgust and goes forth into the lonely wilderness of Continental casinos.

But gambling has lost its charm now that its motive has been lost; and he takes to morphia. After six months of unconsecrated union the lovers, in train for a divorce, track him down in London, a hopeless wreck. Moved by pity for his deplorable state and the passionate devotion to which he attributes it, she sacrifices *Phillimore* and returns to the narrow path. The curtain falls on her lover being recommended by a practical friend to seek

consolation elsewhere. "Elsewhere," we assume, will be in the arms of a certain virgin, *Dorothy* (referred to now and again as the very woman for him), who tactfully saved us from a conventional ending by the simple device of never appearing at all.

It is a sordid and rather tawdry theme. Not one of the leading characters ever begins to command our respect. For myself, I didn't care an iron cross what became of any of them. The only human touch in the play was the instinct of womanly sympathy which was too strong for the wife's passion. Though there were some arresting situations, one was never conscious of the inevitability of things,



HAVOC WROUGHT BY A HEART—THE ACE.

Countess Marina de Dasetta . Mlle. GABRIELLE DORZIAT.
George de Dasetta Mr. DENNIS EADIE.

and seldom free from the strain upon one's powers of credence. It was unbelievable that *Phillimore*, whose influence upon the *Countess de Dasetta* was represented as tending to her moral improvement, should have selected the very moment of her conviction as a cheat to urge upon her the merits of elopement. It was unbelievable that the hard-headed Canadian, *Drayton*, who, though he was free enough with his money and by way of good fellowship would write you a cheque for six thousand pounds as soon as look at you, knew better than to mix up philanthropy with a business proposition, should have offered the control of a big financial undertaking to a gibbering victim of drugs. Yet I would have swallowed all this like milk if I had cared about anybody in the play; but I didn't care.

For a pair of Hungarians the *Dasettas*

were singularly lacking in racial similarity. Except for a solitary explosion of jealousy Mr. DENNIS EADIE's methods were never exotic enough for my taste; and he spoke English with a perfect accent. On the other hand, Mlle. GABRIELLE DORZIAT was French all through. But in their different ways they were equally clever in the handling of their thankless parts. Into the unsatisfactory character of *Phillimore* Mr. GERALD AMES put as much sincerity as it would hold. The rest of the performance, though good enough, was negligible. Indeed, the play—a matter of just a couple of hours—was too brief and spasmodic for the right development of character or atmosphere. The picture of a country-house in the second Act was perfunctory and cramped; there was barely room in it for the exceptionally bad manners of the very stout Canadian. The humorous relief was of the thinnest, and even Mr. ERIC LEWIS found almost as much solemnity as fun in his part of a lonely old bachelor.

I took a note of one remark that seemed worth remembering in connection with card games. Somebody, comparing the sexes in respect of their power of detached concentration, says, "A woman never forgets the man she loves." This throws light upon what I have often failed to understand at the time, namely the play of various ladies with whom I have had the misfortune to be partnered at bridge. I know now. Their minds were wandering. They were thinking of the men they loved.

"THE LIGHT BLUES."

I remember once telling the late Captain MARSHALL how clever it was of him, knowing the Army upside down as he did, not to put real soldiers on the stage, but types out of the illustrated magazines. Though he had the courage of his own humour, Captain MARSHALL did not take my remark for a compliment. But I am sure that Messrs. MARK AMBIENT and JACK HULBERT, the authors of *The Light Blues* and both Cambridge men, will not mind my saying that they know their business far too well to think of reproducing the actual thing, when the audience is looking for something quite different. They don't, of course, put their rowing men into football gear; for, though I think I never met Mr. AMBIENT on the river, I understand that his collaborator rowed in the Caius boat; but even here the silk scarf, unless they have changed from the Spartan flannel of my time,

HALF-HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES.

[Mr. Punch's representative visits Mr. Will Wagstaffe, the world-famous singer of "Sossidges and Mashèd," in his handsome villa at Brixton.]



"MY FRIENDS TELL ME I'M RATHER A CONNOISSEUR IN ART MATTERS. THIS IS ONE OF MY LATEST ACQUISITIONS. THE LAMP WAS MY IDEA."



"BOTANY IS A STUDY THAT HAS ALWAYS INTERESTED ME, AND I SPEND A LOT OF TIME AMONG MY FLOWERS. THIS IS A MARIGOLD."



"OH, YES, I'M A BIT OF A NATURALIST—ALWAYS HAVE BEEN SINCE A LAD, WHEN I MADE THE NUCLEUS OF A FINE COLLECTION."



"OF COURSE I DON'T PRETEND TO BE A1 IN THE PAINTING LINE, BUT HERE'S A LITTLE THING I DID AT A SITTING. I MAY TOUCH IT UP WHEN THE MOOD IS ON ME."



"I SOMETIMES THINK, IF I HADN'T BEEN MEANT FOR THE STAGE I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN UP POETRY. I OFTEN JOT DOWN IDEAS JUST AS THEY COME TO ME."



"NOW THERE'S ASTRONOMY. I'VE QUITE A TASTE FOR STARS. THEY SEEM TO LIFT YOU OUT OF YOURSELF—WHAT?—THE HALF-HOUR UP? WELL—SO LONG."

is a concession to the ideals of the gallery. For the rest there is very little that is light blue in the play, except the trimming of the "St. Stephen's" blazer.

I should not have worried if there had just been one scene at Cambridge, sandwiched in between episodes at Trouville and Baghdad; but, with the whole play in a Cambridge setting (and my own college bridge on the cover of the programme), I confess that I wish the authors could have allowed one or two details—in addition to the bed-maker (Miss MANSFIELD) and the rowing shorts, both very lifelike—to bear some faint resemblance to the facts.

Curiously enough I didn't so much mind the more preposterous features—the renting, for instance, of a cottage on the Cam by a ducal undergraduate; or the antics of *Gundy*, the college gyp, who mistook himself throughout, and very funnily, for a drunken Irish waiter; but when he announced to a party in a man's rooms, "Coffee is served in the study!" I admit that I nearly swooned.

Still, in the words of one of the characters, "You mustn't be surprised at anything in May Week." *Que voolez-voo*, as *Private Horrocks* learnt to say in the Punch story—*que voolez-voo? c'est la guerre!*

Talking of the War, I found internal evidence, connected with certain moustaches in the WILLIAM II. manner, that the time of the play is the present War-time. This perhaps excuses the fabulous picture of May Week, since, of course, there isn't any such thing at all, with the river deserted, these fighting days.

I was sorry for that most admirable actor, Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, that he should have had to play the part of a senile roysterer, and I think the authors must have been sorry for him too, for they gave him, by way of solace, something to sing in his own particular vein—a song of sentiment about Rose-coloured Glasses, altogether alien from the vulgarian character he was playing. Mr. SHAUN GLENVILLE, who seems capable of almost anything, might have made an excellent gyp, if they had let him forgo his remarkable gift for rotund buffoonery and knockabout business. Mr. HULBERT as an undergraduate was quite near to being probable, and I very much liked his manner of proposing to *Cynthia Petrie* (Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE, who also showed a nice sense of humour); this was the best thing of the play.

I liked, too, Mr. STANLEY LOGAN as the *Duke of Dorchester*, whose air of polite boredom recalled Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY. The rest were sufficiently exuberant.

Altogether, with the assistance of yet a third Cantab, Mr. ADRIAN ROSS, who supplied some pleasant trifles for the lyre, the play went with that boisterous and resolute gaiety which musical comedy demands. There was good fun in it, though there might have been more. And after all, even if it was a travesty of Cambridge life, it was the creation of her own faithful *alumni*. No one can say "An Oxford man hath done this thing." O. S.

VIVA VOCE.

"GREEDY!" said my sister, as a slip of the carving-knife shot the chicken bodily on to my plate.

I handed over the knife.

"Here you are, then. I told you what would happen. And if ever I marry she will have to carve."

"Poor Paragon!" sighed Mary. "That's the seventh Deadly Virtue she's to have."

"You're not keeping a list?"

She ran to her desk and produced a paper.

"Specification," she read out, "of Jimmy's future bride (if any)."

1. She must be beautiful.
 2. Must have nice hair.
 3. Must dress well.
 4. Also very cheaply.
 5. Must read and appreciate Jimmy's articles.
 6. Must be able to carve.
 7. Must have had her tonsils cut . . ."
- "I never . . ." I began hotly.
- "You did. When Charles got the bill for his wife's operation you said you'd be . . ."

"I remember. Go on."

"That's all."

"Thanks. Nice girl, my wife!"

Two years later, when I broke the news of my engagement to Mary, she fished out the specification again.

"Does she conform?" she asked.

"I've no idea. But she's ripping."

"Well, I've never seen your Phyllis, but I expect she's all she shouldn't be. I'm asking her to tea, and I'll find out all about her for myself—tactfully, of course."

At teatime I found Mary arranging seven lumps of sugar in a row before her, while Mick, the family hound, watched her with pleased and astonished anticipation. His usual allowance was two lumps.

"What's this orgy for?" I asked.

"It's for your benefit. Each lump stands for one of the Deadly Virtues, counting from this end. When I consider the young person to have passed in any of the seven, Mick gets the corresponding lump. And if after tea one single lump remains . . ."

"Yes?" I said breathlessly.

"You'll have to give her a month's notice and try again."

Then Phyllis arrived.

"What a jolly dog!" she said after preliminaries.

"Yes, isn't he? But terribly weak about sugar—aren't you, Mickie?" And with a side glance at me Mary gave him the first three lumps. Outwardly, at any rate, my choice was approved.

"Excuse my being personal," went on my sister, "but your frock turns me bright green with envy. Where did you get it?"

"I made it."

"You didn't! Heavens! I wish I could. My allowance simply melts."

I watched Mick masticating the fourth lump. Henceforth, he seemed to say, the world could hold no further surprises for him.

"Just as well you can make your own things," went on Mary, "because you can hardly expect much income out of the appalling rubbish Jimmy writes."

"Poor old Jimmy!" said Phyllis. "It's not so bad as all that. He's quite funny sometimes, you know."

"Thank you," I said meekly.

Mary looked doubtfully at lump number five. "I'm not quite sure whether you ought to have this bit, Mick. However—catch!" He did.

"Aren't you spoiling that dog?" remarked Phyllis.

"I can't help it; he's as fond of food as a man. Which reminds me—can you carve?"

"No. Why?"

"One of you will have to, and Jimmy's carving is simply awful."

"I'll take lessons," she promised.

I leant quickly forward, and Mick got his sixth.

There remained only the last lump. I was wondering how my resourceful relation proposed with delicacy to extract information about tonsils. Mick's mouth was frankly watering.

We were both disappointed.

"No, Mickie," she said, putting the lump into her own mouth. "You've had quite enough. Besides, I don't care if the pretty lady *hasn't* had her ton—"

It was exactly at this point that I upset the cake-basket.

KAVALLERIA BALKANA.

THERE once were some troops at Kavalla

Who were anxious to serve Gott and Allah,

So they let their foes in

And went off to Berlin,

For they didn't feel ripe for Valhalla.



Officer (to patient newly arrived). "WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?"

Officer. "WELL, WHAT'S YOUR COMPLAINT?"

Officer. "THEN WHY DID YOU COME HERE?"

Officer. "BUT HAVE YOU NO WOUNDS?"

Patient. "NAE TROUBLE, SIR."

Patient. "I DIDNA COMPLAIN AT A'."

Patient. "I WAS JIST SENT."

Patient. "O AY! I HAE A WHEEN O' THEM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THROUGHOUT the ages, poets have chronicled the great deeds of heroes. It is good therefore to find one of ours to-day, Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, upon the same noble task. Not that I would have you suppose his little book, *Gallipoli* (HEINEMANN), to be a poem in the narrower sense of the word. It is a prose record of facts, illustrated for our better understanding with many photographs and maps—a work in which there is no room for embellishment or make-believe; but still a poem, partly because it is written by one who has a poet's feeling for beautiful and significant words, more because of the spirit of the deeds that it records. No paragraph of mine could do anything like justice to the effect of this small volume, its nobility and restraint, and above all the story of magnificent unrewarded heroism that it reveals. I can only say that for my own part there were times when, as I read, the sweat of pity and grief stood upon my face. It is perhaps knowledge of the end that makes this tale of superhuman obstacles overcome, and stark courage fighting its way to within sight of victory, a thing almost not to be borne. Yet, as Mr. MASEFIELD shows, in some passages of temperate criticism, that end was not altogether defeat. The hero-band of *Gallipoli* accomplished, in containing vast forces of the enemy, some part at least of the impossible task set before it. Of the quality of that achievement no better witness could be found than a passage in a letter taken from the body of a dead Turk officer. "These British are the finest fighters in the world," he wrote.

"We have chosen the wrong friends." Till the hour comes for apportioning praise and blame, we may with reverence and pride leave the matter at that. In the meanwhile Mr. MASEFIELD has deserved all our thanks for a record so moving and so finely touched.

I am wondering if, without Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON'S own confession in dedicating *The Five-Barred Gate* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) to GERALD and MURIEL DU MAURIER, I should have guessed that it was really a play turned into a story. Knowing it, one's impulse is of course to re-transpose the affair mentally into its original Acts. It must have been a play with a very short cast. Beyond the hero and heroine, *Jim* and *Beatrice*, a brace of friends for them to flirt with, and three servants whose philanderings reproduce the matrimonial tangle above-stairs in slightly broader comedy, there is not, I think, another character so much as mentioned. One sees, of course, Mr. DU MAURIER as *Jim*—indeed that much is given away in the dedication. And I am pretty sure about the love-scene in the garden, where he kisses the pretty visitor and is pulled up short by a violent attack of jealousy concerning her brother and his own wife. I can see the delightful grimace with which he would show us that, towards (I suppose) the end of the second Act. The third would obviously be the reconciliation. In short a pleasant little comedy and, played as it would be at Wyndham's Theatre, no doubt a very agreeable entertainment, even if you did reflect afterwards that it had been much ado about nothing. The trouble is that in its present form the story provokes this reflection so often that not all Mr. THURSTON'S

explanatory moralisings can save the interest from some danger of a premature collapse.

Let me commend to you very highly a shocker by EDGAR WALLACE, *The Tomb of Ts'in* (WARD, LOCK). Nothing so good of its kind has come my way for months. It is the tale of the quest for a priceless treasure hid in the tomb of a dead emperor, with murder by fire and cord and knife and pistol; sleuthery and counter-sleuthery; and a jolly hurried sketchy little love-story intertwined. The thing goes at a hurricane pace all through, without parenthesis or tedious preparation. You can't safely miss a word, and won't want to. Ingenuity of contrivance is here allied with a keen sense of situation, and the author takes pains to produce an atmosphere that shall make his manifold impossibilities plausible. A sound piece of work. I only caught him obviously napping once. It was when the resourceful *Captain Ted Tatham*, hero, allowed *L'ang T'si Soo*, who had a habit of shooting through his roomy sleeves, to keep his treacherous and capable hands in such dangerous hiding that that arch-villain contrived to "save face" by stabbing himself just at the moment when the python— But this is indiscreet. I apologise.

Knowing what everybody knows about the achievement of RICHARD DEHAN, it is possible that you may find *Gilded Vanity* (HEINEMANN) something of a mystery. The solution, which you might easily miss, is to be detected in a couple of lines of small print opposite the chapter index, which state that "This story first appeared in volume form in 1896, and has been revised by the author previous to republication." That, of course, explains much, but incidentally raises the further problem—Why? For the book is altogether unworthy of a writer with far less than RICHARD DEHAN'S acknowledged gifts. It is all about the smartest and most unreal set of people imaginable, who are rich as rich, and use the longest words in the dictionary by way of demonstrating their exalted station. Contrasted with them (in everything save impossibility) is the suitor who, being passing poor on £700 a year, takes the whole length of the book to persuade the heroine to share his humble crust, though, to do her justice, he had by the finish pulled his income up to £1,400. Sometimes the dialogue is little better than mere farce, and throughout it is of a quality not often found in human speech. I could quote, but it would be unkind. It comes to this, that *Gilded Vanity* is a novel that might well have been content with its amazing good luck in getting published once. To repeat the process savours of provocation.

The West Wind (CONSTABLE), is a praiseworthy attempt on the part of Miss KATHARINE TYNAN to handle an old situ-

ation with a manner of originality. We have had plenty of stories about husband and wife whom the law has made two. Nor is there anything strikingly novel about the introduction of the Roman Catholic dogma on the subject—it has been used often enough to bar the rosy path of happiness to an unhappily mated heroine. But it does, I think, strike a new note in after-the-divorce tales that the heroine should have married somebody else, who irritates her, and have given him three detestable children, before a providential recalling of her religious convictions enables her to elope cheerfully with husband number one. Somehow *Peggy's* adaptably conscientious attitude towards marriage reminds me of HENRY THE EIGHTH. But of course her second husband, *Mr. Barber*, whom she had wedded more to please her invalid mother than for his own charms, did turn out most disagreeable. The writer describes his car as having a hooter "like the choking gurgle of a sick rhinoceros." So now you know the type that *Mr. Barber* belonged

to. As for the title of the tale, that really has not much relevance, except that her first husband always reminded *Peggy* of the West Wind. What he reminded *Mr. Barber* of after he had blown away his wife we are not told. Anyhow, the story, if not specially absorbing, is pleasant enough, and told with considerable grace.

The Chaste Wife (SECKER) may be regarded as another of the many guide-books that have appeared lately on the difficult art of being happy though married. Certainly, *Stephen* and *Priscilla*, its hero and heroine, did start with disadvantages. He was poor and violently proud, while I could not but regard her as one of those emotional young women who demand rather too much of life and husbands. Also, there was "the old man," *Stephen's* father, who was partly an

objectionable but human old reprobate, partly (in his off moments) a rather farcical creation in the *Micawber* manner, not quite on the same plane as the rest of *Mr. FRANK SWINNERTON'S* admirably drawn cast. Of course it all "comes right in the end"; and through mutual misunderstandings and dangerous moments the couple reach a prospect of comparative security. The author, I am glad to say, avoided the obvious solution, of which at one time I began to entertain a little dread. It would have been unworthy of a very brightly told and engaging study of the matrimonial problem. I don't think I should suggest it as honeymoon reading for your friends; but at an earlier stage you might manage tactfully to bring it to the notice of whichever party stands in greater need of a little friendly advice upon domestic adaptability.

A Title for the "Tanks."

As a set-off to the Navy's "Monitors" we understand that our new Land-ships are to be known as "Prepostors."



WHAT THE PUBLIC REALLY WANTED.

MR. —, WHO HAS BEEN GRANTED TOTAL EXEMPTION, BEGINS TO RECITE "THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE" AT A CONCERT IN AID OF WAR CHARITIES.

Voice from the back. "WHY DON'T YER JOIN THE ARMY?"

MR. —. "IF THE GENTLEMAN WHO MADE THAT REMARK WILL COME TO ME AT THE CLOSE OF THE ENTERTAINMENT I WILL GIVE HIM ALL THE INFORMATION HE REQUIRES. THIS IS NOT THE TIME OR PLACE TO ENTER INTO EXPLANATIONS WHICH—"

Unanimous Chorus of Back-Benchers. "BLOW THE 'SIX 'UNDRED.' LET'S 'AVE THE EXPLANATIONS."

CHARIVARIA.

THE highest praise of the Tanks that has yet reached us comes from a member of a Scots unit, who writes: "They plod slowly on and nothing stops them, not even estaminets."

The Times, talking of the flags of our Overseas Dominions, mentions "the Union Jack with the maple leaf (Canada), with the kangaroo (Australia), the sjanbok (South Africa), and the kiwi (New Zealand)." The sjanbok is of course the well-known gazelle of that name. It is so called from a habit of lashing its tail, which is long and made of leather.

At a recent meeting of the Edmonton District Council the chairman used a piece of a bomb for calling the meeting to order. Inspired by this example, the chairman of another district council has announced that on future occasions of disorder he will make use of a complete bomb for the purpose of adjourning the meeting *sine die*.

An interesting exhibit at the Horticultural Society's Hall last week was a small apple-tree, which, placed in an ordinary flower-pot, produced an apple 16 inches in circumference. We think little of this. At the Egyptian Hall we have seen a small apple-tree, treated in a similar way, produce a rabbit.

4,800,000 yards of mosquito net have just been ordered by the War Office. For the present it is to be used exclusively in Mesopotamia; but, if things continue to take their normal course on the Western front, it is thought that opportunities may occur for the capture of large numbers of Germans in butterfly nets.

"Iodide of potassium, though a poor explosive," says a learned professor, "will go off if a fly walks over it." More curious still, however, is the fact that meat, which is not an explosive at all, will frequently go off in just these circumstances.

THE KAISER has only subscribed ten thousand pounds to the new German War Loan. But then it isn't his war any longer!

"Reasonable questions are invited," says *The Leeds Mercury* in its correspondence column. Here is one of the

answers: "T. B.—No, it is not General Sir William Robertson, but the Rev. Sir William Robertson Nicoll who edits *The British Weekly*."

"News was received," says a provincial paper, "that an airship had been brought down. At 2.45 the 'All Sale' whistle was blown." Business as usual, you see, even though it was Sunday. This is the kind of thing that disheartens the enemy.

Among the débris of the Zeppelin brought down last week in Essex was

sportsmen as the discoverer of the white rhinoceros. He is preparing to visit the Westphalian Hinterland very shortly, where he expects to discover some still more remarkable animals.

The composers of the prospectus of a Correspondence College make the following announcement:—"We are determined that our tuition shall remain, and continue to remain, in all points superior to that of any other class." We hope that it will not only "remain and continue to remain," but keep on continuing to remain, and—better still—go on keeping on continuing to remain.

In Essex, says an evening paper, a plentiful crop of parasol mushrooms has resulted from the week's heavy rain. They should be a convenience for the farmers' sons who are still seeking shelter from military service.

The Colonial Office has just sent a supply of hairpins to the ladies of the lonely island of Tristan da Cunha, and the proceeding has given profound satisfaction to some of our political Imperialists who for years past have been complaining of the department's neglect of the fringes of Empire.

Our Versatile Clergy.

"Wanted, a Clergyman who would do service in private chapel in Scotland and would be willing to drive a motor-car and who understands machinery. Travelling expenses paid, £1 a Sunday, and rooms provided. Also grouse-shooting and stalking."

The Guardian.

Nothing is said about the reverend chauffeur's theological views, but we imagine that he would have to be an expert on eternal combustion.

More Glimpses of the Obvious.

"When first we heard the Zeppelin the engines were distinctly audible."

Daily Telegraph.

"Being the end of the last quarter there was, of course, no moon."—*Sunday Times.*

"Campaigns have a tendency to wear themselves out. They meet with the fiction of the enemy and their impetus is worn down."

Sunday Chronicle.

But not even WOLFF's Bureau could stop the Great Push.

"A tramp over grass heavy with dew, and a flock of surprised sheep, brought us to the bottom of a field."—*Daily Mail.*

And these were human beings, not tanks.



"MISSIS HAS TO COMPLAIN OF THE MILK BEING A BLUIISH COLOUR."

"AH, MISS, WE CAN'T GET THE LABOUR TO STOP THEM FOOLISH COWS EATIN' THE BLACKBERRIES OFF THE 'EDGES!"

an entire ham. So much for our blockade!

All German Army officers' pay has been reduced as from October 1st by Imperial decree. This must be what War-Lord HINDENBURG had in mind when he told the Press representatives that "things would be better in October." We have always suspected him of a touch of humour.

Which reminds us that we are threatened with the loss of one of the few real comedians that the War has produced. Count ZEPPELIN has sworn to destroy London or die.

Captain F. C. SELOUS, who has just won the D.S.O., is best known among

MORAL COMPENSATION.

TO THE ENEMY.

ONE feels, at first, his case was very hard,
And full of irony his cup,
The engineer who made a nice petard
For blowing other people up,
And, having set the thing alight,
Himself was hoist into the *Ewigkeit*.

Yet there were consolations. If his brain
Took any notice as it flew
Upward in sections toward the vast inane,
Some pleasure must have filtered through
Some fragmentary chunk of cell
To think that his machine had worked so well.

And you, who looked to crown your cherished plan
By force of sheer mechanic weight
(For we were still your masters, man for man),
May not approve your present fate,
Or clearly recognise the fun
Of being given a place too near the sun;

Yet may you suck sweet solace from the thought
That not in vain the seed was sown,
That half the recent havoc we have wrought
Was based on methods all your own;
And smile to hear our heavy batteries
Pound you with imitation's purest flatteries. O.S.

ALL ABOUT TANKS.

(By our own Expert Correspondent.)

A FULL description of one of these land leviathans has been given to your representative, who is a member of the National Constitutional Club, by the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P. (Telegraphic address: "Sunday Papers, London"), the inventor of the blonde beast's *bête-noire* and a constant member of this Club through all the vicissitudes of his political career.

Ichthyosaurus irritans—to get to business—has no obvious material spy-hole, but concealed within the dim recesses of its vast bulk there lurks a wireless eye, which transposes the impinging radiations (received in all azimuths) and transmits them through a model human eye (from the pigmentation of which all trace of green has been carefully removed) to display on a sheet of white samite a picture of the whole of the vicinage displayed in all the glowing colours of the rainbow. The Professor and his little boy—the sole occupants, the only Jonahs in the maw of this earth-walking whale—study the picture, and from the results of their study sight the guns and maxims at their disposal. Crouched in their *camera obscura* they stand, seeming in their gas masks like some foul creatures of a lobster-generated dream in that hermetically-sealed atmosphere.

And now let us look at the armoury of the Pleistocene prodigy. The 20-in. guns are of ordinary make, but they appear to be pointed straight at the walls of their chamber! Ah!—Just opposite the gaping muzzle of each is a plate of Nitchevite so set as to direct the shell downwards to another plate, from which it rebounds to the outer air—passing through a trap-door on its way—and once there two further plates restore it to its original direction, so that, except for a slight loss of velocity and a few dents, the shell arrives at the target as though it had been undisturbed throughout its trajectory. Similarly for the machine guns, or Emma Gees. But in addition the barrels of these are of quaint and indeed bizarre patterns. Here is one with merely a bent barrel to fire round curves, and here

another with a configuration more like that of a Yale key and guaranteed to explore every traverse and communication adit in the most complicated trench. For anti-aircraft work the barrels curve upwards, for dug-outs they have a downward tendency. In this latter case of course heavier bullets are used, but of great resiliency, so that they have been known to hop down all the steps into a dug-out *de luxe* and, turning round the corner at the bottom, lay out a sub-lieutenant hiding under the bed in the corner.

Naturally all the improvements did not occur in the first design. For instance the first discharge of the big gun the Professor found rather disturbing to the calm detachment required for such a job, although Egbert, the son, rather enjoyed it. Now, however, both are provided with a device, the invention of the well-known French expert, M. Tirejambé, which effectually protects them from such disturbance. This device consists essentially of two tubes attached to the patient's eardrums and reaching through the skin of the monster to the free air. This in itself was not sufficient, as one result was that there was no noise to indicate that the gun had been discharged. In the case of a missfire it is highly dangerous to unload, so that it was found necessary to provide a special stethoscope for the Professor, who, standing some eighteen inches behind the breach, feels more than hears, at the moment of discharge, a noise like that made by an earthworm when dragged out of its nest by the early bird.

Egbert with his right foot operates the smoke-box, which causes a cloud of vapour to appear on all sides of the malevolent mastodon. This smoke not only serves to hide the mighty Moloch from the enemy, but also acts as a screen on which is projected, by means of a most ingenious optical system, a cinematograph display. On the side nearest the Hun the movies show sausages, beer, sauerkraut, visits to my spiritual home and other blessings of peace; while at the hinder end our men are inspired by seeing the CROWN PRINCE's portrait encircled with his favourite motto, "Actresses will happen in the best regulated families."

It is not the intention to take many prisoners by means of the tanks, but large magnets protrude from the sides which, when energised, will sort out and attract to them all heroes wearing an Iron Cross and tow them along.

As the mammoths proceed, their lids lift intermittently to discharge blood-curdling and panic-compelling noises. The explanation is simple; we have managed to procure gramophone records of Colonel ROOSEVELT giving an election address and of Miss Getta Moveon (U.S.A.) singing a patriotic song. Such is American neutrality.

But one of our greatest successes was made at a point where the daring tanksman had put on a film showing Lady — acting at a charity matinée. The Huns at this spot were found helpless with laughter and incapable of resistance, except for one stout Landsturmer, who raved about the Hague Convention.

But every detail has been thought out, even to making the mechanical legs hollow, so that, if the machine should ever come across ice, molten glue can be poured down to enable it to grip the slippery surface.

"A dispatch from Kieff states that a German aeroplane landed in a field near Lutsk. A terrified cow charged the propeller with its horns and smashed it up. The airmen and the machine were captured."

Not "bad for the coo" this time.

"Dr. Röchling, a Prussian Deputy, poured contempt on the talk about 'an honourable peace.' He declared that what Germany wanted was a German peace."—*Evening Paper*.

A very proper distinction.



THE SUNLIGHT-LOSER.

KAISER (as his sainted Grandfather's clock strikes three). "THE BRITISH ARE JUST PUTTING THEIR CLOCKS BACK AN HOUR. I WISH I COULD PUT OURS BACK ABOUT THREE YEARS."

RIVALRY.

WHEN I sat down on the seat facing the Row there was already on it a soldier in the familiar blue clothes. He had the red moustache which inevitably leads to the nickname of "Ginger," or possibly "Carrots," and was smoking a cigarette. By his side were his crutches. After a minute or so a very tall figure, also in blue, hobbled towards us and took the space between Red Moustache and myself.

The freemasonry of arms has, I suppose, always, among the rank and file, made any introduction needless; but there is now a new and a super freemasonry which goes beyond anything that uniform could do. I mean the freemasonry of mutilation. By reason of their wounds these strangers were as brothers.

At first they talked hospitals. Then regiments. Then the cause of their injuries—machine-gun bullet or shrapnel. Then the time and the place. Both had been hit in the knee, and this coincidence, operating like all coincidences among certain people, added to their friendliness. Their cigarettes finishing simultaneously, Red Moustache gave Six-foot-two one of his; and Six-foot-two offered his little packet to Red Moustache in exchange.

"Do you often come here?" Red Moustache asked.

"Every fine day," said Six-foot-two, "unless there's a ride in a brake or a free matinee on the tappy."

"I must look you up again," said Red Moustache.

"Do," said Six-foot-two. "When do you expect to leave?"

"I can't say," replied Red Moustache. "There's no knowing. You see mine's a very extraordinary case." He smiled complacently.

"That's funny. So's mine," said Six-foot-two.

"How do you mean—extraordinary?" the other asked a little sharply.

"Why, the doctors have had so much difficulty with it. It's a unique, they say. How many operations did you have?"

"How many did *you* have?" Red Moustache replied, with the caution of the challenged.

"Go on—I asked you first," said Six-foot-two. "Was it more than eight, anyway?"

"It was ten," said Red Moustache.

"Well, I had eleven," said Six-foot-two proudly. "They went after those bullets eleven times. But they're all

out now. I had every doctor in the place round me."

"So did I," said Red Moustache, "and one of my bullets isn't out yet. It's right in the bone. They're going to try again soon." He had quite recovered his good-humour.

"What about your patella?" Six-foot-two inquired after a pause.

"My what?"

"Your patella. Do you mean to say the doctors didn't talk about that?"

"I daresay they may have done, but I don't remember. Still, our doctors don't talk much—they act."

"Well, so do ours. There aren't better doctors in the world than at our place, I can tell you. It's common knowledge. Why, Sir Rashleigh Hewitt is there every day—the great Sir Rashleigh Hewitt, the KING's doctor."

"Well, the KING has more than one.



Convalescent Tommy (to fly-fisher). "AH, A BIT OF A ETTY-MOLLYGIST, I SEE. WE USED TO HAVE LOTS O' THEM FLIES IN GALLIOLI. USED TO COME OUT OF A EVENING AND BUZZ."

Sir Frank Carver is another, and he's at our place day and night. He's a masterpiece."

"I've always understood," said Six-foot-two, "that Sir Rashleigh is at the very head of his profession. The nurses say so."

"He may be for some things," Red Moustache conceded. "But not the knee. Sir Frank Carver is the crack knee man. Now if you'd been at our place I daresay that one operation would have been enough for you."

"Enough? What rot! How could it be enough, with all the complications? I tell you it's a unique, my case."

"Yes, it may be. But what I'm getting at is that it might not be if you'd had Sir Frank Carver, the great knee specialist, at it at once."

"Oh, give Sir Frank Carver a rest. Sir Rashleigh Hewitt's good enough for me and for anyone else who knows."

"All right," said Red Moustache. "Keep your hair on!"

"My hair's on right enough. It's you who're getting ratty."

There was a pause, and both lighted new cigarettes, each taking one of his own.

"What puzzles me," Six-foot-two began slowly, "is no one saying anything about your patella. That's the great marvel of my case—my patella. It's full of holes, like a sieve. There's never been one like it before. The profession's wild about it. That's what makes me so interesting to them."

"Where is it, anyway?" Red Moustache snapped out.

"In the knee, of course."

"In the knee! Well, if it's in the knee mine must be full of holes too. I've got everything you can have in the knee, I tell you. Everything."

"Have they written anything about you in the papers?" Six-foot-two asked.

"No? Ah," he went on triumphantly, "they have about me. There's a medical paper with a piece in it all about my patella. I sent it home and they've framed it. It's the most astonishing thing in surgery that I should be able to be walking about at all."

"That's what they tell me," Red Moustache replied. "But, anyhow, your bullets are all out. I've got another one yet, and by the time that's out I daresay I shall have had twenty operations and a whole column in the papers. But as for articles in papers they're nothing. Have you got your X-ray photograph?"

"No," Six-foot-two admitted.

"They gave me mine," said Red Moustache. "I sent it home. It's over the mantelpiece, my mother says. People come from miles to look at it. It's a pity you didn't get yours. That was foolish of you, if I may say so. Well, so long. I'm having tea to-day with one of our grand lady visitors in Rutland Gate. If you don't see me here when you come again the chances are I shall be having my next operation. So long!"

"So long!" said Six-foot-two.

Red Moustache on his crutches moved away.

"Extraordinary," Six-foot-two murmured, either to me or to himself or to the world at large, "how some blokes always want to be the most important things in the world."

"What is now required is to have one man in the [Greek] King's entourage who has a powerful intellect, clear conscience, and sincere wind, a man who will have the boldness to dispel the dense atmosphere surrounding his Majesty."—*Lancashire Daily Post*.

M. VENIZELLOS appears to have the requisite afflatus.



G. H. STAMP
1916

Farmer. "CAN YOU CURE BACON?"

New Hand. "I'M AFRAID I CAN'T. YOU SEE, I CAME AS A FARM-HAND—NOT AS A VET."

AWFUL FATE OF A SUPER-HERO.

Flight-Lieut. Polyneux stopped his engine and volplaned silently to earth. He alighted behind a thick box hedge in the Imperial gardens at Potsdam. He was the shyest and most modest youth that ever wore the uniform of the R.F.C. Brave to a fault, there was only one thing he feared, the publicity of being made a hero. Even while steering his machine through a hurricane of enemy shell-fire he would not turn a hair until suddenly the thought of a headline in *The Daily Stunt* would chill his soul and he would tremble like an aspen leaf. Only his stern sense of Duty prevented his throwing up work which might at any moment make him the theme of heroics. Only his determination to serve his country had brought him here. In the discharge of his Duty he would face a world in acclamation.

Polyneux slipped quietly from his aeroplane and, taking with him a large sack, concealed himself in a bush near one of the main walks, a walk often trodden by Imperial feet. He had not long to wait before he saw the well-known figure of the EMPEROR WILLIAM goose-stepping down the path. Polyneux had practised his lure, and just as the KAISER passed he yapped shrilly like a tender young sausage.

WILLIAM II., thrilled at the sound and without pausing to think, sprang into the bush. In an instant the sack was over his head; he was given no time to shriek. Five minutes later Polyneux was flying at full speed for G.H.Q. with a bulky sack on the observer's seat.

When he arrived the whole Staff was at mess. Into the room walked Polyneux, and, throwing the sack on the floor, saluted smartly. The Staff wondered, and they wondered still more when Polyneux, before explaining his action, implored them on no account to let his name appear in the papers.

They promised. Polyneux undid the sack and the well-known features appeared, somewhat dishevelled after the journey. In an instant all promises were forgotten, and the army saw the whole Staff marching down the street cheering, while an unhappy young airman, hoisted on their shoulders, tried in vain to hide his face in his R.F.C. cap.

The truth was out. *The Daily Stunt* brought out five separate editions with five photographs of different men, each labelled "The man who caught the KAISER."

Polyneux tried to resume his duties with the R.F.C. He was offered a month's leave, but refused. He would not go to England. *The Daily Stunt*

was most indignant; it grew furious; the Ministry was in danger. At last the Commander-in-Chief summoned Polyneux before him, explained how the whole course of the War was endangered by his obstinacy, and showed him it was his Duty to return to England, and by aeroplane.

The word Duty aroused Polyneux: he set his teeth, mounted his machine and steered for home.

Around the aerodrome a vast concourse had assembled, barely kept from invading the landing space by a cordon of police all unfit for military service. The crowd had waited for forty-eight hours, and it might be seen that the first thousand rows of people were entirely formed of women of all ages, each with a written proposal of marriage in her hand.

A humming sound was heard; the aeroplane arrived; it lit in the middle of the vacant space. In an instant the cordon of police was swept away like chaff before a gale.

And what of Polyneux? When a careful search of the ground was made by a picked corps of microscopists, specially hired by *The Daily Stunt* at enormous expense, not a single trace of him could be found. He had been completely dispersed in the form of souvenirs.

THE GREAT SET-BACK.

[When True Time commences, the task of setting the clock back will demand a steady hand and a cool head. . . . The majority of clocks will not stand being set back.]—*Daily Paper.*

LEAVES from the diary of an elderly bachelor undergoing a rest cure in an isolated farm-house. Nearest village or railway—five miles:—

October 1st, 1916.—*Afternoon.*

I write the word "afternoon" under great reserve. Since my man Judson put the clocks back, time, for us, does not exist.

I had warned Judson of the danger of tampering with timepieces. But *he* knew all about it—was an expert.

I awoke this "morning" to find him at my bedside. He seemed troubled. Could I tell him the right time? Referred him to my watch, the hands of which I myself had altered.

"It's stopped, Sir," he replied gravely. "All the clocks has stopped too or gone wrong."

Subsequent examination on my part verified this statement. Whilst some timepieces had succumbed an hour or so after Judson's ministrations, others offered us a choice which ranged between three and ten o'clock.

After studying the sun and consulting the solitary farm-hand (a stone-deaf myopic nonagenarian who could neither read nor write) we came to the conclusion that the hour was approximately 11 A.M., and began our great offensive on the grandfather clock, which had stopped at four minutes past four.

Scarcely had Judson laid finger on the timepiece when it uttered a hoarse groan, experienced a violent convulsion within its vitals and fell forward on its face. When restored to the perpendicular it was found to have suffered severe casualties to hands, countenance and body.

Next we advanced to the marble-encrusted horror in the dining-room. This clock, to judge from the pace at which the hands were moving, now registered 11.57 P.M. For a space we watched its feverish antics, and when its hands recorded midnight the monster chimed forty-seven times in whirlwind fashion and stopped dead. We re-wound it, whereupon the hands moved majestically to the quarter, which it chimed fifteen times, and then detached themselves from the face, tumbling off the mantelpiece into the grate.

Simultaneously I was aware of a hideous shrieking from a distant part of the house. Judson, uttering regrettable words, dashed from the room. I followed, and in the kitchen found my retainer clutching to his bosom,

beneath the folds of his coat, an alarum clock.

"It's a repeater, Sir," gasped Judson, "and I can't stop it nohow. Shams dead for an hour, then off again."

"Bury it somewhere," I suggested, feeling that I could not tolerate a clock whose voice was a cross between a steam siren and a machine saw in full blast.

Judson blushed; explained that it was a treasured gift; hinted at a promise made to the donor that it should ever be before his eyes. It was a delicate situation, and we left it, hoping for the best.

With feelings akin to consternation we now approached the horological terror in the parlour. This clock, instead of chiming decently and soberly, lows like a cow. Simultaneously two puppets emerge suddenly, bow several times to each other and then return to their dug-outs.

This *chef d'oeuvre* had stopped. Judson managed to get it going and advanced the hands to 11.25. Without the least excuse the thing began to low like a herd of Jersey kine. Then the figures dashed out. As far as I could see the feminine puppet upper-cut her *vis-à-vis* while he strove to turn a back somersault; both then vanished with a crash and the lowing ceased.

We gaped at the mystery.

"What'll it do at the 'arf-hour?" whispered Judson hoarsely. "It chimes then—proper."

It did. Again the Jersey kine were amongst us. The puppets shot forth, crashed together, sought to throttle one another, recoiled and fell off their perches. An inward spasm seized on the clock; it shook as if tormented by an evil spirit; one could hear the works falling to pieces; amid a groaning and grinding it came to a standstill. It was dead.

"Thank 'evins!" said Judson, wiping his brow.

"We've still got my watch," I consoled him, pulling our sheet-anchor from my pocket.

It had stopped. But not without achieving what I had hitherto regarded as impossible. For since the hands now registered 10.45, and I had set them at 11 o'clock, the watch apparently had gone backwards.

Despair settled upon us, to be partially lifted upon Judson's reminding me of the cuckoo clock in the spare bedroom. We ascended, and as we went Judson's well-beloved reminded us of her strident presence (by deputy) in the kitchen.

We got the cuckoo clock to go. Five minutes later it struck, and with deliberate intent I did the mainspring

irreparable injury. As I explained to Judson, I could not keep that kind of aviary.

* * * * *
Night is here. More precise I cannot be. That siren still shrieks at us from the kitchen, and with each shriek I note the growth of a grim purpose on Judson's face. A romance is in deadly peril.

Judson, who alleges the possession of a rough knowledge of navigation and an out-of-date sextant, now talks of "shooting the sun" to-morrow.

The nonagenarian farm-hand has just dropped in to tell us that it is "past fower of the clock" (though he does not say which clock). As it has been pitch dark for some hours he is probably the victim of an optical hallucination.

In my mind lurks one great regret—that I am not a clockmaker. For it seems to me, if my own experience counts for anything, that these mechanicians should rank among the most bloated of war-profiteers.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

[“There is nothing quite so compelling as this look of womanhood not stooping to conquer, but soaring that she may embrace the whole earth.”—*Daily Paper.*]

Rose, in the pleasant placid days

When life was safe and rather slow,

I wrote pathetic little lays

Deploping your eternal No;

Obsessed by thoughts of Woman's Rights

(And wrongs) you spurned the franchised male,

And, rising to sublimest heights,

Spent several depressing nights

In gaol.

But war has wrought a change: no more

Will woman, helpless woman, droop

In bondage, but unfettered soar

To perfect freedom at a swoop;

And, Rose, if you would play your part,

If with a fervour fine and free

You would embrace the earth—dear heart,

You might do worse than make a start
With me!

“Last week's flood will undoubtedly be spoken of by the citizens who witnessed it for generations to come.”

The Citizen (St. Andrews).

That inundations conduce to longevity is proved by the leading case of NOAH.

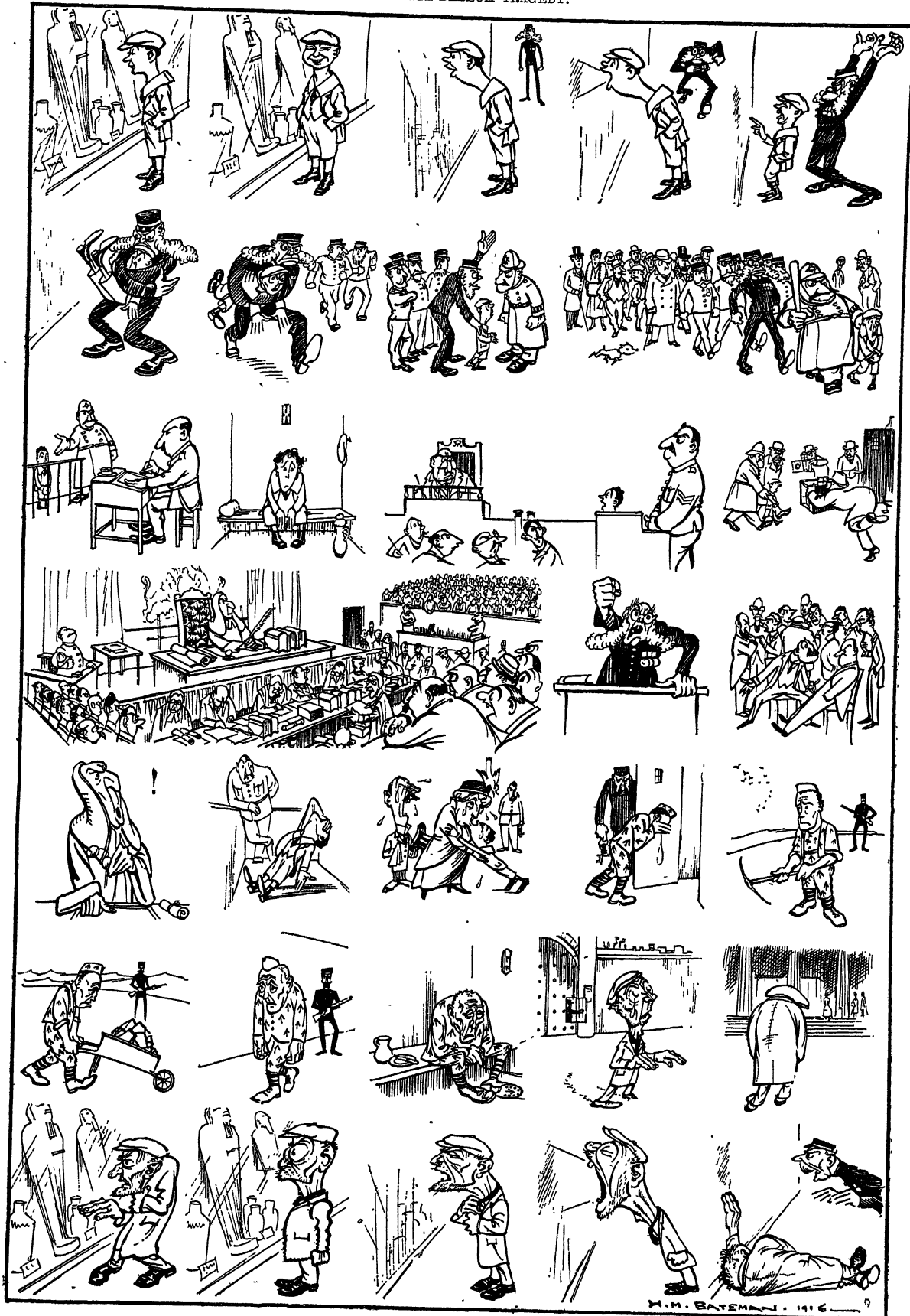
“GET YOUR PRINTING DONE AT THE
“OFFICE OF THE LONDON CHARIVARI.”

Local Paper.

Any little job like this they can do on their heads.

THE BOY WHO BREATHED ON THE GLASS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

AN ANTE-BELLUM TRAGEDY.





Conscientious Objector (told off to look after the Regimental Pet). "Now HERE'S SOMETHING I REALLY WOULDN'T MIND KILLING."

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

Am me! how peaceful was the sector,
How like a home these trenches were,
Where never a Hun would hate or hector
And only swallows cleft the air;
Where always poppies blew above the lines
And little mice ran shyly through the corn,
Where food was frequent, with expensive wines,
And Sam Browne belts were worn.

And if through some ingenious crevice
We marked a head of hostile type,
We neither harassed him with "heavies"
Nor fired our telescopic hyp.,
But rather, like some rare and precious prize,
Preserved the man, and showed him to the Staff,
Who looked at him with large important eyes,
But did no sort of strafe.

And he, detecting any Tommies,
Regarded them with some disdain,
But seldom spoiled their youthful promise
Nor caused them any needless pain;
While if at night inimical patrols
By some mischance came sudden face to face,
They glowered fiercely from adjacent holes,
But nothing else took place.

And then from some polemic quarter,
Some very earnest camp in Kent,
Came out, alack! a baleful mortar,
With crowds of men on murder bent;
Radiant they came because the drills were done,
With stacks of shells and valour all too vast;
They only longed to load their bless'd gun
And let it off at last.

We told them how the Hun was purring,
But wouldn't be if they began;
We said their shells, however erring,
Were certain to annoy the man;
We showed them spots more worthy of their arts
Far on the flank or far away in rear;
We said they swarmed in other people's parts,
But there were none just here.

But it was vain. With grieved impatience
They hid themselves in some huge trough,
Interred their gun with incantations
And madly loosed the monster off;
Straight on the sound, while yet the great bomb
boomed,
Five awful Minnies whistled down the wind,
And men for miles immediately assumed
A hostile frame of mind.

Observers woke and peered through prisms,
And every sort of specialist
Produced his hideous mechanisms
And made it penal to exist.
The sniper snipes, impervious to appeals,
Immense projectiles hurtle to and from;
And no one now can count upon his meals—
Even the bombers bomb.

It may be they will one day leave us,
Their stock of shells may some time cease,
And this charred region, now so grievous,
May see some slight return of peace;
But never quite can hate be banished hence,
'Twill never be the old good-natured zone,
Where war was war, but people had some sense—
The place has lost its tone.



COMRADES IN VICTORY.

COMBLES, SEPTEMBER 26TH.

POILU. "BRAVO, MON VIEUX!"

TOMMY. "SAME TO YOU, MATE."



Mother. "COME AWAY, JIMMY! MAYBE IT AIN'T PROPERLY STUFFED."

THE APOLOGY OF A FAUN.

It should have happened at Grantchester years ago, when we made a cult of such matters. He would have come so naturally from the big coppice down to the river and sat under the willows there, and we would have welcomed him courteously and with understanding, and shown him by our own elaborate simplicity how in tune we were with that archaic period of his.

It should, I say, have happened on the river above Cambridge, but the gods for a whim sent him to me in Sanctuary Wood. I thought it was a rat scratching his way into my dug-out, but when I flashed on my torch I found it was a little faun.

For a moment I thought the day's shelling had fuddled me, but, as the little creature crept up and with a pathetic gesture touched my arm, I was content to carry on.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I want the old days," he replied, and then I knew this was a real faun. No faun in history had ever answered otherwise. I knew too that he would sit and tell me wistful stories of the dear dead ages, and together we would mourn their decay. And so it was.

He had come, centuries ago, with a Roman soldier from the South. The soldier had found him in the Sabine Hills bewailing the Golden Age, and had been very nice about it. PYRRHUS in the first place had brought him to Italy, for even PYRRHUS had a sympathetic vein. The passing of the naiads moved him deeply.

His Roman friend had been killed in that very wood, and the faun had settled there. "He was a good fellow, like a child, and very fond of stories. How he laughed! I like soldiers, and here I always had plenty."

Of the old Flemish burgher-warriors (PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE was his favourite) and of a bottle-nosed corporal of MARLBOROUGH's called Ben he had many tales.

"I was well known in the city" (he meant Ypres) "in the good old days—the good old days when gallants rode into battle with a laugh and women waved to them as they clattered past their windows. These things made battle a theme for poets—the flash of arms, tossing plumes, standards and gay colours. The earth was fair and men fought among the scent of flowers and rich hay. Oh the fine sounds of battle, the ring of steel, and horses

whinnying as they charged, the cries of leaders, and the hush of victory at evening. Did you ever know such things? You did not. The glory of war has gone."

"It has," I said.

"You live in the earth like rats," said the faun, "and your dress is the colour of mud. You never see your foe and fight man to man, but blast the earth, and perchance the foe in it. The earth is hideous, torn and dead; the trees are stripped and shrivelled. The birds are gone, and the air is quick with the tumult of shells and laden with the smell of bodies and foul smoke. You have no love of beauty or of dignity. St. GEORGE is dead, St. GEORGE of Merrie England."

I felt this was unjust to me, who neither made this War nor had anything but the liveliest scorn for the spoilers of nature. I felt too that if I could not show our worth to the faun no one could, but just then a "Johnson" came creaking over, fell and burst, while the faun huddled by me for protection.

"Nerves shaky?" I asked, and at his inquiry explained what nerves were.

At that he was very angry and said fauns had no nerves. But he had a



Physician (upon receiving invitation to join three fellow-practitioners in a rubber of bridge). "HERE I AM, DEAR, CALLED AWAY AGAIN. APPEARS TO BE A DIFFICULT CASE, TOO. THERE ARE THREE OTHER DOCTORS ON THE SPOT ALREADY."

soul, and a very sensitive soul, and the War lacerated it. The world was a rank vile place, and we were rank vile people. The old divinity of man had passed, and Romance was as dead and desecrated as HECTOR.

I agreed with him, and learnt that it is unwise to agree with an angry faun. He danced with rage and said I was as uncouth as a Boeotian. Some Boeotian must have insulted him once, and in the intervening ages he had thought of suitable retorts. They were certainly most uncalled-for. With that he departed, but, bethinking him of a peroration, returned with little nervous—no, sensitive—hops and said that since the spirit of beauty, honour and gallantry had left the human race he too would leave it, and see if perchance in the wide universe an echo of the old romance somewhere lingered.

He disappeared and I turned to sleep. As I slept I dreamed of the faun sitting in some happy wood, piping to his nymphs and naiads. And when they tired of dancing he sang to them in a quick-set metre of his own. It was a joyous song in honour of Ares and Aphrodite, and he told of all the gallant things that he had seen in the days when men shone like flashing stars and their hearts were debonair.

* * * * *

It was Mr. Larkins who scrambled over the parapet to rescue the faun from the barbed wire. Mr. Larkins is the most disreputable soldier in the British Army, but nothing can ever prevent him from speaking of himself with great respect and in the third person.

He hauled the faun into the trench amid a hail of bullets, and, having never seen a faun before, spat to show his surprise. He then instructed the faun in the amenities of trench life.

"Now then, young ugly, wotcher shove yer dial over that parapet for? You'll get na-pooched if you do it again. Where d'you come from, anyway?"

The faun sighed and began his tale of woe; but Mr. Larkins caught the word "Greece" and became apoplectic.

"Well, what d'you want?" he asked, "you 'opeless nootral, you!"

"The old days," murmured the faun, "Romance."

"Now cut that out, or Mr. Larkins'll shove you over the blooming parapet again. You're like a wonk-eyed barber in So'o, all talk and whiskers. What can you do?"

"I can play the pipes of Pan," suggested the faun.

"Can you?" said the other. "Well, give us 'Irish Eyes' on the mouth-organ. Don't know it? 'Spose Mr. Larkins'll have to teach you." And

so until Stand-to they made night hideous with their unhallowed music.

The next day the faun was adopted as platoon mascot. The day after, I found him sitting on the fire-step, clad in a shrapnel helmet and a tunic the men had cut down, and playing the mouth-organ more vilely than I had ever heard it played before. And he cut me, the only person who understood his longings.

By the third day his vocabulary mangled French, English and Hindostanee without prejudice.

On the fourth day Mr. Larkins was hit, and the little faun sang Homerically that night. He sang the glories of a man "in whom there lay no guile nor any hope of glory; who with harsh words gave to every man the best he had, for every man was his friend, his bread to those who needed it, his courage to all.

"I, the singer, have seen many great heroes,
In all the ages many gallant men,
But none the peers of Larkins and his friends.

They have sorely wounded him, the hero;
A sudden agony has laid hold of him;
But no complaint has passed the barrier of his teeth.

Only he laughs and says as how he's bound for Blighty.

Instead of strafe, the Allyman has given him a free pass home,
Long leave, and Duchesses to wait on him,
Pommes frites, beaucoup beer. Roll on."



Mother. "TEA-TIME, BOBBY. GO AND WASH YOUR HANDS."

Bobby. "OH BOTHER! MOTHER, I'M ALWAYS WASHING. I WASHED MY HANDS BEFORE LUNCH, AND I'VE DONE NOTHING TO DIRTY THEM SINCE. LOOK, MOTHER, THEY'RE PERFECTLY CL— AS YOU WERE—I 'LL GO."

HELPFUL HINTS.

PROFOUNDLY impressed by the splendid public spirit shown by *The Times* in issuing its "Advice on putting back the clock," Mr. Punch has commissioned a distinguished nobleman, who desires to remain anonymous, to write a series of similarly instructive papers for the benefit and enlightenment of the mentally deficient, and he has the liveliest satisfaction in printing herewith the first instalment of these educational contributions.

HOW TO PUT ON BOOTS.—If boot-trees are used, first remove and lay them on one side. The habit of putting on boots before taking out the trees is strongly to be deprecated, as leading to discomfort and disappointment. Next make sure that your socks are a pair, as the opportunity of remedying such an irregularity may not occur if your business should keep you away from home or the vicinity of a hosiery shop. Unlace the boots and insert the feet, not both together, but one at a time, toe foremost, using the tag as a lever, or, in case this is not sufficient, employing a shoe-horn. When the foot is

inserted in the boot, but not before, lace up the boot if it is a laced boot, but not if it is a button or elastic-sided boot. In the former case it is best to use a button-hook; in the latter this implement will not be required. When the lacing is completed bring the ends of the laces round the ankle and fasten them in a knot. If spats are worn they should be put on *after* and not *before* the boots. Here again the use of a button-hook is optional, but on the whole is preferred by experts. Shoes are put on much in the same manner as boots, but with rather less exertion. Finally, be careful not to put a left boot (or shoe) on a right foot, and *vice-versa*. The practice, again, of wearing two left boots or two right boots savours of eccentricity and creates an unfavourable impression.

HOW TO STAMP A LETTER.—The complete adhesion of the stamp can be achieved in several ways. The simplest way, perhaps, is to lick the back of the stamp with the tongue and then press the licked side to the envelope or postcard. But people of delicate digestions, or who suffer from dry tongues, prefer to use a damping im-

plement. The gum on postage-stamps is believed to be made of potato-starch, and, speaking roughly, not to produce any deleterious results on normal constitutions. But the licking of a large number of stamps, often necessary in business houses, is bound to have a cumulative effect, and the consumption of starch in large quantities is undoubtedly undesirable. To avoid this it is safer, instead of licking the stamp, to lick the envelope; but here it is necessary (1) to lick the place where the stamp is affixed; (2) to place the back and not the front of the stamp in contact with the place licked. If, however, a damping implement is used in order to produce the necessary liquefaction of the gum prior to contact with the envelope, great care should be taken not to overdo the moistening of the pad of the damper, as an excess of liquid is apt to impair the adhesive quality of the gum and to cause the detachment of the stamp in transit, thereby leading to the payment of a double postal fee by the recipient.

HOW TO POST A LETTER.—Hold the letter firmly between the finger and thumb, proceed to the nearest post-

office or pillar-box, and drop it into the slit or mouth prepared for the reception of mails. Before introducing the letter into the cavity look and see whether you have addressed it, as this omission cannot be rectified once it has been dropped in the box.

HOW TO WIND UP A WATCH.—Before winding up, be careful to insert the key, and continue winding until a check is encountered. Then stop winding. It is not necessary to use a key in winding-up keyless watches, though there is no statutory penalty for its use.

HOW TO SEARCH FOR A MISSING SHIRT-STUD.—Assuming, as we may, that the missing stud is somewhere on the floor of your bed- or dressing-room, we may note at the outset that the search should not be conducted in shooting-boots but in stockinged feet. Some experts recommend the use of a powerful magnet, but this is of no avail in recovering studs made of ivory, mother-o'-pearl, gold or silver, but only those made of soft iron, nickel, cobalt, chromium and manganese. On the whole the best method is to rely on the use of the eye, supplemented, when necessary, by spectacles and artificial illuminants. In looking under a bed the practice of striking matches is to be discouraged, owing to the danger of setting fire to the bedclothes. An electric torch is greatly to be preferred. Should the stud have rolled under a chest-of-drawers, wardrobe or other article of furniture, which, owing to its weight, cannot easily be moved, the use of a stick, golf-club or even a paper-knife is often helpful. But such aids should be employed with discretion, otherwise they may only result in moving the missing article into a more inaccessible position. In all cases the use of violent language by the searcher is to be avoided. It makes no impression on the stud, and for the rest neither generates kindness nor consolidates society. Finally, when the stud has been observed it is essential to seize it firmly and place it carefully in a secure position on the dressing-table. Instances are not wanting in which studs have been dropped again in the very moment of recovery, thus leading to a renewal of the irksome process of search, which, with its attendant stooping, is often apt to induce vertigo and other untoward consequences in persons of infirm health or advanced years.

We greatly regret that, owing to the demands on our space, we have been able to hold over Lord ——'s hints on "How to get on and get off a motor-bus," "How to obtain matches and sweetmeats from an automatic machine," and "How to tie a bow."



Hotel Visitor (coming from bathroom). "HERE, I'VE BEEN RINGING FOR YOU FOR AGES."

Chambermaid. "WHICH BELL, SIR?"

Visitor. "THE BELL OVER THE BATH."

Chambermaid. "OH, WE PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT BELL, SIR. THAT'S ONLY PUT THERE IN CASE ANYONE FEELS FAINT."

THE RESTORATION.

FIVE months have passed since you took leave of me. And ah! how long the days have been since then.

For some weeks you had had your marching orders, and so your departure was no surprise; but it all seemed so strange and horrible, taking place as it did at dead of night; and perhaps that was why the hands that waved you off were as cold as steel, the face you said Good-bye to, white and set.

It was the first break in that circle of ours, and, though I thought that I had been wound up to face the ordeal,

when it came to the point it was impossible for me to see you go, unmoved.

Then as I began the daily round next morning, after a night robbed of its due time of rest, and feeling as though nothing would ever go right again in this world of ours, it came over me with confident certainty that I had *not* said Good-bye to you for always, and that in the fulness of time you would be restored to me.

And on Sunday last, in the peaceful stillness of the early October morning, you came back to me, my long-lost hour; you came back to your Big Ben.

DIARY OF A BERLIN CITIZEN.

Monday.—Heaven and the KAISER be thanked, we are still winning victories every day, and the end of the War cannot be far off if our official reports are as true as we have every right to believe them to be. To-day it is announced that the English and the French have been again utterly overthrown on the Somme. This must be at least the tenth time that such a disaster has been inflicted on them at the hands of our all-conquering German troops. Truly it is a great thing to be alive in these days.

Later.—After I had written the above I went out, and as I walked along near the Royal Palace whom should I see in a rapid automobile but the KAISER himself? He looked very haughty and discontented—not at all as if the German soldiers had been everywhere gloriously successful. Why is this? So I asked myself, and found no satisfactory answer until I bought an evening paper, and there I found another official report which announced that after the great victories of this morning our troops of their own free will retired to more easily defensible positions slightly in the rear of those they had previously occupied. When the enemy does that, I have always said it was a defeat for him, and all the great Generals say as I do. What is the meaning of this? Is it not time that VON HINDENBURG should besent to the Somme fighting?

Tuesday.—Great joy has been aroused in all patriotic German hearts by the marvellous exploits of our Zeppelin airships. Six of them, it appears, crossed over to England and bombarded London and its outlying forts. According to our official reports all the bridges over the Thames are in ruins, the Houses of Parliament and the chief public buildings are destroyed, the Bank of England and all the railway stations are shattered to pieces, so that not one stone is left standing upon another. This is truly glorious news, and at supper Charlotte and I drank the health of the KAISER in good honest German beer. This will teach these barking sea-dogs what it means to make war on Germany. Now surely an honourable German peace cannot be far distant.

Wednesday.—It is with deep-felt sorrow that I have to record that of the six Zeppelins which performed such heroic deeds over the fortified City of London only three returned safely. The other three were received by an intense fire of defence-guns, through which they were set on fire, so that they came to the ground and their crews perished. This is terrible. It ought to be forbidden to fire explosive shells at a Zeppelin, which, owing to its being made of very thin material, cannot be properly defended. To-day I saw again the KAISER, who had a frown on his face as black as midnight, and did not answer any of the salutes with which he was greeted. Is he perhaps becoming not so popular as he once was?

Thursday.—The Austrians have been again defeated by the Russians and have lost thousands of prisoners and many guns. This cannot go on, for while we Germans are winning a victory in one place the Austrians are being

defeated in another, and then we have to bring to their rescue troops which it becomes more and more difficult for us to spare. It would have been better, I think, if the question is calmly considered, not to have made war against the French and the English, for then we could have settled the Russians first in spite of the incompetent Austrians. Why did we attack France and England? There must be an answer to this question, but for the moment I have forgotten it. Now through the English Fleet food is so dear that it is difficult to make both ends meet, even in our family with a housewife as careful as Charlotte. We hear of food riots in several towns, and matters get worse instead of better. The French and English are continuing their attacks on the Somme, and while we always defeat them they somehow manage to occupy villages which ought to have been retained by us. I am deeply depressed. The KAISER is certainly not so inwardly loved as he was. Is it not perhaps time for us to have peace?



ON THE LEAVE-BOAT.

"FINE SERVICE THE NAVY, SIR. THIS BRINGS IT HOME TO YOU—WHAT?"

THE HUNTER'S MOON.

Diana with silvery horn
hung athwart
The dusk's royal purple
rides down to her court;
It is now that she beckons
us out of the mist
Crying, "Spur to the heel!"
crying, "Hawk to the
wrist!"
But how shall we ride at her
bidding again,
Who are called to new hunting
— the hunting of
men?

In vain does October her
glory display
Of russet and crimson, of
golden and gray;
The stamp of the hoof and
the click of the curb
No longer the peace of her
woodlands disturb;

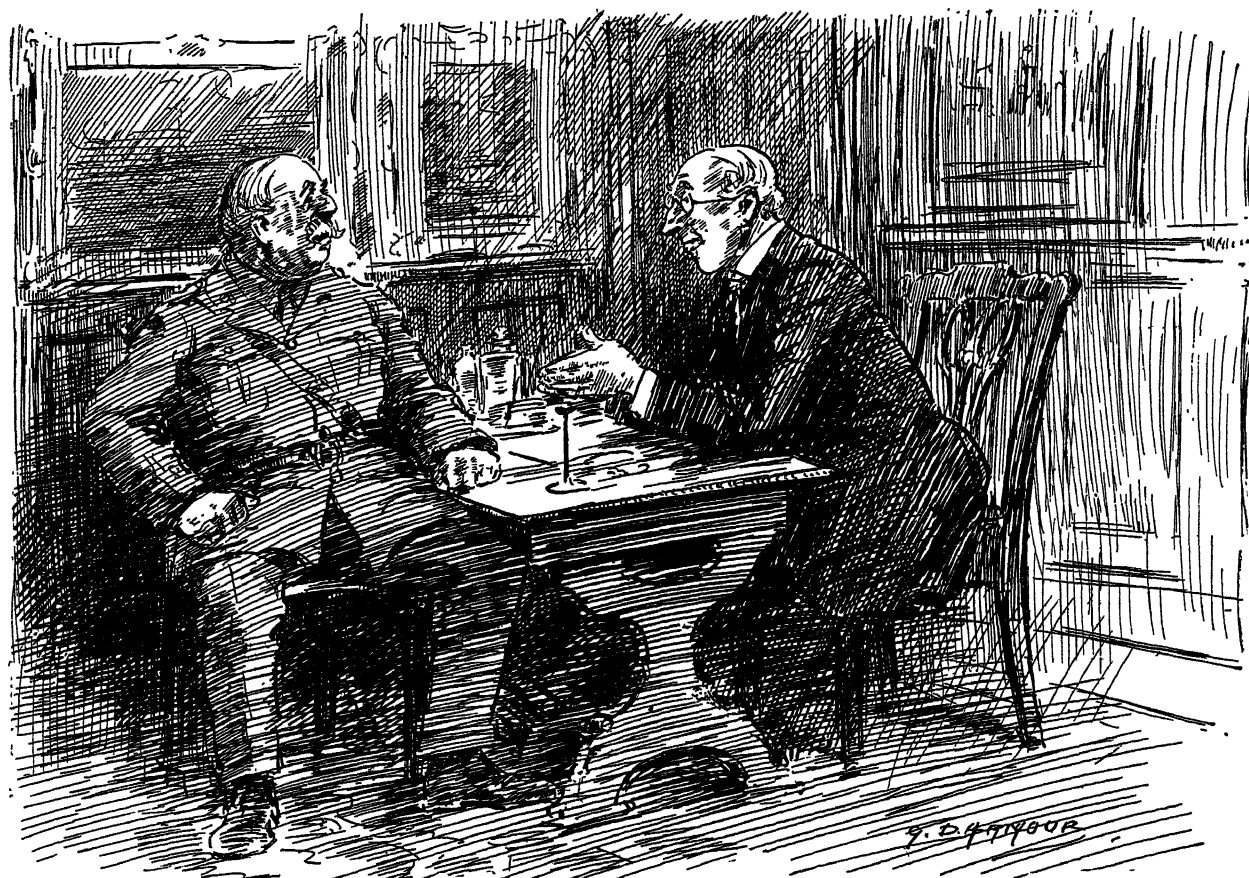
And far from the cubs that lie close in her ken
We ride to new hunting—the hunting of men.

In vain the cock-pheasant majestic struts;
In vain the brown grouse are blown over the butts;
In vain is the head of the twelve-pointer set
On the heathy high top like a dream-silhouette;
Afar from the boulder, the birch and the ben
We are off to new hunting—the hunting of men.

In vain does the twenty-pound salmon appeal
As he leaps in the light like a silvery wheel;
In vain does the river repeat on the stone
The song that is lure to her lovers alone:
Away from the waters that storm through the glen
We are gone to new hunting—the hunting of men.

In vain shall Diana smile down from her throne—
Her love-spell is broken, her lovers are gone;
The rifle is ready, the spur's on the boot,
The bugle is blown and the quarry a-foot;
Full circle the seasons must swing ere again
We return from our hunting—the hunting of men.

BIG WILLIE's weaknesses are big Fits of Bluff,
While LITTLE WILLIE's weaknesses are little Bits of Fluff.



Doctor. "A LITTLE BUILDING-UP REQUIRED, I THINK. SUPPOSE YOU TRY A GLASS OF PORT IN THE FORENOON, AND SAY ANOTHER AFTER LUNCH?"

The Major. "WELL, I DON'T THINK I'VE DRUNK LESS THAN A BOTTLE A DAY FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS. BUT I'LL TRY AND TAKE ANOTHER COUPLE OF GLASSES IF YOU LIKE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THAT truly amazing man, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, has chosen to present a fantasy of every-day life, life as it very well might be, but normally isn't; especially isn't for us who haven't *The Lion's Share* (CASSELL) that fell to *Audrey Moze*, who (chap. i.) is prisoner on parole in the house of that tyrannical and reactionary squire her father, and (chap. iii.) is an orphan with an immense patrimony, out for a glorious time and (the better to get it) masquerading (chap. ix.) in Paris as a young widow to escape the desperate *ennui* of chaperonage. Bohemianism of set choice in the Quarter gives place to silken journeyings in resplendent limousines on the Right Bank and star-lit voyages in exquisitely-appointed yachts. A little love throws a soft light on all this magnificence; a little political hooliganism gives it tone. If *Rosamund*, the Suffragette refugee in Paris (an easily recognisable portrait—or travesty), ever had such back-talk from a youthful follower as *Audrey* offered her out of the abundance of a heart swelled with the splendid life, it would have done her and her cause much good. A most notable book. What in other less dexterous hands would have shaped as a mere pot-boiler is a gay and imaginative piece of work as well done as it could be. We know our *Grand Babylon* BENNETT; our BENNETT of *The Five Towns*; BENNETT, *The Card*, and that superb artist above and apart, the BENNETT of the incomparable *Old Wives' Tale*. Here is a brand-new trick from the repertory of this resourceful prestidigitateur.

The Retreat from Mons (CASSELL) will, I think, take a place apart from other books that may be written about that terrible episode by reason of two qualities, its humanity and its cheeriness. Major A. CORBETT-SMITH, R.F.A., describes himself on the title-page as one who shared in it. Of the wounds and honour that it brought to himself he is modestly silent. The charm of his book is that it somehow leaves the impression, even in its blackest passages, that all the bewilderment and strain and horror were but part of the day's work, to be endured with the unfaltering conviction that everything would come right in the end. That certainly was the spirit in which the 80,000 contemptibles, outnumbered and all but overwhelmed, carried on, and saved Europe. And never once does the eye of Major CORBETT-SMITH seem to lose its reassuring twinkle; he has always some queerly humorous aspect in which to regard the most apparently hopeless moments. I can imagine no sensation more grimly satisfactory than to turn from this record of crushing odds boldly faced to the hysteric wails with which, twenty-five months later, the scribes of the Fatherland are lamenting our superiority of force, a superiority only remotely comparable with that which they prepared for others. And, because I know of men, not home-keeping cranks, but even gallant gentlemen who have not hesitated to risk all for the cause, who still to-day cling to a philosophic and superior detachment from the recognition of German methods as being hideous beyond the natural ugliness of war, I am glad that in this little book a practical soldier (and therefore the least prejudiced of observers) has stated again the case against "the obscene

Horror which has plunged Europe into this carnival of blood and misery." A book certainly to keep.

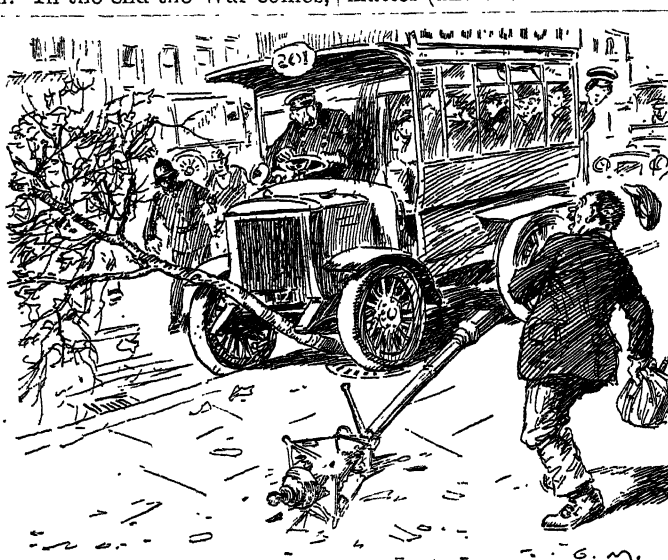
MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, in *The Green Alleys* (HEINEMANN), has travelled from his wonted Devon to the hop-gardens of Kent, a trip which he may well have taken by way of a holiday both for himself and his readers. Anyhow, I congratulate him upon his excursion, for, although our French friends tell us that we are always just returning from a change or are on the point of going for one, I think if they knew how tenaciously Mr. PHILLPOTTS has clung to Devon they would be inclined to qualify their opinion. The native of the green alleys expresses himself less quaintly than the author's West Country folk, but he is a match for them in the old Phillpottian—and to me most engaging—characteristics. This is not, however, primarily a romance of labourers, but gives us the love-story of two farmer-brothers, one of whom was born before his parents were married—a theme that is here handled with a right restraint and delicacy of touch. In the end the War comes, and *Nicholas*, unlucky in love, is compensated with the D.S.O. Personally I think to be mentioned in despatches would have been ample solace for him; but Mr. PHILLPOTTS wisely does not enter into details of the fighting, and so long as novelists refrain from describing the gallant deeds of their heroes I am content for them to distribute V.C.'s, D.S.O.'s, and Military Crosses at their pleasure.

Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS, to whom already I owe so many hours of the happiest entertainment, has once more made me her debtor. Perhaps you remember the zest and sparkle that she can give to the simplest story, or even to no story at all. Well, she has done it again in *Petunia* (CONSTABLE). On the third page of her history I learned that the heroine "made a practice of being nice to people"; and so assiduously did she do it that she "often hadn't time to see that people were being just as nice to her, and that they were quite as pleased with themselves for being nice to her as she was with herself for being nice to them." At first, then, *Petunia* was a little baffling to me; I did not know whether to see her as simply amiable and obvious, or to suspect the concealed feline. But it turned out all right; indeed there isn't a really unpleasant character in the whole book. That in spite of this handicap it so triumphantly escapes dullness is a rare tribute to the writer. What slender plot there is turns upon a will, by which *Petunia*'s father leaves her that most desirable property known as the Big House, and a lot of money, so long as she remains single. The fact consequent that her brothers and their wives would benefit very largely by *Petunia*'s marriage leads to some highly entertaining comedy. Especially is there a Sunday afternoon tea, to which each of the sisters-in-law brings an eligible male guest to hurl at the wholly unperturbed head of the hostess, that kept me chuckling aloud in a fashion unusual for a hardened reviewer. *Petunia* is certainly one of the flowers of the Autumn season.

Costume-novels have been somewhat to seek of late, which may in part explain the zest with which I approached *The Inheritance* (HUTCHINSON). In part only, however; the remaining two-thirds being due to my respect for the artistry of Miss UNA L. SILBERRAD. I may say at once that I was not to be disappointed. There are, to my taste, both good and bad qualities in *The Inheritance*; among the former being a brisk and adventurous atmosphere and an attractive heroine; while I should count it on the wrong side that the plot is made to depend upon some complicated genealogy troublesome to untangle. Though the date is the seventeenth century, the worries of that unquiet time leave the characters singularly unmoved; their chief concern being who is to possess the estate and crumbling mansion of Scarstones. When I tell you that this is wrongfully held by a wicked lawyer, and that the rightful owners are the heroine and the man who loves her, I suppose I need hardly say which party gets it in the end. Actually no one gets the house, since itself settles the matter (and the villain in one) by collapsing very properly

about his interloping ears, and so bringing a lively tale to an end that had been for some time conspicuous. Incidentally also it provides, in the opening door—I say no more than that, the opening door!—a thrill that not even the very similar climax to *Little Dorrit* can outcreep.

In *The Golden Arrow* (CONSTABLE) MARY WEBB has set out to write a tale of peasant-life, and in sober truth she has done it. Not a person of any social distinction whatsoever obtrudes between her and her rustics, and, if you are anxious to know how tillers of the soil really speak and think, here is the very book to serve



Foot-passenger (who has had a narrow escape). "ERE, WOT D'YER THINK YOU 'RE DRIVIN'—A TANK?"

your curiosity. Before tackling her task the author may, for all I know, have given herself up to a long and arduous study of these Welsh peasants, but no amount of application could have produced such a happy result if she had not by nature possessed an intimate sympathy with their point of view. Frankly as the characters express themselves, no one who is not resolutely determined to be shocked can possibly object to their habit of thought or manner of speaking. So often have I read novels of this kind in which the peasants think like philosophers and talk in bewildering streams of vernacular, that I am grateful for a book which is at once obviously true to nature and well within the scope of my intelligence.

"INSTITUTION OF NEW VICAR.—The usual legal forms were gone through, and the Vicar took the customary oats."

Staffordshire Weekly Sentinel.

It sounds more like a harvest festival.

Semi official French comment, as rendered by *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"Exactly seven months ago the German blow against Verdun was begun. On this anniversary our soldiers made an appreciable gain of ground on the outskirts of the Thiaumont Work."

Tempora mutantur. First the clock and then the calendar.

CHARIVARIA.

A MEMBER of the staff of an evening contemporary living about seven miles from Potter's Bar declares that he distinctly heard the crackling of the flames as the burning Zeppelin fell. It is gratifying to note that harsh Government restrictions have not altogether broken the reporter's spirit.

It is recorded that German airships have been dropping sweets containing poison on Roumanian towns. We should be thankful that up to the present they have visited upon our devoted livestock only the ordinary kinds of bomb-bomb.

A man has been exempted for two months by the City Tribunal on the ground that if a Zeppelin were to fall on the City he would be needed to assist in keeping the crowd back. This helps to explain the enormous store that the Germans set by their air monsters. If they survive they spoil the scenery; if they are brought down they undermine our man-power.

An absentee who was fined five pounds with the alternative of a month's imprisonment at the North London Police Court stated that he had a conscientious objection to fighting, but was willing to join the R.N.A.S. What the R.N.A.S. were willing to do in the matter did not transpire; but we imagine he will be safer in prison.

Great numbers of absentees, it is claimed, are still at large in the rural districts working as farm-hands. They have taken the places of the equally large number of exempted farmers whose businesses in London and other industrial centres are requiring all their attention.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, the most powerful anti-British and pro-German influence in the United States, has been sold the American rights in the official "Somme" battle pictures. Possibly this is what Mr. LANSING had in mind when he referred to the Black-list as discriminatory.

CHARLES HORTON, the oldest inhabitant of Otham, Kent, has just attained his 102nd birthday. He intends to see at least one Zeppelin before he dies, but rather thinks that it will compare unfavourably with some of the goose-

berries that they grew down Maidstone way when he was a lad.

Some curiosity having been expressed as to why the police-constable at Potter's Bar lay down between two haystacks when he saw the burning Zeppelin descending, the man has explained that he thought that would be the safest place, as he had always heard that the Germans couldn't hit a haystack.

After twelve years a postcard sent from Paddington has just been delivered at Putney, and the recipient, an

military hospital at Hove regained the power of speech through dreaming that he was entangled on barbed wire. Elsewhere the mere thought of barbed wire has made some of our civilians extraordinarily eloquent in their pleas for exemption.

One of the political clubs expropriated by the Government has to mourn the loss of its famous black cat, which refused to leave the old premises and had to be painlessly destroyed. This is rightly described as "the real tragedy" of the removal, since the members will be no longer able to indulge in their favourite pastime of watching how the cat would jump.

Old Moore in his Almanac for next year prophesies disaster to the KAISER as the result of "the conjunction of Mercury and Mars in his horoscope." We hope the affliction is as painful as it sounds.

On the other hand a dear old lady of our acquaintance, when she heard that the KAISER's gold plate was being handed over to the Reichsbank, remarked that with all his faults she did think that the poor man might be allowed to retain his teeth.

More Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement of a new motor-fuel:—

"Send a brief note, enclosing cheque £5 17s. 6d., and your troubles are then over until you order some more."—*The Autocar*.

"The Roumanian Minister at Sofia, in the course of a short interview, said that King Ferdinand [of Bulgaria] had burned his boots."

Birmingham Daily Post.

We cannot decide how much to sympathise with FREDIE till we know whether he was wearing his boots at the time.

"Mr. — won with a well-coupled free-moving boy daughter of Norbury Saxon."

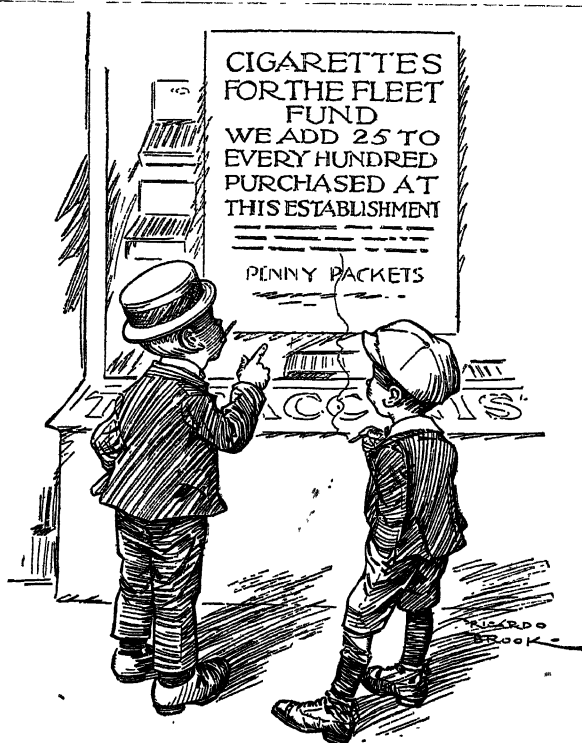
Lancashire Daily Post.

We don't much care for these epicenes, but anything's better than a neutral.

"A French circus midget, aged twenty-one, who stands 22ft. high and earns £70 per week, tried to enlist in Toronto a few days ago, but was told he was ineligible even for the bantams."—*Provincial Paper*.

The giant midget seems to have been much too big for them.

Our attention has been drawn to the approaching sale of Stumbleholme Cottage, under the appropriate auspices of GIDDY AND GIDDY.



"D'YER FINK JELlicoe GITS 'IS SHARE?"

"COURSE NOT, STOOPID. ADMIRALS DON'T SMOKE GASPERS!"

ardent Suffragist, is convinced that its early arrival is entirely due to the introduction into the Post Office of women-helpers, who took the trouble to read it and noticed that its message was of an urgent nature.

Mr. G. A. AITKEN, head of the Children's Department at the Home Office, says that a boy was found trying to throttle his sister, after having seen a film in which a man throttled a woman. The mother of this boy has since been sent to see a film in which a father is shown administering the traditional form of correction to his young son, and the Children's Department has every confidence in a satisfactory issue of the experiment.

It is reported that a soldier at the

BLEATINGS OF AN IMPERIAL LAMB.

[The CROWN PRINCE has given a further interview to the American Press, this time in the person of Mr. HALE, ex-clergyman, the representative of HEARST, who owns a number of anti-British newspapers.]

YE who thought that LITTLE WILLIE
Would be sick if war should cease;
Who supposed his chest was chilly
Toward the pink-eyed bird of Peace;

Listen to the soft endearing
Language, as of Love inspired,
Which he uttered in the hearing
Of a clergyman (retired).

"Will this dreadful conflict never end?
O to see its final Day!"
So he bleated to the reverend
Journalist from U.S.A.

"Tell them there in New York City
How this butchery rends my heart;
What a pity! What a pity!
Such a waste of life and art!

"Art, I say. By careful study
We create, to kill or maim,
Tools of torture, strange and bloody,
Poisoned gas and liquid flame;

"Yet (for we are kind as gallant
And with all would fain be friends)
We would sooner see our talent
Turned to philanthropic ends.

"How I wish your free-born nation,
Fed too long on English lies,
Could by heavenly revelation
Probe the facts with Prussian eyes!

"Ah, but Truth and Truth's corollaries
Will not thrive on neutral ground;
Where your treasure (that's the dollar)
is
There your Yankee hearts are found.

"No such motive pricks the German;
Not in loot is our delight;
Love and Mercy and the Sermon
On the Mount—for these we fight.

"O how often I have sat, O
Sat and cursed this wicked strife,
Musing in some lonely chateau
On my poor neglected wife.

"For from time to time I rather
Miss the old domestic touch;
As a husband and a father
I am absent far too much.

"Yes, in many an alien show-place,
Though the vintage wine flowed free,
I have told myself there's no place
Tantamount to Home for me.

"Say all this to New York City,
Mention it to Mr. HEARST,
How I cried, 'O what a pity!'
Till you thought my heart would
burst." O. S.

OPONOKA SHOWS THE WAY.

[A contribution that arrived from U.S.A. too late for "The Manchester Guardian's" American Supplement.]

THE sympathy of the United States has been freely accorded to the Allies. We have, generally speaking, approved. As our Mr. Sirius P. Veckenbilter, one of our leading ethical munition magnates, said at Rappahannock last week, "My firm feels it to be no moral degradation to work for them." We have freely recognised that the Allies, in spite of their high-handed interference with American interests, are arrayed on the side of civilisation—as understood in Europe. We propose no interference at this stage on our part. We know we can't stop the War at present because Europe has got out of hand. We must look on and wait, and calmly occupy the interval with commercial activities. We don't mean to lose our heads even though the whole world should go mad. But you are authorised to give this message to the people of Great Britain—it will put new heart into them—"We hope to see you win. There now."

At the same time it is only right that you should know that the public of the United States is both hurt and disappointed by the cold reception that has been given on your side to the proposals of Mr. Hiram P. Doop (one of our most high-minded citizens and an acknowledged religious leader in the machine-gun merger), enunciated by him at the great Rally of Progressive Bankers held in September at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, and cabled to you *in extenso*. These proposals have suffered neglect in your Press, and yet you could not look for a more authoritative spokesman than Senator Doop, who has set his whole battery of mentality to solute the most urgent problem of our time—How to prevent Europe from fighting. And his considered scheme of the World Guild of Linked Brotherhood has received endorsement from many of our leading financiers and others. In the words of Mr. Moody Ibsittart, of Hannahaha, Wis.: "We too often have fallen into error in the past. There are those still living among us who can remember the day when we too pushed the bayonet, swung the sabre, fused the shell. Now we know better. Europe also must learn that when passion pulls the trigger dividends go down." (This passage was enthusiastically encored.)

The plain elements of the European proposition are well understood over here, better understood by far than they

can be in countries blinded by belligerency. The problem confronting the States of Europe is precisely the same as that which exercised the minds of the statesmen of the frontier district of Oponoka at the beginning of last century. It may be true, as is so often asserted, that the highest levels of statesmanship and scope-covering insight have been confined for the last hundred years to this country, and that no other nation can point to such a torch-bearing succession of world-framers. Still, as General Doop was careful to admit, there are capable statesmen in Europe. The question can be soluted.

In Oponoka (we are quoting from Judge Doop's own exposition), at the close of the war of 1812, there were a number of conflicting powers regarding each other with jealous animosity. All the difficulties were there that are present to-day in Europe. And yet by the sheer dazzling mentality of her statesmen Oponoka settled once and for all her many differences, and for the whole period until she was annexed, twelve years later, by the State of Texas, warfare was almost unknown. How was it done? By the creation of a Guild of Brotherhood.

There is only one possible solution of the mediæval *impasse* of the Old World—the formation of a European Constitution of Brotherhood on the Oponoka pattern. As Governor Doop has put it, "You have all just got to get under the umbrella, and we can show you how."

That is our final message to your people. Look to us to show you how.
Bis.

The Secret Out.

"QUOTATIONS wanted for making up old Lancashire Boilers into Tanks."
St. Helens Reporter.

"In the next field an incendiary bomb was still burning in the crater it had made, sending up long tongues of flame into the blackness like a beacon, and illuminating the statuesque figure of a sentry leaning on his bayonet."
Daily News.

Tough chaps, our Tommies.

"I submit," said the military representative before the Blaydon-on-Tyne Tribunal, "this man has not got a real and genuine conviction. He has got hold of a lot of high-sounding terms, and his so-called objections are a mere haphazard and fortuitous concatenation of sonorous and seductive shibboleths, which he has adopted under the influence—let me say a neurotic and hysterical influence—of a pernicious political propaganda which has mastered the manhood of his mentality, with the result that we have this application."
Lloyd's Weekly News.

Whatever the applicant had done he couldn't have deserved such a long sentence as all that.



JOHN BULL GETS HIS EYE IN.



"BE THAT YOUR MOTOR-CAR, SIR?"

"HE 'LL HAVE SUMMAT TO SAY ABOUT THIS."

"NO, IT AIN'T. IT'S THE GUV'NOR'S."

"I DESSAY. I'M JUST WAITING."

FLUFFY, A CAT.

So now your tale of years is done,
Old Fluff, my friend, and you have won,
Beyond our land of mist and rain,
Your way to the Elysian plain,
Where through the shining hours of
heat

A cat may bask and lap and eat;
Where goldfish glitter in the streams,
And mice refresh your waking dreams,
And all, in fact, is planned—and that's
Its great delight—to please the cats.

Yet sometimes, too, your placid mind
Will turn to those you've left behind,
And most to one who sheds her tears,
The mistress of your later years,
Who sheds her tears to summon back
Her faithful cat, the white-and-black.

Fluffy, full well you understood
The frequent joys of motherhood—
To lick, from pointed tail to nape,
The mewling litter into shape;
To show, with pride that condescends,
Your offspring to your human friends,
And all our sympathy to win
For every kit tucked snugly in.

In your familiar garden ground
We've raised a tributary mound,
And passing by it we recite
Your merits and your praise aright.

"Here lies," we say, "from care released

A faithful, furry, friendly beast.
Responsive to the lightest word,
About these walks her purr was heard.
Love she received, for much she earned,
And much in kindness she returned.
Wherefor her comrades go not by
Her little grave without a sigh."

R. C. L.

THE COAT-FROCK.

THE War, I meditated as I walked
down Regent Street the other afternoon, will last . . .

"Hullo, Uncle!" cried a voice behind me.

"My dear Helen," I said joyously, "how are you? Tell me the news."

Helen, let me explain, is my information bureau. From her I get all my stop-press tit-bits.

"What is it," she asked, "that combines distinction with economy?"

"Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," I replied readily.

"No, silly," she said scornfully. "The coat-frock."

"Oh!" I murmured.

"What is it that, with the addition of some simple yet chic collar, is suitable for any occasion?" she went on.

"Give it up," I said at once.

"Why, the coat-frock," she replied triumphantly. "What is it that has pockets, is entirely suitable for practically every kind of work we women are doing now-a-days, and yet enables us to maintain our feminine charm?"

I was ready for her this time.

"The coat-frock," I said easily.

"Right!" said Helen, and then instructively, "I am wearing one. It is a garment of distinction."

I eyed it. It was, quite.

"Well," said Helen, "so long. I have to take a full second-lieutenant to tea at the Troc."

She smiled at me and was gone.

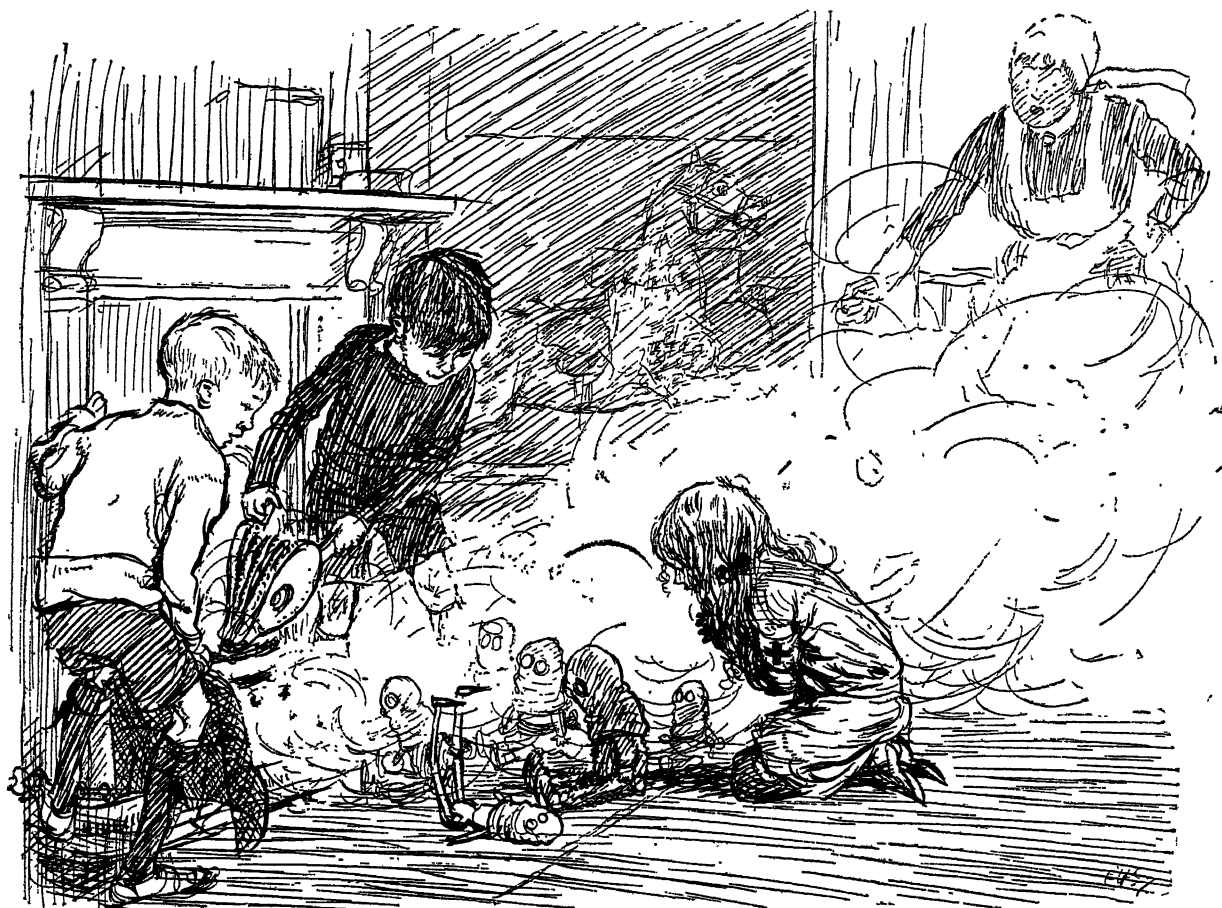
I resumed my meditations. Perhaps, after all, on the Eastern front . . . then these tank things . . .

Presently a familiar shop-front caught my eye. It was my tailor's. Of course, I remembered, I had to see him that afternoon. I went in, and the man inside came forward expectantly.

"I want," I said absently, "a new coat-frock."

"Wanted, Butcher to kill and boil down."
Domination (N.Z.).

The high meat prices certainly do arouse one's passions, but is not this carrying vengeance a little too far?



Frantic Nurse. "GRACIOUS GOODNESS, CHILDREN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"
Youthful Chorus. "GAS ATTACK."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XLIX.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—There has, I'm told, been some commotion among a local party of German prisoners owing to the well-meant but misguided efforts of the officer in charge of them. He is, for that matter, the officer in charge of all of us here, but he is given this extra job because he has little enough to do in the ordinary way beyond looking after two or three thousand men; feeding, clothing, equipping and disciplining them; arranging billets, offices, messes and what-nots for a hundred or two of officers; realising what is the business of each and why it is so much more important than that of all the others, and what he has got to do to help it along; keeping the place clean and all of us in good order and repair; answering two or three dozen questions to the hour on the telephone, and generally seeing that all of us have got what we want a day before we ask for it. He is not therefore what you would call a busy man and, by going without his sleep, can always be sure

of getting one of the twenty-four hours to himself for recreation.

He likes to think that he has a hard unbending nature, but in fact there is no kinder man in this world. His theory is that enemy prisoners should be treated with the utmost rigour and without mercy, and he thought he was doing this until we pointed out to him that if he wanted to vary the mixture with a few English prisoners we were his men. He now admits the truth, but pretends it is done in guile. Once get it known on the other side, says he, that to be a prisoner of the English is to find a home from home, and we shall have the whole German Army here feeding out of our hands before the new year. Being further a man of action, he forthwith evolved a gigantic advertising scheme. And that was how the trouble arose.

His idea was to adopt the "Before and After Treatment" method of advertisement, and to use real prisoners for the purpose. A dozen or so of his own flock, the most deserving ones, were to be set at liberty and got back, somehow or other, among their own people.

There was no doubt that their recommendation might be relied upon; at least one of them is known to have described our Welsh Fusilier by whatever is the German equivalent for "a really nice old thing, even if he does wear his tie round at the back of his neck." It was a difficult matter choosing the lucky dozen, since the conduct of all had been exemplary since the first day of their captivity and employment in these parts, but they were selected at last and paraded and told of their good fortune, and how, as soon as it could be arranged, they might expect to find themselves back amongst their own people, until they were captured again. Without a moment's hesitation and with complete unanimity the lucky dozen at once demanded an interview with the highest authority available, and to him they complained bitterly and emphatically that they had been made the victims of an undeserved and brutal threat.

I verily believe that the time will soon come when the "House Full" notice will have to be posted on the doors of our prisoner-cages, and hun-

dreds will be turned away daily, being informed that for the remaining period of the War they must continue, willy nilly, as the free subjects of His Almighty and All-Conquering Majesty, KAISER BILL. I sometimes wonder how long that august person himself would resist the tempting offer, if only it could be conveyed to him, of a road-repairing job on this side of Albert. In this instance I for one should be inclined to believe him if he said he was anxious to share the hardships of his own dear soldiers. It would be pleasant, would it not, to see him at the wheel of a steam-roller? Probably he would be little use at steam-rolling, but I feel sure he would make the process a dignified and impressive one.

This War has ceased to become an occupation befitting a gentleman—gentleman, that is, of the true Prussian breed. It was a happy and honourable task so long as it consisted of civilizing the world at large with high explosive, poisonous gas and burning oil, and the world at large was not too ready to answer back. To persist in this stern business, in face of the foolish and ignoble obstinacy of the adversary, required great courage and strength of mind; but the Prussian is essentially courageous and strong. Things came to a pretty pass, however, when the wicked adversary made himself some guns and shells and took to being stern on his own. People who behave like that, especially after they have been conquered, are not to be mixed with—anything to keep aloof from such. One had to leave Combles, one had to leave Thiepval, one may even have to leave Bapaume to avoid the pest; these nasty French and English persons, with their disgusting tanks, intrude everywhere nowadays, and who can say how long the soil of Germany is going to remain sacred?

I have an incident, which I suppose I oughtn't to mention, of our "brutal and licentious soldiery." It concerns a man whose conduct on the battlefield had left nothing to be desired, but whose behaviour in the short peace afterwards did not attain the highest standards of perfection. To be exact, he found himself in a guard-room, in the care of calmer and more sober men. Asked to give some account of himself, he realized the truth of the maxim that when explanations become necessary they are impossible. So he thought of a new way out of an old quandary. Pressed for some statement, he made it clear by signs and gesticulations that he was a deaf mute. He hoped that would finish it, but, even if assumed to be true, that was only the beginning of what military routine required.

Before the Army will do anything for or to you, it simply must know what your religion is, a piece of information it is very difficult to convey by signs or gesticulations. The man having already intimated, in order to consolidate his position, that he could neither read nor write, it was left to the inventive genius of the chief warder to fill in this particular. Of many attractive suggestions, a certain fancy religion, which it would be invidious to name, was selected, and, within the sight of the man, was inscribed on the sheet. He was a deaf mute; he was able neither to read nor to write; but the strength of his religious fervour overcame all these deficiencies. "No blinkin' fear," he shouted; "you put me down R.C."

Does this narrative horrify you, or can you face with equanimity the truth that some of our diamonds are not smooth? For myself, I welcome every touch of nature in these our warriors. It is good to be in the midst of them, for they thrive as never before, and their comforts are few enough these wet bloody days. As I go about my business in the little 'bus, bouncing up and down on the broken roads, I can very often give a couple of them a lift on their way. This serves a double purpose, for if they think politely what a good fellow I am I also think privately what good ballast they are.

Yours ever, HENRY.

How to Brighten Cricket.

"PARSIS v. MAHOMEDANS.
PARSIS WIN BY 156 RUNS."
Bombay Chronicle.

A Cynical Suggestion for Women's Suffrage.

"It would no doubt be advisable to proceed with some caution, in view of the political ignorance and inexperience of the great body of women. Perhaps the fixing of an age limit would be on the whole the best guarantee against the swamping of the register."

Evening Paper.

"Paiyagala Police to-day charged M. Nicholas Fernando with manufacturing explosives, etc. Non-summary proceedings were taken. Accused had taken another man's wife, killed Marisal's bull to feed her, and manufactured throw-down crackers to entertain her. The Police went to his house and found there ingredients used in the manufacture, a leg of a bull, and the woman."—*Ceylon Observer.*
After all, one need not go to the Front for fireworks and bully-beef.

"The collections were in aid of the National Anthem."—*Provincial Paper.*

Dare we hope that the sum so generously raised will pay for a revised version?

"The nearest approach to peace to-day is to be attained on a canal boat."—*Times.*

This is said to be also the opinion of the German High Sea Fleet.

THE STRANGE SERVANT.

TALL she is, and straight and slender,
With soft hair beneath a cap
Pent and pinned; within her lap
Weep her lily hands, for work too tender.

She's a fairy, through transgression
Doomed to doff her webby smock,
Doomed to rise at six o'clock,
Doomed to bear a mistress's repression.

Once she romped in fairy revels
Down the dim moon-dappled glades,
Rode on thrilling honey-raids,
Danced the glow-lamps out on lawny levels.

Ere her trouble she was tiny:
'Tis her doom to be so tall;
Thus her hair no more will fall
To her feet, all shimmering and sunshiny.

O her eyes—like pools at twilight,
Mournful, whence pale radiance peers!
O her voice, that throbs with tears
In the attic 'neath the staring skylight!

Daylong does she household labour,
Lights the fires and scrubs the floors,
Washes up and answers doors,
Ushers in the dread suburban neighbour.

Then at night she seeks her attic,
Parts her clothes with those pale hands,
Slips at last her shift, and stands
Moon-caressed, most yearningly ecstatic,

Arms out pleads her condonation—
Hapless one! she gains no grace;
They whom fairy laws abase
Serve the utter term of tribulation.

Yet (though far her happy wood is)
Oft her folk fly in at night,
Pour sweet pity on her plight,
Comfort her with gossipry and goodies.

"The real measure of our successes on the Somme is the maternal and moral damage done to the enemy's army."—*Sunday Paper.*

We now understand why Tommy calls our big gun "Mother."

"A wall of china stands between the Crown and the facts of the situation [in Greece]."—*Glasgow Herald.*

If so it seems about time that John Bull got into that china-shop and lived up to his name.

"I took my wife by the arm and ran up the street, and then ran back again, and then suddenly there came a fierce glare in the sky and I saw her become a mass of flame."

Provincial Paper.

We are very glad to know that the lady was none the worse for her terrible experience.

COSTUMES FOR ZEPPS.



THE OBVIOUS.



THE CASUAL.



THE RECKLESS.



THE CAUTIOUS.



THE ABANDONED.



THE COMPOSITE.



THE FLUSTERED.



THE GRÆCO-ROMAN.



THE ABSENT-MINDED.

Frank Reynolds



Betty (on visit to Uncle, who has had a nervous breakdown). "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD HIM ABOUT YOUR TADPOLE HAVING TWO LEGS. YOU KNOW MUMMIE SAID WE WEREN'T TO EXCITE HIM."

Molly. "BUT I ONLY TOLD HIM IT HAD TWO LEGS, AND IT REALLY HAS FOUR."

A SONG OF TANKSGIVING.

THE wonders of the ancient world were only seven, all told,
And the marvels of New York eclipse the wonder-works of old;

But we've at least one novelty not borrowed from the Yanks—
Namely Tanks.

Their portraits can't be purchased; they're beyond the reach of dubs,

But I've read a lot about them in the letters of P. GIBBS,
So I can't offend the Censor if I offer up my thanks
To the Tanks.

At the most exhausting moment of a long and vicious *strafe*
The appearance of these monsters is the signal for a laugh;
They exceed the wildest fantasies of lunatics or cranks,
Do the Tanks.

They're constructed, so I gather, at considerable cost,
Like armour-plated beetles, with caterpillars crossed,
And they waddle over crater-holes without the aid of planks,
Good old Tanks!

The old "ships of the desert" rode over level sand;
These ply across the shattered wastes of No Man's tortured Land,
With a special brand of engineer concealed within the flanks
Of the Tanks.

It's not all beer and skittles for the crew boxed up inside
When they butt into machine-guns on their crazy switch-back ride;

Yes, the skipper is entitled to be pardoned if he swanks
About the Tanks.

The Huns we know already execrate them like the plague,
And with Hunnish logic threaten to denounce them at the Hague,

For they've drawn a lot of prizes and hardly any blanks,
Have the Tanks.

But the best of all the services they've done our men in France

Is keeping down our losses in the moment of advance,
For they liquefy the marrow in the lurking Bosches' shanks,
Do the Tanks.

They deserve a metric tribute from the LAUREATE at least,
Though perhaps his classic Muse would shy at such a comic beast,

But I'm sure that RUDYARD KIPLING would appreciate the pranks
Of the Tanks.

Then here's to their inventor, though I know not if he's Manx

Or Cambrian or Scotsman, or hails from Yorks or Lances,
But anyhow he's earned the admiration of all ranks
With his Tanks.

"LADY GARDENER; must be experienced and strong: boy kept; very little glass."—*The Times*.

It looks as if the boy had seen to that.

Expectations, which have since proved illusory, of a *rapprochement* between the Vatican and the Quirinal were recently created in Malta by a paragraph in the local paper relating to an explosion on board an Italian battle-ship and ending with the words, "The Pope is salving the warship."



ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.

GALLANT IRISH SOLDIER (*from the Front*). "AN' WHO'S TO 'FILL THE GAPS IN TH' OULD RIG'MENT IF YE DON'T JOIN UP?"

ABLE-BODIED CIVILIAN. "SURE IT'S MYSELF THAT'D GO WILLINGLY IF THEY'D ONLY COMPEL ME."

THE ISLAND WAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Just a line to remark once again what wonderful people we English are, and, in case you missed it, to offer another proof.

I refer to the recent London visit of the Band of the French Garde Républicaine, and a detail of the welcome we gave them on their first evening. No other nation could have exercised quite such tact.

Owing to some railway mishap our distinguished guests, as, Sir, you perhaps remember, did not reach London until after six o'clock on the day following that for which their arrival was planned. Although there was the reception ceremony and the march to the hotel and dinner, they were still careful to keep their engagement to witness a performance at the Palace Theatre, where, to do them additional honour, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR was present in a box, with the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE beside him.

No man more eminently "of the day" could have been chosen than Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, for on that morning had appeared not only his interview with an American journalist, repudiating premature peace, but his letter to *The Morning Post* justifying his recent French visit. Besides, is not the War Minister largely responsible for the earnestness and purposefulness of England's share in the great struggle, and thus a fitting host for French guests?

I ask you, Sir, to visualise the scene. The brilliant, comfortable theatre, rich with flowers and festooned with tricolor ribbons; the Band of the Garde Républicaine in the stalls, with attendant British officers; an enthusiastic audience filling every inch of room; the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR himself in his box, all smiles, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND close by. It was truly an historic occasion, and none the less so for having a merry music-hall as its setting. To many of our French visitors, fresh from their own city of gloom and tragedy, the capital of a distressed country under the constant shadow of the invader, this was their first glimpse of London, their first sight of the man at the head of that War Office without whose co-operation France would be—where?

There are doubtless more ways than

one of entertaining our Allies. Assuming that they were ignorant of the English tongue, one way would be to give them a show which was either wholly spectacular and orchestral or was varied by French numbers. But that would be to pay perhaps a fanciful consideration to their feelings. The alternative then, the *Marseillaise* being added, was to present the programme precisely as though they were not present. "Take us as we are," as a genial host so often says; "join us in pot luck." And that was what

ing's triumphs from *The Evening News*, whose interest seems to have been far more in the occupant of the stage box than in the Frenchmen, as indeed one gathers that of some of the performers must have been:—

"He [Mr. LLOYD GEORGE] was all movement—the Gallic spirit as marked at least in him as in our guests. When the pair of clever jesters in song—Arthur Playfair and Nelson Keys—sang a verse of welcome to him he smiled, but he laughed outright at the hit at his late colleague, Mr. Churchill, in the same ditty. . . .

"In some witty jibes at the slacker, the 'war-worker,' the conscientious objector, the same pair of artists had Mr. Lloyd George with them every time, even if the hit was at Ministers.

"Said the one comedian (in song): 'There's a lot of 'em doing Government work.' The other chimes in, 'Yes, and they ain't doing it.' And the retort came, 'And they're in the Government'—the whole house roaring with all eyes on Mr. George's box.

"The lightness and brightness of the show made the Frenchmen feel at home."

After that I return to my original contention, that we are a wonderful people and British tact a marvellous product. I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,
OBSERVATOR.

"CLERK (ineligible) Wanted, for bottling stores in South Wales. Must be thoroughly conversant with bottled beer, office work, and capable of exercising control."

Daily Telegraph.

Self-control, we trust.

"The German in high places wants to do his ruthless work on the cheap. If we can prove to him that the price is rising to a prohibitive figure he will reconsider his policy and perhaps send a whiting protest to the Red Cross Society."

Glasgow Herald.

There is no end to the enemy's fishy devices.

"A partner is sought to work up and take entire charge of a girls' school on the Derbyshire coast. No capital is required, but a lady who could introduce boarders would be preferred."

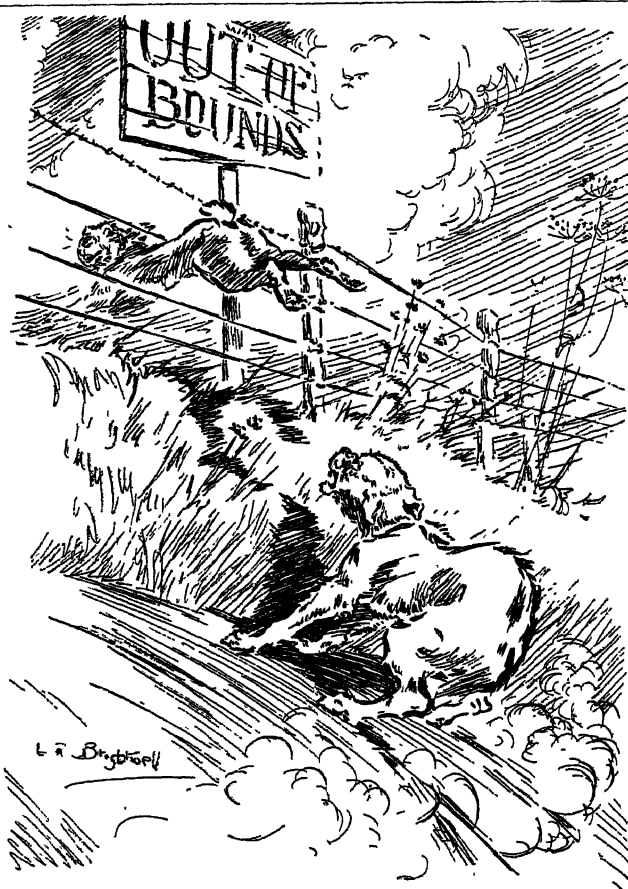
The Lady.

Some knowledge of geography might not be amiss either.

"J. W. Bengough, celebrated artist, lecturer, humorist, cartoonist, and known throughout the entire dominion, will address a meeting of the citizens of Calgary at the public library on Monday night next. He will deal with the single tax and proportional representation. There will be no admission to the lecture."

The Morning Albertan (Canada).

Better so, perhaps, in view of the difficulty of extracting humour from these refractory topics.



HOW A CONSCIENTIOUS REGIMENTAL MASCOT LOST HIS HARE.

was done. Hence these visitors from France, coming to the land of those Allies on whose strenuousness they count so poignantly, were instantly enabled, had they wished it, even while the bloody battles of Verdun and the Somme were still raging, to join in our favourite game of self-depreciation and the suggestion that there is nothing but incompetence and imposture among our leaders. Surely that is the height of hospitality—to take the visitors even into the laundry. It is to make them one with the family indeed, and especially when they may hear and witness the delight of a Minister for War and one of the heads of English Law.

I quote the description of the even-

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

ONE word is so often used now

I can safely repeat it;

No editor, lifting his brow,

Will stay to delete it;

Each reticence dear to the past

Had died with its brothers,

Till nothing was left but this last,

And it follows the others.

We suppress thee no longer, O Hell,

We have broken our trammels,

Thou art used for tornadoes of shell

Or the temper of camels;

And the need for expression has lent

Such a licence to ladies

That the welter of this world has sent

Mrs. Grundy to Hades.

SEDENTARY.

Jarge tried to enlist at the very beginning of the War, but they wouldn't have him.

For one thing, as Jarge himself explains it, he have a-got a girt dumbledore inside his head that nobody in the world can't get out, and he do kip a-hummen and a-buzzen so that 'teant no manner of use, Jarge can't hear what folks be a-sayen.

"Nobody do sim to have patience to talk to I, only the little uns," Jarge says, "an' they do put their lil mouths right again my ear, an' I do hear they beautiful."

As well as the dumbledore difficulty, Jarge's elder brother says his arms and legs "be perfectly rediculous wi'out any clo'es."

For the time being, then, Jarge's military ambitions were crushed.

In the village, however, Jarge is by no means a negligible quantity. It is astonishing how much work those "rediculous" arms and legs of his can get through, and how much out-of-the-way wisdom, not found in books, regarding weather, crops and beasts has found its way into his head despite the dumbledore.

He can make a rick (and thatch it) as well as any man in the village. He cuts great bundles of sedges, standing up to his waist in the river the while, and carries them on his back fifty yards to the solid ground where the cart is standing. Incidentally he brings on these occasions magnificent "king-staffs," or bulrushes, which he presents to his friends with great courtliness.

He ploughs and sows, he reaps and mows, he digs potatoes and carts cabbages, mangolds, "fuzz" and anything else that wants carting, according to the season of the year. He does a bit of carrying too, odd times, not to mention driving people to the station, wearing black knitted gloves for state

**A BOLD BID FOR EXEMPTION.**

Exasperated Medical Officer (picking up lid of sanitary dustbin—to compulsory recruit).
"CAN YOU SEE THAT?"

Compulsory Recruit. "YES."

Officer. "WHAT IS IT?"

Recruit. "TWO BOB OR 'ALF-A-CROWN."

occasions; and he takes on a lil job o' furnitur movin' in spare moments.

Horses, cows, sheep, pigs, dogs—all like Jarge, and there are few things that he does not know about them, including how to terminate their mortal careers with the least possible trouble, though it is a thing he never likes doing. As to kittens—his wife always has to drown them herself.

He can tell you all sorts of extraordinary yarns, both fact and tradition. Gnats and harvest-bugs never bite him. He is an almost infallible weather prophet, and can pick out the pullets unerringly among your early chickens.

But Jarge has had to go to the barracks to be examined again. He returned beaming, and announced, to the consternation of his farmer brother,

that he had "a-got in." "They do say I be *se-dentary*," he added, not without pride.

I think that is the last expression I should have hit upon to describe Jarge. Except when perched atop of a load of hay or sedges, I should think sitting must occupy a very small proportion of Jarge's existence. Up to work with the dawn, home to bed with the dusk, leaves little time for being "*sedentary*."

However, Jarge and the dumbledore seem to have argued the point out somehow. I found him in the cowshed the other day busy milking the kicking cow—which doesn't kick him—and he looked round with a slow smile.

"They do tell I *se-dentary* be sitten down," he said, "so I reckon I be just about *se-dentary* now, ben't I?"



Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, HAVE YOU GOT ANY CIGARETTE CARDS?"

SIMPLE LIFE IN THE CITY.

[At the suggestion of Mr. ASQUITH the LORD MAYOR'S Banquet will be "of a simple nature."]

As I've never been invited,
Never shall be, to the feast,
I should not be wholly blighted
If it altogether ceased.

Still the thought that you must sate
your

Appetite, O Guildhall guest,
With a meal "of simple nature"
Wrings my sympathetic breast.

Ortolans, *pêches à la Melba*,
With an effort you might spare,
For NAPOLEON at Elba
Did not have such lordly fare.

But I sometimes fear a panic
Might incontinently swoop
On our Mecca Aldermanic
Were it sundered from its soup.

Like Apollo stripped of myrtle,
Venus parted from her doves,
Is the Guildhall *minus* turtle
Soup, the dearest of its loves.

Still when War's hell-broth is brewing
Some of us would gladly see
Guildhall hosts and guests eschewing
Calipash and calipee.

PETHERTON'S DOG.

I'm as fond of dogs as anyone, but Petherton's newly-acquired one is, or rather was, an unmitigated outrage. In fact it wasn't really a dog at all, it was simply a barking machine. At night it barked at the moon, when the moon was visible, and when it wasn't there, I suppose. In the daytime it barked at anything, or nothing.

I wrote to him about it—to Pether-ton, I mean:—

DEAR MR. PETHERTON,—I am sorry to have to write to you again. I shall be extremely obliged if you will keep your dog quiet, and shall institute no inquiries as to the method you employ to attain that end. I speak of it as a dog, because as there is one long continuous uproar proceeding from the direction of your garden I presume that there is some kind of dog attached to the bark. Neither my wife nor I can sleep properly owing to the disturbance, but, as I have heard no protests from your windows at night I imagine that you can sleep through it. I wonder how your charming hens like it. Please convey to them my sympathy.

Yours distractedly,

HENRY J. FORDYCE.

Petherton's reply, dated simply "Glasgow," did not reach me for three days. It was as follows:—

SIR,—You seem to spend most of your time making trivial complaints about me and my belongings.

I am away from home, as you will observe by the address, taking a few days' enforced rest after a long spell of very hard work, though, judging by the way you appear to occupy your time, this will probably not appeal to you as a sufficient reason for abstaining from worrying me.

I purchased the dog—a valuable one, by the way—just before leaving home, so that it might guard my premises in my absence. I am delighted to gather from your letter that it is living up to the guarantee I had with it as a good house-dog.

I shall not be returning home till the 13th inst.

A quiet conscience is the finest soporific I know. Try it.

Faithfully yours,

FREDERICK PETHERTON.

DEAR PETHERTON (I replied),—Thanks for your delightful letter, which prompts me to address you in a less formal manner. Our loss, caused by your absence, is Glasgow's gain. Apart from

the pleasurable work imposed upon me by your neighbourly qualities I am obliged to devote a few minutes each day to earning my living and ensuring the welfare of those dependent on me; and your breezy letters are among the few diversions I permit myself to enjoy in my strenuous life. Your literary style reminds me of CHESTERFIELD'S, the man who used to design sofas in his spare moments.

I notice with alarm that you propose coming home on the 13th. I should seriously advise your reconsidering this. Why not come back on the 12th or 14th? It is unlucky to travel on the 13th.

Stands Sauchiehall Street where it did?

All the best,

Yours, H. J. FORDYCE.

P.S. Don't bother about the dog. It didn't bark last night. From information received I fancy it has broken loose and sought fresh barking ground. I'm not surprised. All the air in this neighbourhood has been thoroughly barked over.

We had peaceful nights from the 7th to the 10th, though not inclusive, as either the dog returned of its own accord on the latter date or was forcibly recruited for Home Defence. The wretched brute barked incessantly from the moment of its return, and I read Petherton's reply to my last letter under fire as it were. It was short but affectionate:—

SIR,—your impertinence! If, as I suspect, you have been tampering with my dog I shall know how to deal with you on my return, which will be on the 13th, though it may be an unlucky day—for you.

Faithfully yours,

FREDERICK PETHERTON.

By the evening of the 12th my reason was pushed so close to the edge that it nearly fell off its perch. I was fully determined to shoot or otherwise slay that miserable dog on the 14th if Petherton should fail to return on the morrow.

About noon on the 13th the barking ceased, and at three o'clock I heard the station fly rattling past my window. I went to the front-door in time to see the old ramshackle turn in at Petherton's gate. A few moments afterwards I heard two or three savage barks, followed by some violent language and a loud yelping.

Later in the day I heard through the medium of our maid that Petherton's dog, having again broken loose shortly before its master's arrival, had performed what it conceived to be its duty



John. "WOT BE DOIN', JARGE? COUNTIN' THE STARS?"

Jarge (a henpecked veteran). "NO, JOHN. I WAS IN 'OPES OF SEEING SOME OF THEY THUR ZEPPLINES THIS EVENING. THEY DU TAKE ONE'S MIND OFF'N THINGS."

by biting Petherton, as an apparent intruder, in the leg.

I wrote a note to Petherton:—

DEAR OLD BOY,—I'm awfully sorry to hear of the welcome which Ponto, or whatever the Avenger's name is, has given you. I trust you will recall the warning I gave you in mine of the 8th. If you had come home on the 12th the dog would not have been loose, and if you had waited till the 14th it would have been dead. Yrs., F.

I consider this letter a very mild one under the circumstances.

There has been no barking since, for a reason that I can only guess at, and the incident is closed.

Journalistic Candour.

"TO-DAY'S THOUGHT.—About nine-tenths of what we say is of no earthly importance to anybody."—*Daily Gazette (Karachi)*.

Home papers, please copy.

"Why do not all beekeepers at home wake up? While they sleep the colonial and foreign beekeepers are reaping a rich har-harvest, and laughing up their sleeves."

British Bee Journal.

Quite a ha-ha-harvest, in fact.

"German working-men themselves will finally insist that the German Social Democratic Party shall devote itself with all its forces and with individual effort to the immense problems which it will not have to face."—*Evening Times and Echo*.

Rather like some of our own Socialists.

AT THE PLAY.

"MR. JUBILEE DRAX."

WHILE the painting schools have been busy with their cubisms and vorticisms and every other old kind of schisms, the playwrights have not been idle. The newest method from America (by Ragtime out of Cinema) was first introduced to us, I believe, by a Mr. ELMER REIZENSTEIN in *On Trial*. It adopts a kind of syncopation of the action. You begin by professing a most rigid adherence to the classical dramatic unities, compressing the whole of your plot into a brief two hours in a single room, and then, with a "By your leave I will tell you the story in my own way," you switch back any number of days or years to Stamboul or Paris or where not; and on to the drop-curtain you flash explanations of just when and where all is supposed to have hap-

Then there is a certain *Jubilee Drax*, a plunger, discreet *bon viveur* and expert polo-player, with nerves of iron and singularly charming address. He is willing to undertake little jobs for a consideration, and in this quest of the blue diamond he is the man emphatically for *Blodgett's* money. Clearly here, with plenty of disguises and surprises, are all the elements of good fun. And good fun it was.

Mr. ESMOND's *Jubilee Drax* was a most entertaining thing, and as clever as you could wish. To his resourcefulness there was no end. He could play, as occasion demanded, a plaintive Arab pipe or a Roumanian fiddle quite as well as polo. He convinced me that it was quite absurd he should ever have to smoke any but the very best cigars. I felt confident that such a plausible good fellow might really have pulled off this difficult business of the blue diamond.

DAWSON MILWARD, having been made an ass by his authors, was entirely loyal to them. His playing, always interesting to watch, worked here on inadequate material. Mr. LYALL SWETE spread himself with gusto on the part of the wily bloodthirsty sensualist, *Mangassarogli*. And Miss DORIS LYTTON was, I should say, much too pretty a detective to detect anything but admiration. *Drax's* taste in the matter seemed to me beyond cavil. A good evening's entertainment. No high-brow nonsense about it. I noted with particular pleasure that five characters in a desperate situation, to wit, *Drax*, the pretty detective, and the Dauntless Three, could only raise one baby automatic pistol amongst them. The way the poor little thing was left about on the table in order that each party might get hold of it in turn exceeded the credibility limit even in this genre. T.



MR. H. V. ESMOND AS MR. JUBILEE DRAX.

Disguise No. 1. No good—seen through at once by Miss Bianca Bright (Miss DORIS LYTTON). *No. 2.* Golliwog—great success. *No. 3.* "The Roumanian Fiddler"—rather obvious. *No. 4.* Supposed to be *Lady Angela Treve* (Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS), but probably ESMOND half the time. *No. 5.* ESMOND, for a sovereign, though Programme gives it as Mrs. Mumbridge (Miss POLLY EMERY). *No. 6.* ESMOND again, but being kept in reserve for the second edition of the play.

pened or going to happen. Imagine the terrors of this method if the Shavians ever got hold of it!

Mr. Jubilee Drax, a play of adventure, is the work of Mr. WALTER HACKETT, assisted by the now inevitable Mr. VACHELL. It is quite a pleasant exciting affair. An uncut blue diamond, bigger and bluer than you would readily believe, has been stolen from a South African mining company. The company's detective, a charmingly pretty woman, is after it. So is *Ira P. Blodgett*, a too-rich American, who wants it for his Gaiety wife. And, finally, a gang of thieves, the cleverest and daringest in Europe (*teste auctore*), known as the Dauntless Three, are hot upon its track. The stone itself is held by an astonishing Oriental, *Mangassarogli*, whose profitable stunt is selling the blue diamond, tugging the short-lived possessors of it and thereby recovering his capital. Or alternatively he will sell you, if you are not an expert, a worthless replica.

And that took a bit of doing, for plausibility wasn't exactly a note of the story.

Mr. PAUL ARTHUR's American was also a sound sure thing; accent and humour not overstressed, with a skilful suggestion of collapsing nerves when the plot began to be too thick. The Dauntless Three, *Lady Angela Treve*, *Arthur Paraday*, M.F.H., and a needy inadequate *Vicomte*, were really not a team worthy of *Drax's* steel. *Lady Angela* alone had brains, of too good a quality, I am sure, to allow herself to be handicapped by such fatuous accomplices. I doubt if as a gang they could have stolen a sixpenny-piece from a blind man's hat without detection. And I feel certain they would have attempted such a venture in the most pretentious and complicated way possible.

Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS was quite the nicest stage villain. I am not sure whether good-looking young ladies of noble birth ought to see this play. It might suggest after-war careers. Mr.

ST. OUEIN IN PICARDY.

GLEAMS of English orchards dance
Through the sunny fields of France;
Flowers that blow at Nedonchel
Thrive in Gloucestershire as well;
Children sing to fleet the time
What they deem an English rhyme—
"Kiss me quick; après la guerre
Promenade en Angleterre."

English hearts are gladdened when
Out of children's lips again
Comes the lilt of English song
When their absence has been long;
Children running through the street
Beating time with merry feet—
"Kiss me quick; après la guerre
Promenade en Angleterre."

But to hear them as they sing
Brings a sudden questioning:
Here the children play and roam—
How's my little one at home?
In St. Ouen the simple strain
Takes the heart with hungry pain—
"Kiss me quick; après la guerre
Promenade en Angleterre."



WAR-TIME CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT SHOULD A PARTICULARLY SMALL "BANTAM" DO WHO HAS BECOME SEPARATED FROM HIS UNIT AND FINDS THAT HALF A COMPANY OF LARGE-SIZE PRUSSIAN GUARDS INSIST UPON SURRENDERING TO HIM?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL'S new book of random memories has been called *Nights* (HEINEMANN) because, as she says, the record of her laborious days already stands in print. So now she is to tell us something of her play times, of the hours when work was over and she and her husband were at liberty to meet and eat with and talk to the varied circles of friends who gathered round them in Rome and Paris and Venice and London. Mostly these ambrosial nights seem to have been spent in talking, or rather, on Mrs. PENNELL'S own part, in listening. But perhaps this is only her sly way of putting it. Anyhow it must have been good talk; as they say in the advertisements the makers' names are sufficient guarantee of quality, for they include such experts as BOB STEVENSON, HENLEY, BEARDSLEY, HARLAND, and indeed everyone who was worth hearing in the wonderful nineties. The book gives you a happy insight into the artistic life of that age, at once so near to us and so strangely, almost incredibly, remote. It was the London nights in Buckingham Street that saw the birth of *The Yellow Book* and the rise of BEARDSLEY, of whom there is a new and very striking photograph. The illustrations, by the way, are a rare joy, and include not only several portraits that, as far as I know, have never previously been made public, but three exquisite little etchings by JOSEPH PENNELL (throughout called J. in the letter-press) that are alone worth the half-sovereign charged for a delightful record, of which it might be said, notwithstanding its title, *Horas non numerat nisi serenas*.

I must say that Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN'S *The Guiding Thread* (METHUEN) seems to me singularly ill-named, because if ever a story lacked one . . . ! However, you shall hear, to the best of my ability. *Horace Holbrook* was a scholar who had married a blacksmith's daughter and trained her to be an echo of his own learning and opinions. More especially had poor *Joan* imbibed quite a lot of facts about the Renaissance, so that the names of SAVONAROLA and JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS came trippingly from her tongue. But one day, loitering near a bird-fancier's, she realised (with an introspection rare in her sex) that she was really no more than what the old gentleman in *Bleak House* used to call a Brimstone Poll-parrot. So she burnt her note-books, and after a strenuous interview with her tutor-husband—during which he most regrettably hit her in the face—wandered out to cultivate originality. But, as far as I could see, the only gift she really acquired was a Napoleonic habit of going to sleep at odd moments. You would hardly credit the queer places she used as dormitories—a barn, the garden of a total stranger, and so on. Everybody was very nice about it; perhaps indeed there were occasions—for example when the old Renaissance habit got her again, and she would poll-parrot mediævalism by the yard—when they envied her this capacity for somnolence. Mixed up in the affair was a Dark Lady, whom *Joan* called "Ravenhair," and who called her "Little Wild Bird." Do people really talk like that? With a genuine respect for Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN I take leave to doubt it.

"In England, before I knew him for the man he is, I said, 'How am I to endure living with him?' And now

I am thinking, How am I to endure living without him; without the inspiration of his splendid courage; without the visible example of his unselfish devotion to his fellows?" That is the key-note of *Kitchener's Mob* (CONSTABLE), the little epic of J. NORMAN HALL, the American who enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers and served nine months in the trenches; and I have no doubt that if Mr. Thomas Atkins, to whom the above extract refers, could express himself as well as he fights he would say something equally graceful about Mr. HALL. Nothing more fine and stirring has yet emerged from the horrors of the last two years than this plain unaffected little book. It is a straightforward account of what life in the trenches really means, written by a man who combined the courage to live that life and the imagination to get outside it and analyse it. It is as vivid as a moving-picture and as stimulating as a novel. Without reprinting its two hundred pages in their entirety, it is impossible to quote from the book, for there is no page that is without some flash of humour or some illuminating descriptive passage. It is a book to read and re-read and to be everlastingly thankful for. War, as read about in the papers, is a dull and tedious business. In *Kitchener's Mob* we realise that even on those days when "there is nothing to report" and "the situation is unchanged" miracles of heroism and unselfishness have been happening. And also, though he keeps it hidden as much as he can, we can realise, reading between the lines, what a perfectly splendid fellow Mr. HALL is. And it is agreeable to reflect that, in spite of Presidential catch-phrases to the contrary, America is full of his like.

Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS has given his hero, *Denis Yorke*, so long a breathing space after the events of *The First Round* that it might be well for you, before meeting him and his friends in *April Folly* (METHUEN), to refresh your memory of their former history. Not that you will need any previous knowledge to fall at once under the spell of such agreeable company. Anyhow, here they all are again—*Denis* himself, and *Amory*, *Rosalind* (too little of her), *Noel* and the rest. Of course they are all a little older; and the scene of their activities is now moved to London, where they are following the arts. Here we see *Denis* definitely embarked upon the musical career which, at the end of the former book, he seemed to have abandoned. The matter of the present volume concerns the influence upon that career of a very remarkable young woman. I have no space to tell you anything adequate about *Yvonne*. Hers is a tragic and haunting figure, which seems to me extraordinarily well drawn. There is real art in the manner in which, from being only a baffling and even irritating interloper who "played her part in life with a complete disregard of other people's cues," she comes gradually to dominate the book; so much so that, looking back, I seem to have been seeing the story through her eyes, though actually it is always *Denis* who is the medium. *Yvonne* is a creation

that will make *April Folly* rank as certainly the best work Mr. LUCAS has yet given us. But I don't think he has chosen quite the right name for it, since *April* somehow suggests a more madcap humour than any by which so introspective a lover as *Denis* would ever be swayed. However, I hope June, or perhaps August, may bring wisdom—which in this case would certainly mean *Rosalind*.

My idea, speaking from deduction only, is that the adventures that make up the volume now called *The Smiler Bunn Brigade* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) have probably appeared before in magazine form. There is a rotundity about them that suggests rather the each instalment-a-separate-story of monthly fiction than the inter-related circumstances common both to real life and novels. But I have no prejudice against it for that. Mr. Bunn and his companions are a band of very cosmopolitan adventurers, surprised in Germany by the War; and the book recounts their exploits

while making for the Dutch frontier. These seem to have been of the most lurid nature. As many times as there are chapters—twelve, to be precise—does the embattled frightfulness of the Fatherland compass them about with every imaginable obstacle, and as often the end sees Mr. Bunn victorious upon the stricken field, surrounded by I should not like to reckon how many Teutonic corpses. As you will note, Mr. BERTRAM ATKIN is no economist of blood-letting. One might even say that he is out for it; and though the effect perhaps weakens a little by repetition (as though the author had been a shade too apt to think "another little Hun won't do us any harm!") the total impression is at least not lethargic. I can certainly recommend the *Bunn Brigade* as excellent company for your more ruthless moments.



THE NEW SUPER-HATE.

German Dentist (to patient). "BUT YOUR TEETH ARE QUITE GOOD. WHY DO YOU WANT THEM TAKEN OUT?"

Patient. "MY YOUTH, SIR, WAS SPENT IN ENGLAND, AND THESE TEETH GREW WHILE I WAS THERE. I LOVE MY FATHERLAND."

Dentist (with emotion). "I UNDERSTAND."

He (reading): "Heavy fighting is taking place in the neighbourhood of Brasso, in Hungary."

She: "Hungary? I thought Brasso was Polish."

"Not content with having all their mail relatives serving with the colours Mrs. M'Kenzie and Miss Helen Lindsay (cousins), Pathhead, Mid-Lothian, have taken up the work of post-women."

Provincial Paper.

We hope that their new mails will do as well as the others.

"A facetious passenger who does not put back his watch by an hour at three a.m. may pretend to be wonder-struck because, having passed a given place at, say, 3.15 a.m., he finds that he is twenty or thirty miles further on his way at 2.30, railway time."

Daily Telegraph.

A little surprise would however seem to be justifiable if one found oneself in a train travelling at 120 miles an hour.

"Yesterday we published photographs of one of the Zeppelins which was brought down. Yesterday we published photographs of one of the Zeppelins which were brought down."—Daily Mirror.

Most of us encounter this grammatical dilemma sooner or later, but few are candid enough to admit their doubts thus openly.

CHARIVARIA.

A BILL is to be introduced in Parliament making it a crime for contractors to bribe or attempt to bribe public servants. This extraordinary attack upon the vested rights of capitalists shows to what extreme lengths of democracy a naturally conservative people can be driven by stress of circumstances. Peace itself, in the opinion of many contractors, would be a lesser evil.

"Food Pinch in Hungary" is the subject of a recent despatch from Zurich. As might be expected it is once more Germany who is pinching it.

Tobacco cards have been introduced into the Fatherland. We shall not feel, however, that the grim reality of war has been brought home to the enemy until cigarette cards, as collected in England, are added.

According to a statement made by Judge CLUER at Shoreditch last week, "Five pounds is enough to spend on anybody's funeral." The trouble is that the funeral which would most interest us cannot be secured for that trifling sum. Even the preliminaries cost five millions a day.

In a suburban police court a prisoner was found to have a live hand-grenade in his possession, and the magistrate, in remanding the case, was understood to be actuated by a curious feeling that, if he went on with it, he might conceivably find himself moved by something that was not actually evidence.

"Zeppelins and Cream" is a recent headline in an evening paper. It sounds inviting, but we believe that all discriminating judges will continue to prefer the popular dish of Zeppelins on toast.

The youngest of twelve chair-makers employed at High Wycombe is seventy-one years of age, but, as he proudly says when refusing offers of assistance from the other lads, "In times like these it is the duty of even the youngest of us to do his bit."

A Willesden boy of fourteen, arrested by the police, was found to have in his

possession a pack of cards, every one of which could be identified from the back by pin-pricks. This should interest the pessimists who complain that we have lost the power to compete with the German in patient commercial enterprise.

A neutral metal-broker informs us that he would be prepared to deliver aluminium for the KAISER in Essex (Eng.) at ten per cent. of the present cost.

We understand that direct wireless communication has been established between San Francisco and Japan. It is apprehended from the attitude of

cheese in confinement, '013 of nourishment is preserved which would otherwise be carried off in the smell.

It has been decided that the Liquor Control Regulations are to be applied to the ancient Soke of Peterborough; and some of the thirstier inhabitants are asking what is the use of a good name if you are not allowed to live up to it.

It is rumoured that in consequence of our use of Tanks the Germans are contemplating a withdrawal from the Haig Conference.



PATRIOTIC NOMENCLATURE.

"I EXPECT YOU CAN'T DECIDE WHAT TO CALL BABY?"

"THE TROUBLE IS, MA'AM, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT NOT TO CALL HIM WITH ALL THESE VICTORIES."

San Francisco on the Japanese question that communications will be largely of the barbed wire kind.

"Who," asks an advertiser in *The Bournemouth Daily Echo*, "will give good home and half-a-crown to a very nice male kitten? Money to go to Soldier's Christmas Pudding Fund." Asked what he thought of it, the kitten is reported to have said that he knew there was a catch somewhere.

The sending of cheese through the mails has been forbidden in Germany. We should be cautious, however, in accepting the explanation that the step has been taken to relieve the critical food situation, German scientists having recently discovered that, by keeping the

Among the novelties exhibited in the G. E. Railway's model Egg and Poultry Train is a device by means of which hens are trapped into laying. What we want is a device for trapping grocers into selling the result at a shilling a dozen.

Our cheery contemporary, *The Auckland Herald*, advertises for a "General, little to do, mistress cooks and washes, use piano afternoon; every evening free." We are afraid the poor girl will find it very dull in the mornings.

"The proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel would be glad if the gentleman who took an antique chair out of his lounge, cane backed and seated, for fun, would kindly return it as soon as possible, as it spoils the set."

Oxford Times.

Then why want it back?

"A police constable deposed that, acting under instructions from a recruiting officer, he arrested the accused [an Irishman]. His instructions were contained on a slip of paper, on which he brought the defendant before his Worship."

Belfast Evening Telegraph.

Just as if he were a Pat of butter.

"We like to compare this domestic Chadband, with a tear in his eye, with the Little Willie of 1914, kissing his mistress good-bye, and rushing off to the front with a pistol in each hand and a sword in the other."

Sunday Chronicle.

He finds the extra hand particularly useful when collecting souvenirs.

"THE CURFEW: NEW USE FOR IT AT CHESTER.

"Arrangements have been made at the request of the Chief Constable of Chester that the curfew bell of Chester Cathedral shall be rung each evening at the time for obscuring lights."—*Liverpool Echo.*

The new use seems remarkably like the old one.

TO TINO.

If to have browsed upon Parnassus' mount
Through years and years and years of school
and college,

Watered my larynx at Castalia's fount
(Neglecting all utilitarian knowledge),
And blown my youth in one long classic beano
Gives me the right to talk with you, O TINO;

Let me awhile resume my pedant's gown
And speak as one in Greekish wisdom grounded,
Who knows your city of the olive crown,
Up to your ancient Parthenon has pounded,
Sampled the antiques in your State Museum
And is a member of the Athenæum.

O TINO, what a fall from that great feat
When Hellas knocked the barbarous hordes of
XERXES,
Biffed him at Marathon and sent his fleet
Off Salamis to drown beneath the murky seas!
O TINO, you have read your BYRON? Yes?
What would he think of you? I dare not guess.

For you who call yourself a loyal Greek,
You whom with signal favour Fortune beckoned,
Saying, "Young fellow, here's your chance (unique)
To figure as THEMISTOCLES THE SECOND"—
"Thanks, I'm not taking any," you replied;
I'm a Pro-Persian; I'm the Other Side!"

Hellene by hyphenation, and attached
By marriage bonds to W. DARIUS,
For him you leave your gates all lightly latched,
(Thus differing from LEONIDAS, the pious),
And tell your people, as you pouch your fœs,
"None of your old Thermopylæes for me."

TINO, if some day Hellas should arise
A phoenix soaring from her present cinders,
Think not to share her passage to the skies
Or furnish purple copy for her Pindars;
You'll be in exile, if you don't take care,
Along with brother WILLIAM, Lord knows where!

O. S.

INTENSIVE CULTURE OF THE UPPER LIP.

WHEN I joined the Army first they gave me a suit of khaki, which fitted me perfectly in one or two places, a Swedish razor which had several sharp spots, a toothbrush, a pot of blacking to polish my buttons with, and a *papier-mâché* pendant stamped with my name and religion, in case I found myself answering to the name of Rockefeller at any time, or in the wrong church.

"Got all you want?" said the Army.

I made noises in the negative, and asked them for a suit of underclothes, to sort of bolster up the khaki, a shaving-brush as company for the razor, and a sword or something to keep the small boys away.

"You can't have the underclothes and the shaving-brush," said the Army; "we're keeping them for the next man. You've got the razor and the khaki—don't be greedy. No doubt the next man and yourself will be able to fix things up between you; he can lend you the underclothes on cold evenings and you can lend him your khaki when he goes out to have his photo took—be reasonable."

"Oh, very well then," said I, "I'll waive the underclothes and go away quietly if you'll give me a moustache."

"A what?" said the Army.

"A moustache," I repeated. "According to Army Order X.Y.Z. I've got to have one."

"Quite right, me lad," said the Army. "You have; but they aren't on issue; the trooper has to find one out of his pay of one shilling and tuppence—one shilling for the upkeep of the trooper, tuppence for the upkeep of his moustache—see? And now got to blaze for if we have any more of your lip young man into the guard room you go!"

I saluted in a brisk and soldierlike manner and went away to start the moustache culture.

Here and there I was very successful, there and here I wasn't. My superiors would come up and make funny remarks about it, inquire who my barber was and did he shave poodles, or was the effect obtained by training the hair on a trellis? I would salute in a manner cheerful but subdued, tell them how much I enjoyed their superior humour, and carry steadfastly on with my moustache according to Army Order X.Y.Z. I sought to fertilize the desert spots with rifle-oil, dubbin, gall-cure, egg and marmalade; tried dry farming and French gardening—all to no avail. On the other hand, the oases grew so luxuriantly that I had to keep felling them to maintain the average. They were not many in number, and I got to know them personally: Jane, Gwendoline, Hubert and Algernon on the near side; Eileen, Harold and dear little Emily—a slim auburn sapling—on the off. I grew to love the sound of the morning breeze singing through their stems, the turtling of the ringdoves among their foliage, and so on. I wondered if some shy dryad lurked in Harold's hollow core, if some prick-eared Pan piped on Algernon's mossy roots, etc.

And now my old friend, Army Order X.Y.Z., has handed in his papers and retired, I suppose, to those havens of old Army things, Cheltenham or Bedford, supplanted by Army Order P.T.O., a cynic, who hints broadly that "moustaches consisting of only a few hairs" had best go into the waste-paper basket. It would be useless to quote to him:—

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now."

I know his sort—they get you shot at dawn, in your pyjamas, for insubordination.

And so to-morrow the trunks of Gwendoline, Jane, Algernon, Hubert, Eileen, Harold and dear little Emily will ring to the strokes of the Swedish razor, and I shall catch cold in my upper lip and never smile again.

An Impending Apology.

"Madame—achieved new triumphs. She sang many songs, and the audience would have asked for more had there not been limits to physical endurance."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

The Scarcity of Ordinary Meat.

Extract from a village butcher's letter:—

"DEAR MADAM,—As the shoulder is small I have sent you a small lion as well."

"In the course of the ride defendant said he would drive his companion to hell. He eventually drew up beside a cinema palace."

Westminster Gazette.

Magistrates of Children's Courts kindly note.

"President Wilson will talk with Count Bernstorff in the shadow of the lawn to-day."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The PRESIDENT's grass must badly want cutting.

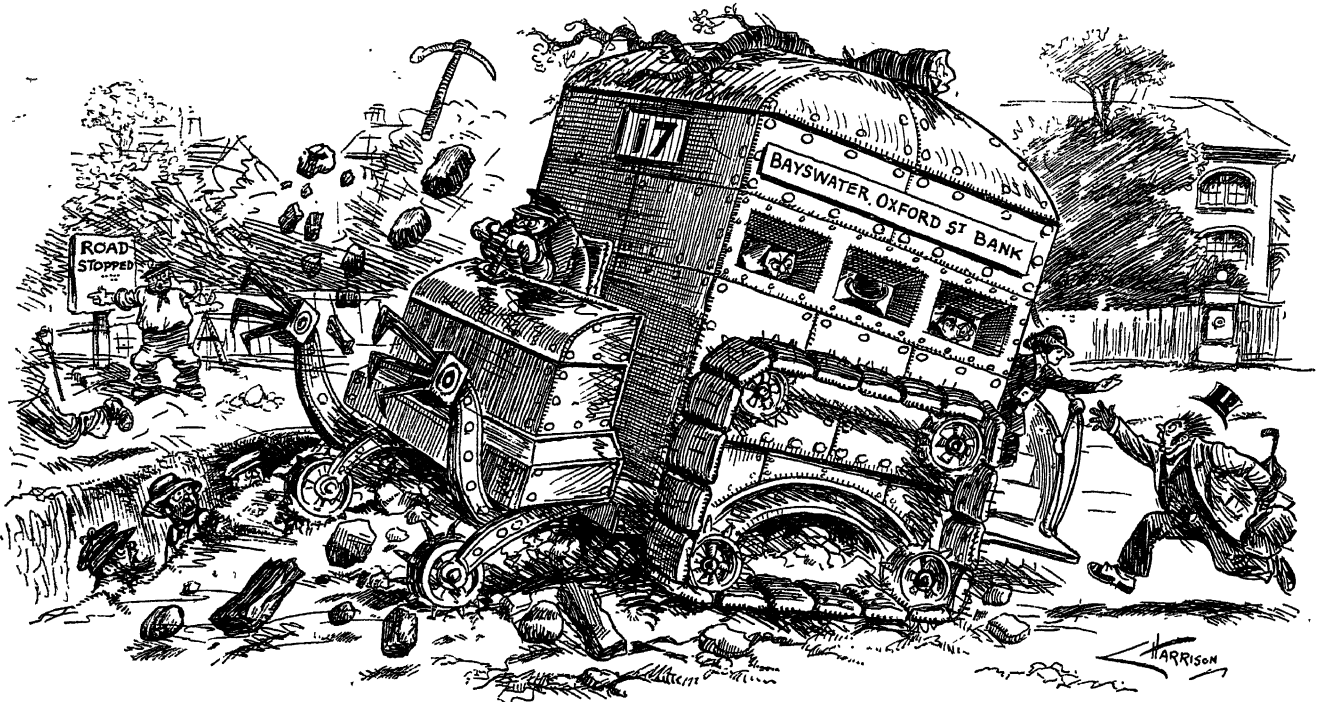
"WANTED a large Scratching Pen; in good condition, and must be cheap."—*Bath and Wilts Chronicle*.

Anybody can have ours for nothing.



THE MELANCHOLY DANE.

Tino (reading Mr. Asquith's appeal to the traditions of ancient Hellas). "THIS IS ALL GREEK TO ME!"



TANK ON THE BRAIN. EXCITING DREAM OF BREADWINNER JONES.

LONDONERS ANSWERED.

BY JACK O' LANTERN.

[With apologies to Mr. WILFRED WHITTEN's informative columns in "The Evening News."]

The Storied Past.

K. L. (Twickenham).—Your memories of London when it was lighted at night are very valuable. My memory also goes back some distance, and I can recall cricket being once played at Lord's.

A City Church.

C. M. H. (Upper Holloway).—You say that you remember as a boy being taken to a big church somewhere near Ludgate Hill, with an enormous dome, and on the top of that a ball and cross, and that you believe there was a whispering gallery; but you cannot recollect its name. The City of London is of course full of churches, and the exact identification of the shrine of your youthful visitation is not too easy; but I rather think it must be St. Paul's. It is still standing; if you ever care to renew your old impressions.

Where to Shop.

F. M. T. (Little Sidlington).—It is hardly part of my scheme to recommend business-houses, but I may so far depart from custom as to say that, for newspapers, guaranteed fresh, the bookstall at Charing Cross is not bad, and quite excellent stamps at all prices, gummed on one side, can be had at the post-office at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Too Late.

A. B. (Bermondsey).—There is only one golden rule for success in London, and that is to be born elsewhere and enter the City as a boy with exactly half-a-crown in your pocket. Since you tell me that you are London-bred, and earn a hundred pounds a year, and are fifty-three, you will see how poor your chances are.

The Siege of London.

Canny (Aberdeen).—By a strange coincidence this correspondent also asks a question bearing upon the half-crown rule. At which station, he wishes to know, do the boys with the half-crown arrive? The answer is King's Cross, Euston or St. Pancras.

London's Fauna.

D. L. G. (Whitehall).—In pre-historic times the most likely place in which to see a National Liberal was in the neighbourhood of Northumberland Avenue. Quite a number have been observed there now and then. The naturalist wishing to study this interesting creature to-day should hope for the best in Victoria Street, near the Westminster Palace Hotel.

A Confusion Cleared Up.

J. T. S. (Brixton).—The figure on the top of the column in Trafalgar Square is Lord NELSON, the great Naval Commander. It has nothing to do with the publisher of the same name. Lord NELSON was an Admiral, not a Buchaneer.

"Turn Again, Whittington."

G. N. R. (Kew).—The authorities differ as to the place from which Dick WHITTINGTON heard the bells which condemned him to a surfeit of turtle soup. According to some he was in Bunhill Fields. According to others, who are uniformly followed by the authors of pantomime, he was on Highgate Hill. In either case he wore tights, carried a bundle and was accompanied by a feline friend.

Hampton of Hampton Court.

T. G. (Bayswater).—The original Hampton who gave the Court his name was a worthy brewer in Tudor times. His son, a dwarf, settled on the Sussex coast, at a point between Worthing and Bognor, now known as Littlehampton.

The Thames.

Young Poet (Kensington).—The great good luck of London in having a river running through it has before now been commented upon. I cannot tell you how many fire policies Father Thames has taken out, but he has never yet had to claim on any.

Who was Sally?

Inquirer (Tooting).—I cannot say who Sally in "Sally in our Alley" was or where the alley was situated. But the song was written by HENRY CAREY, whose mother kept chickens. The suggestion that Sally was SARAH JENNINGS, who became Duchess of Marlborough, is hardly tenable in the light of the words of the song.



THEN.

"LOOK, MOTHER—A SOLDIER!"



NOW.

"LOOK, MOTHER—A CIVILIAN!"

THE LITERARY TOUCH.

WHEN Bessy comes home for the holidays (she has gone back long ago) she comes like a flash of light, and two days after arrives the "Report," signed by that expert artilleryman, Miss E. Penn-Cushing, M.A.

"What does 'Conduct: 50 per cent.,' mean, Bessy?" I asked in my sternest-uncle voice.

"Oh, that," said Bessy, musing. "I don't know, unless that beast of a Pin-cushion caught me rotting that awful ass Sibyl, who messed up my racquet."

"Bessy," I said, "the excellent lady of whom you speak with so much irreverence heaps coals of fire upon your head in the next item—'English: General improvement. Noteworthy freedom from slang, which sits so badly upon a young lady. Her essays display at times the literary touch (doubtless inherited).'"

"Miss Penn-Cushing is a woman of observation," I went on. "She has noticed those two essays of mine in *The Auditor*. But I must study Bessy's Essays, and pick up more of the literary touch for my brochure on 'Indigestion as a Moral Discipline.'"

"You won't laugh?" pleaded Bessy, as she handed me the volume that contained her thoughts on men and things.

"I will not," I promised; and, opening the book at random, I lit upon "Winter," which began: "Winter is one of the coldest seasons of the year."

"That, Bessy," I said, "is the literary touch. But I like better the natural history touch in 'English Song-Birds and their Nests': 'English song-birds comprise the nightingale, canary, lark, thrush, robin, swallow and curfew.'"

"Oh, the curfew was swank," interrupted Bessy. "Anyhow I mixed him up with the curlew; I couldn't think which it was that tolled the knell."

"But the next sentence redeems it," said I. "You wrote, 'Perhaps these are not all song-birds, but they do their best.' I love that, and will see if I cannot work it, with your permission, into a little sketch of mine on 'The Burmese Elephant,' who also does his best."

There were other gems of thought, which I gathered silently, having regard to my promise, from this and other essays:—

"The thrush builds his nest of mud in a hedge; the canary prefers a cage. The cuckoo is a lazy bird; it is always accompanied by two little birds who build its nest for it."

"The chief drink of pirates is rum, and their language is bad."

"Nowadays there are very few bards; there are too many police about."

"Even her English enemies treated JOAN OF ARC in no way that would misbeseem a woman; they burnt her at the stake in 1495."

"The prophet DANIEL read the writing on the wall, as he knew Latin. There were only three words; 'Belshazzar must go.'"

"Only a dozen or sixteen people survived the fight. To be quite exact, perhaps about twenty-three."

"The beginning of the essay on 'The Joys of Spring' seems poetical," I said, "but it is in another hand: 'How joyous to see the trees in their light vesture of green!'"

"Oh, that's a bit of Miss Penn-Cushing's," said Bessy; "I wrote what is crossed out: 'How jolly it is to take off our warm underclothing!' She said that essays should be a little more abstract."

"But the ending is all yours," I said: "When people get to the age of forty they love to gaze upon the daffodils and to think that they too will soon fade away like these flowers and never be heard of again."

"Oh, uncle," said Bessy suddenly and quite irrelevantly, "I wonder if you could lend me half-a-crown."

"Bessie," I said, as I handed her that sum, "I was right; Miss Penn-Cushing is a woman of observation; you have the 'literary touch.'"

THE OFFICIAL REPORT.

"ALL HAS BEEN QUIET ON THE REST OF THE FRONT."

"WELL, they've made a pretty fair mess of things, haven't they?" said the Company Commander, looking ruefully round the battered trench: "Parapet breached in three places, thirty yards of the wire gone to blazes, and two dug-outs smashed in."

"Yes, Sir, and a direct hit on the refuse pit, which has thrown the rubbish all over the place, and it only dug yesterday," replied his Sergeant-Major, lifting his helmet a few inches to wipe away the beads of perspiration on his forehead.

"It'll take us all our time to repair the damage to-night. Let's see; we'll have No. 11 Platoon on to mending the wire, and No. 12 to——"

Whi-z-z-z-z bang! Whi-z-z-z-z bang! Whi-z-z-z-z bang!

The two picked themselves up from the bottom of the trench and began to shake the earth from their clothes.

Suddenly the officer laughed. "Good Lord, that reminds me. Hi! Signaller!" he cried.

An unshaven face peered out of an adjacent hole.

"Yes, Sir."

"Message form, please."

"Very good, Sir."

On the pink slip he wrote: "Situation report. All quiet ac ac ac O.C.D. 4 P.M."

An orderly entered the Battalion Headquarters, dug-cut, saluted, and handed the Adjutant a message.

"That makes all the Situation reports in," said the latter, "and, as usual, all the companies report nothing doing. D Company's daily hate doesn't seem to worry them. I believe they'd feel neglected if the Bosches forgot to wipe their trench out. Can't we possibly fire in something interesting to the Brigade for once?"

"Well," chimed in the youthful Bombing Officer, always ready to help, "last night I fired seventy-nine rifle grenades at the German trenches, and——"

The Machine Gun Officer broke in. "And, as usual, every single shot fell into the enemy's lines. Groans were heard and a whistle was blown. This was thought to be the signal for stretcher-bearers. We've heard the same thing often before. Now last night my guns fired half-a-dozen pans into a party which was spotted at work on the Bosch parapet, and——"

It was the Bomber's turn: "And, of course, the party was wiped out. The enemy's parapet was searched this

morning with a telescope for signs of the blood, but owing to the mist none could be seen. Even the Brigade could hardly swallow that telegram."

"If you've quite finished," said the Adjutant, "one of you might run along and report 'Situation normal,' as usual."

The Machine Gunner turned to the Bomber. "Bombs," he exclaimed, and his voice quivered with emotion, "I cannot report 'Situation normal.' I saw a member of the Army Staff in the trenches to-day. I cannot tell a lie."

"I understand, I understand," replied the Bomber, with an answering quiver in his voice. "Noble fellow, I will make the report."

Among the trees was a white chateau with a blue roof and a musty smell. This was Brigade Headquarters. Around it an "ornamental lake" of stagnant green water. On the lake a very dilapidated boat; in the boat two officers. The elder was lying back in as comfortable a position as the boat permitted, smoking and listening to the idle chatter of his companion, who was propelling the boat with two spades in place of oars. The elder of the two was the Brigade-Major, who had been out from dawn till late in the afternoon, and was taking a well-earned rest. The younger was the Signal Officer.

"Anything happened while I was away?" asked the Brigade-Major.

"Nothing much that I can remember. Oh! yes there was, though. We were rather late for breakfast this morning, in fact it was about eight-thirty that the Brig. came down, and was just going to begin to feed when in stalked no less a person than the Arch Hun——"

"Meaning thereby?" from the Brigade-Major.

"The Divisional Commander, of course. Up jumped the Brigadier and looked at the table with a sort of 'Why hasn't the breakfast been cleared away' look."

"Had your breakfast?" said the Arch Hun.

"Yes, Sir," replied the Brig. without a moment's hesitation.

"Then you might come along with me," said the Arch Hun, and off he had to go. The old man returned from the trenches about an hour ago very fed up and horribly empty. The Staff Captain scored rather heavily, though. He wasn't even down when the General came in, but he got wind of his arrival and went out by the back-door with his tin hat, splashed his boots and puttees with mud, and sauntered in with a 'Pretty quiet up in the P sector early this morning.'

"And yet they complain of the lack of brains of the Staff. Hullo! there's the telephone bell."

Hurriedly the boat was brought to the edge and the Brigade-Major jumped out and entered the office.

"Hullo! Hullo! who's that?—who? Oh, for heaven's sake speak up, can't you? Who? Oh, is that you, Sir? Sorry I couldn't hear at first. Situation report not in yet? Surely I must have forgotten to report after all. Shall I give it you verbally, then? Right, Sir, are you ready? Nothing unusual to report in the sector held by the Brigade. Yes, that's all, Sir. Yes, good afternoon, Sir."

Divisional Headquarters, village of X. Outside, the confused roar of lorries and buses, limbers and waggons. Inside, peace and the aroma of cigars. The kindly-looking gentleman at the telephone laid down the receiver, sat himself in a chair, a real chair, before his desk, a real desk, and started to write a message: "The past twenty-four hours have been uneventful."

Bang! bang! bang! The whole house shook with the explosions.

The kindly-looking gentleman ducked at the first two or three, but recovering himself went on writing: "Except that Divisional Headquarters were heavily shelled towards evening." He handed the completed message to an orderly, rose and walked to the window to see what damage had been done. Just as he looked out there was another deafening explosion. One of the motor-buses had misfired again.

The message had gone.

OFFICIAL.

FROM GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Except for enemy artillery activity against the village of X, all has been quiet on the rest of the Front."

ANNA MIRABILIS.

DEAR ANN, a year ago to-day,

When you were yet quite youthful
And hadn't half so much to say
(A day-old, to be truthful),

We rather liked you, She and I;
And all the months we've known you
We've not, I'm pleased to certify,
Felt tempted to disown you.

So now, if Mr. Punch sees fit
(A courteous, kind, and dear old
Esquire of dames—and quite a wit),
Here's to you as a year-old!

"The moutaiaTn3 ulidorahts sehtardrash and the Pnevva Mountain we carried several heights. The mountains are wrapped in fog."

Provincial Paper.

We had half guessed that.

TO BERLIN.

THE visitor placed the grapes and cigarettes on the table, in view of the man with a bandage round his head, and said, "And now, do tell me what those delightful tanks are like?"

He looked round the ward cautiously. "Not supposed to say anything about 'em, lady," he replied in a hoarse whisper.

"But surely you could tell me something; I wouldn't repeat it, of course. You have seen them, I suppose?"

"Seen 'em! Yes, lady, inside and out."

"You've been *in* one, then?"

"Went in one to Berlin and back, and—"

"Oh, come now, you're joking!"

"Joking? Look 'ere, Mum, them tanks can do more and go further than anything the papers have said. You ask me to tell you something about 'em, and I say I've been to Berlin and back in one. Of course, if you've 'eard enough, very well, I'm satisfied."

His face took on a pained look.

"But you couldn't have gone to Berlin."

"Why not? What was to stop us? Mind you, the 'Uns tried. But bullets was no good (as you've read, Mum), and they couldn't hit us with their big guns, though they did follow us with 'em for a day or so. The Land-sturmiers was no good, nor yet the police—we soon settled them. They put up barricades, but we only went over 'em. They daren't pull down the bridges over the Rhine, as they'll want to be usin' them soon. It took us three days to get there. Every village we went through, some'd hide in their houses, and some'd throw bricks at us, and one little girl (a nice little girl she was, lady) come and offered our old bus a bit of bread. We guessed they'd mine the roads, so we kept pretty much in the fields. Nobody couldn't stop us; what's more, no *thing* could stop us. On we went, a steady four miles per hour. Took us a week afore we strolled up the Unter Delinder. Fine street that is, Mum. They called out the soldiers; but what was the good? One of 'em come up close and was a bit too fresh, so we pulled 'im inside and took 'is 'elmet and one or two other souvenirs and then pitched 'im out again. Then after we'd 'ad a good look about Berlin we turned round again and come back. Cologne's a fine city, too."

"But why did you come back?"

"Short of grub, lady. Besides, the atmosphere inside got a bit used up."

"How very interesting! But it seems hardly—"

"Ere, Sam, tell the lady whether



Aunt Matilda (of Potter's Bar, who, over a dish of tea, is telling us her experience of the latest Zeppelin raid). "I DIDDLED 'EM—I DIDDLED 'EM! I PUT MY HAT ON THE GARDEN HEDGE AND RAN OFF INTO THE FIELD!"

what I says is true or lies," he appealed to another six-footer in the next bed.

"True as I stand 'ere," said that other solemnly. "I went with 'im, Mum. And we both wounded the first day after we got back."

Commercial Candour.

"Any 5/- worth of the following Grand Flowering Bulbs for 5/-."

Amateur Gardening.

The *Times* recently published a few "Practical Precepts" on digging. This was the first of them:—

"The spade should have a clean bright blade of moderate size, and the length of the handle should be about the height of the worker."

We have no wish to get our contemporary into trouble, but surely this sort of thing discourages trench-digging, and might suitably be dealt with under the Defence of the Realm Act.



Near-sighted Old Lady (seeing her nephew for the first time since he grew his military moustache). "OH, GEORGE, YOU NASTY BOY! DON'T KISS ME—YOU'VE BEEN TAKING SNUFF."

ARABIA.

AN aching glare, a heat that kills,
Skies hard and pitiless overhead,
And, ever mastering lesser ills,
Sad bugles keening comrades dead;
Fever and dust and smiting sun,
In sooth a land of little ease;
Yet now my service here is done
I think on other things than these.

Dawn on the desert's shortlived dew,
Blue shadows on the silver sand,
Grey shimmering mists that still renew
The magic of the hinterland;
Sunsets ablaze with crimson fire,
Pale moons like plates of beaten gold,
Soft nights that fevered limbs desire,
And stars whereto our stars are cold;

Sharp rattling fights at peep of day,
Machine-guns searching scrub and plain,
Red lances questing for the prey,
And shrapnel puffs that melt again;
Swift shifting stroke and counterstroke,
Advance unhurrying and sure,
Until the stubborn foeman broke—
These are the memories that endure.

Heigh-ho! I would not stay—and yet,
Now that the trooper's fairly in,
With vain unreasoning regret
I turn my journey to begin;

For through the haze of dust and heat
That veils the desert and the town,
Still glimmers something strange and
sweet,
The afterglow of old renown.

Another Impending Apology.
"NEW BOROUGH MAGISTRATE.
AN INCORRIGIBLE ROGUE."
Evening Star (Ipswich).

"Kaput."

From General VON ARNIM's report on
the German Army:—

"The men lost their heads and surrendered
if they thought they were cut off."

Daily Mail.

One can hardly blame a man for sur-
rendering if he really thinks that he
has been decapitated.

"Lost, off Durning-rd., on Monday morning,
Gold Watch and Chain, with vest attached;
finder rewarded."—*Liverpool Echo.*

We should like to hear the rest of the
story.

"One might summarise the position of the
men's trade by saying that first the War Office
took all their customers—i.e., young men;
next, their salesmen; and, lastly, coman-
deered their gods, leaving them nothing but
the landlord."—*Evening Paper.*

A poor substitute for dear old *Lares*
and *Penates*.

BOYS AND MEN.

'Tis not so long ago I thought those
boys

A bit too lively and too fond of noise;
So big and clumsy too, they seemed to
fill

Our littleroom from doorto window-sill;
And then their smoking, which I
couldn't bear,

And all the socks I had to mend—but
there,

What if I did lose patience now and
then?

I knew the lads would one day turn to
men.

Their voices did not sound too loud
that day

They sang and shouted on the dusty
way;

Nor were they clumsy then, but strong
and straight

They marched, as I stood watching at
the gate.

And now the home is empty, and the
boys

Have left me longing for their merry
noise;

My hands and heart are missing them,
but then

I know that they have turned to proper
men,



BRINGING IT HOME.

PRESIDENT WILSON. "WHAT'S THAT? U-BOAT BLOCKADING NEW YORK? TUT! TUT! VERY INOPPORTUNE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, October 10th.—Members returned in good spirits after their seven weeks' holiday. Mr. REDMOND has been recruiting his energies—but, unfortunately, little else—in Ireland. Having promised to do nothing that shall interfere with the vigorous prosecution of the War, he proposes to invite the House to declare that the present administration of Ireland is inconsistent with the principles for which the Allies are fighting in Europe. Helpful, isn't it?

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE has been loafing—big loafing. Remembering what a young Minister called JOSEPH did in Egypt some time ago he has determined to follow his example and corner the whole of the wheat supplies of that country. "The paper which gets things done" will assuredly claim another triumph, though in point of fact Mr. RUNCIMAN's move is only the last of a long series of steps in the same direction taken since the War began. He will not guarantee, however, that bread will be cheaper as the result, and has been reminded that his great exemplar's success was not achieved until a Chief Baker had been hanged.

Curious how the spell of Westminster holds some men. Of the three new Members who took their seats to-day two are old Parliamentary hands. Sir CHARLES SEELY and Mr. A. K. LOYD had both had ten years' experience of the House of Commons before they were engulfed in the whirlpool of 1906. Now they have popped up again—on different sides of the House this time—looking none the worse for their spell in the wilderness, and eager for the fray.

The first great joke of the new sitting is the SPEAKER's Conference on Electoral Reform. Whoever selected the members of it seems to have thought that the way to secure a satisfactory machine was to have as many cranks as possible. The Labour Party has fared all right, but, with a few exceptions, the representatives of the others seem to have been mainly chosen for their self-advertising ability.

Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING is the latest victim of the postal vagaries to which we are all subject nowadays. He had three important questions to put to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, and despatched copies of them by registered letter to the WAR SECRETARY and the SPEAKER. Mr. LOWTHER got his all right, but Mr.

GEORGE's "missed stays" somewhere between St. Martin's-le-Grand and Whitehall. If the POSTMASTER-GENERAL should receive a wiggling from his militant colleague it will not be in the character of a "premature PEASE."



MR. REDMOND HAS BEEN RECRUITING—HIS ENERGIES.

Wednesday, October 11th.—A further development of the Nationalist revolt against the Government was witnessed to-day when Mr. LUNDON (born 1883), supported by Mr. HAZLETON (born 1880), attacked the CHIEF SECRETARY for permitting an Irish police-inspector to



"IT MAY NOT BE CHEAP, BUT ISN'T IT A BIG 'UN?"

MR. RUNCIMAN.

visit one of the Sinn Fein prisoners. A mysterious Sergeant JONES, destined to rank in Irish history, I expect, with the notorious Sergeant SHERIDAN, was also mentioned. Failing to get any satisfaction out of Mr. DUKE, the Nationalists joined hands with a number of ultra-Tories in a division on the eleven-o'clock rule. To such expedients are politicians in a difficulty reduced.

The shade of BURKE, hovering over the assembly, wondered, no doubt, that his fellow-countrymen could find nothing better to do in a great war than to obstruct the statesmen conducting it, but must have been comforted by finding that Englishmen, at any rate, still find inspiration in his words. No passage in the PRIME MINISTER's magnificent speech was more applauded than an admirably apt quotation from "Observations on the Late State of the Nation."

Almost more striking than the prolonged cheers which came from all parts of the House as Mr. ASQUITH concluded his confident survey of our military position was its effect upon Sir EDWARD CARSON. Usually one of the PRIME MINISTER's severest critics he now spoke of the sympathy and affection felt towards him in the circumstances in which he had delivered his speech, and went on to pay a fine tribute to his soldier-son.

I cannot recall at this moment the exact words which Mr. HOLT used in denouncing a certain speech delivered at Limehouse circa 1909. Doubtless they were severe and at the same time dignified. For Mr. HOLT has a horror of strong and picturesque language, even when employed against Prussian despots. The recent interview accorded by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to an American journalist shocked him deeply, particularly the vulgar expression "knock-out." In his view we ought to welcome anyone who came to us with a message of peace, and not accuse him of "squealing."

That Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had not entirely exhausted his vocabulary in that interview was shown by the manner in which he set about his critic. What he had said he had said, and his language was very little stronger than that which the PRIME MINISTER had used that very afternoon. Besides, some latitude was permissible in an interview, which was "a public report of a private conversation." Even Mr. HOLT, he trusted, did not talk to his friends as he did in that House.

He did not withdraw a syllable of what he had said at a moment, he hinted, when such a declaration of our fighting policy was most timely.

This trumpet-note was sympathetically echoed by Mr. TOOTILL, who, speaking on behalf of the working-classes, said the language of the interview was just what they relished. "It was brief, brotherly and bright, and went to the root of the matter."

Thursday, October 12th. — Hanley earned an unenviable reputation, two generations ago, as the scene of a man-and-dog fight. It is now chiefly known as the borough which returns Mr. OUTHWAITE to Parliament. Most of Mr. OUTHWAITE's pugnacity is reserved for British landlords. He has little to spare even for the enemies of his country, if we may judge by his recent behaviour. His notion of doing his bit is to ask the Foreign Office questions calculated to embarrass our Allies. They are not answered, of course, but their mere appearance on the Order Paper is mischievous. I confess to sympathy with Mr. STANTON, the curly-locked Boanerges of Merthyr Tydvil, when he shouted, "Why don't you choke these pacifists down?"

The peace-at-any-price eccentrics are fortunately few. More numerous and more obnoxious are the Members who, while professing their ardent desire to win the War, nevertheless resist every measure proposed by the Government to that end if it runs in any way counter to their own *ante-bellum* prejudices.

Mr. DILLON, for example, sees nothing inconsistent in urging the Government to make every effort to assist Roumania, while doing nothing to increase the supply of fighting-men from his own country. Mr. LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS is another of the half-and-half patriots whose inconsistency earned a pungent rebuke from his old friend, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

The veil enshrouding the origin of the new war-engines on the Western Front, whose advent has enhanced the gaiety of every nation but the German, was further lifted to-day. Sir MAURICE HANKEY, Mr. CHURCHILL, Colonel SWINTON and Colonel STERN, all had a voice in the matter, but as regards the actual design it is to Mr. D'EYN COURT, Chief Naval Constructor of the Admiralty, that we chiefly owe our tanks.

"And now, through the fez having been replaced by the tophate, Salonika is in another of her old familiar ferments of uncertainty."

Morning Paper.

This tophate on the head must be a counterblast to the super-hate which the enemy has on the brain.



THE WEATHER AGAIN.

Mr. Puddicombe. "WELL, MRS. PEARCE, YOU'VE HAD A PRETTY GUDE HARVEST, SURE ENOUGH."

Mrs. Pearce. "OH, ISS, MR. PUDDICOMBE; BUT DO EE KNOW IT'S A'MOST KILLED THE POOR 'OSSSES A-GETTIN' OF IT IN?"

MAGIC.

I WENT picking mushrooms—I went all alone,
I saw a big mushroom turn into a stone;
I ran up to pick it as quick as could be,
And I found a white stone sitting laughing at me.

The dark was just coming, the trees all said "Hush,"
I saw a tall rider turn into a bush;
I crept by the hedgerow, not making a sound,
But a twisty old hawthorn was all that I found.

But when the moon's shining and Nurse is asleep,
Downstairs in the moonlight so softly I'll creep;
Past all the queer shadows that hide in the house
And come out when it's quiet, I'll run like a mouse.

I'll cross the cold oilcloth without any shoes,
Then out through the orchard all shiny with dew;
I'll run down the meadow as fast as I can,
And—I'll—pick—that—mushroom—and—I'll—catch—that—man!



Nurse. "Now, MASTER DICK, IT'S BED-TIME, SO YOU MUST TIDY UP YOUR TOYS."

Dick. "OH, I CAN'T."

Mother. "DICK! I DON'T THINK THAT SOUNDS VERY NICE."

Dick. "WELL, IT SOUNDS NICER THAN 'I WON'T,' DOESN'T IT, MOTHER?"

OUT OF SWEETNESS, STRENGTH.

WALKING along the quietest and prettiest of our lanes the other evening, through the very mild October air, I was conscious of a new sound. Hitherto this had been an abode of peace: nothing ordinarily to be heard but birds, the wind or distant traffic on the high road. But this evening there came to my ear the steady quick puff-puff, puff-puff of an exhaust-pipe. Every step brought me nearer, and at last it seemed beyond question—but that was of course an impossibility—that it came from Jepson's backyard.

Jepson, I should say, is a handy man, ready to turn his hand to most things. He does a little jobbing gardening and a little window-cleaning; he can sweep a chimney; he can supply a fowl a week and a limited number of eggs; he is an intermediary for firewood; he will collect a box from the station; and so forth. Every village has someone of the kind. His own garden is a model of care and luxuriance, and just

now as I stood by the palings and looked at his thatched cottage over the plump heads of myriad dahlias of every colour, but chiefly brick-red and yellow, I thought I never saw so much felicitous rural England in so small a compass. In a word, such peace.

Just to the right of the cottage the great molten sun, immense through the October haze, was hanging over the horizon. Not a breath stirred the Autumn leaves. A spiral of blue smoke crept from the chimney; there was a faint scent of decay in the air; a robin sang near the wood pile. Peacefulness in essence; and yet all the while the new sound was pulsating: It must be investigated.

I lifted the latch of the little white gate and walked up the path between the flowers. At the back of the cottage, where Jepson has his pig-sty and stable, I found a new shed, from whose roof protruded the pipe which was emitting the puffs; and here, in the midst of a score and more of chickens, which were pecking at windfalls from the apple-

tree that spread over the yard, was Jepson, pipe in mouth, carefully scrutinising a brass object in his hand. It was circular and some two or three inches in diameter, and the worm of its screw shone brightly as he moved it from side to side.

The far too fat spaniel by the door lifted one eyelid as I came into view and immediately fell asleep again.

"I came to see if you could come up to-morrow sometime," I said, "and give us a hand with the lawn."

"Sorry," he said, "I can't. I've got a new job now and no chance of leaving it. Munitions. I've put in an oil engine and a lathe. Look."

He handed me the brass object and explained its fell purpose. "You know," he said, "I used to be a bit of a mechanic. I turn out a score and more of these shell-fuses every day. I wonder how many Germans this one is going to do in," he remarked meditatively.

The robin still sang on. The sun was lower now and the sky a more lovely tint.

WINSTON'S LAST PHASE.

[Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in *The London Magazine*, declares that there was no strategic cause impelling us to fight the German Fleet off the Danish coast, and implies that the action was audacious but unnecessary.]

WHEN CHURCHILL ran the naval show
He was extremely optimistic,
And, in referring to the foe,
Inclined at times to be hubristic.

But when the limelight's genial beams
No more their influence exerted,
The spirit of his naval dreams
Incontinently was inverted.

And critics did not fail to note
That while he ruled the British Navy
His motto was, "All's well afloat,"
And only when he left it, "Cave!"

With a *beau geste* he left the House
And flounced off to the Front in
Flanders,

But soon returned to carp and grouse
Against our land and sea com-
manders.

And now, resorting to the pen
-With pompous self-exalting prattle,
He dares to criticize the men
Who fought and won the Jutland
battle.

Prophet by turns of good and ill,
Oh long may he remain a stranger
To office, who by tongue and quill
Has proved himself a public danger!

A GIRL OF WAR.

Oswald had been managing a one-man army with great skill, but it was exhausting work and he owned himself relieved at the prospect of reinforcements. The reinforcement was only Brenda, but even a girl ought to be useful in times like these. Anyhow, a brass hat is very little use alone with the landscape.

But the first thing the reinforcement did was to put out its tongue at the sentry behind the gate. It wasn't much of a tongue, and yet it showed what Oswald was up against for the afternoon. With great promptitude he put her under arrest and started a court-martial, and then he made his mistake. If he had given her C.B. he could have gone on with a properly conducted and dignified war, but he let the prisoner off on condition that she joined the A.S.C., and the A.S.C. was the first department to be ruined. It proceeded to make such a series of ghastly blunders in the matter of scooter transport that it got itself instructed, with some bitterness, to go away and be neutral.

So it went away and played with its doll, but was recalled soon after owing to the difficulty for Oswald of becoming



"STRONG BOY WANTED."

"YOU CAN TAKE THAT NOTICE DAHN FROM YER WINDOW. I'LL GIVE YER A TRIAL FOR A WEEK."

an efficient army doctor without any patients.

"Lie on the battlefield," commanded the M.O., "and wait till I come." Brenda obeyed, but in the character of a wounded she turned out a shocking failure. When she saw the approach of the M.O. bearing the garden shears as sign and implement of his profession, she rose, extended a hand in her best society manner, and said, "Oh, Doctor, I'm so glad to see you! I'm afraid baby has the measles."

"Measles!" snorted the affronted surgeon, and thereupon delivered a sharp and well-deserved lecture on "Deportment for the Wounded." Brenda was not listening. She was busy undressing the baby to look for spots.

Discharged again, I think she would have remained permanently civilian

had not the British Army, once more organised on a one-man basis, suddenly discovered the sweet uses of the garden hose as a field telephone. "Come on," it called; "you be Headquarters at that end. I'm a General." In the gruff voice suitable to Generals it began, "Are you there? Send me ten thousand men at once, please; very urgent. Great battle." Brenda looked at her end of the hose, giggled a little, and said sweetly, "Oh, General, is that you? Will you come to tea? Nanny's made us some toffee-apples."

Could the most devoted officer carry on with an Army like that? I thought not. So did Oswald; for the next thing I remember noticing about that fire-eating warrior was a flavour of toffee-apples and an appearance of being too sticky to fight.

THE CHESTNUTS.

"Francesca," I said, "I have just acquired a conviction."

"Well," she said, "I hope it'll be a comfort to you. Whatever you do, don't let it escape you. In these days of shifting opinions it's always a good thing to have at least one solid conviction rooted into your very being."

"Yes," I said, "isn't it? Mine's just like that. I can feel its roots grubbing into me while I'm talking."

"What a lot of grubbing it must do! You mustn't allow it to overtire itself just at first, you know. These very strong-looking convictions often require no end of care. If they're not properly looked after they wither away like—like—"

"Anything?"

"No," she said, "not like anything. I had a much better comparison, but I've forgotten the word."

"Anyhow," I said, "they wither."

"Yes," she said "they wither."

"Ah, but mine's one of the unwithering sort, like the ivy or the income-tax or the KAISER's speeches."

"I don't much like that KAISER-comparison," she said, "but I'll let it pass."

"Thanks," I said, "that's good of you."

"And now," she said, "perhaps you'll tell me what this wonderful conviction of yours is and how you acquired it."

"I will," I said. "I've been wanting to for the last ten minutes, but you won't let me get it out."

"I can give you a moment or two now, so go ahead."

"Well," I said, "I acquired my conviction by happening to look at the ground under that chestnut-tree. It is littered with chestnuts, and most of them have been lying there for some days. Do you follow me?"

"Proceed," she said; "your tale interests me strangely."

"A few years ago—perhaps even last year—things would have been very different: not a chestnut would have been left on the ground."

"The natural history of the British horse-chestnut in three volumes, copiously illustrated in colour; with notes and appendices. This massive work—"

"Francesca," I said, "you shall attend to me."

"Go on, dear; I'm simply a quivering mass of attention. Now tell me why, a few years ago, not a chestnut would have been left on the ground."

"Oh, can't you understand? A few years ago they would all have been picked up, because—don't you see?—there were young children about the place, and young children revel in chestnuts and collect them in baskets and take them into the house, and forget them—"

"And the chestnuts roll all over the place—"

"And trip everybody up on the stairs—"

"And nobody knows what becomes of them eventually."

"But nobody minds, because it's only the children. Now do you see, Francesca? It's only when there are young children about a place that chestnuts get collected. When

the ground is chestnuttled all over, as it is under that tree, then you're forced to realise that your children have outgrown chestnuts, and you acquire the conviction, as I did, that your children are growing up. Do you take me?"

"And do you mean to tell me," said Francesca, "that it required a chestnut-tree to force this conviction upon you? Why, the process has been going on under your very eyes. Muriel has been growing up for nearly seventeen years, and Nina's only a lap or so behind her, and Alice is coming along nicely, thank you, and even Frederick is doing his bit."

"And the worst of it is," I said, "that one can't stop it."

"Why should you," she said, "even if you could? They're always very nice as they are."

"Oh, yes," I said, "they're well enough. But it makes one think of one's own blessed age, you know, and that's not so agreeable. When I reflect—"

"Yes, when you reflect upon all the years you've wasted I daresay you get the creeps. But why should you reflect upon them? Leave them alone and reflect upon something else."

"I shall have to have that chestnut-tree cut down."

"No," she said, "let it remind you rather that as you advance in years you won't trip up over chestnuts on the staircase."

R. C. L.



Artist. "OF COURSE I SHALL PAINT IN THE COW AS WELL."

Rustic. "SERVE UN RIGHT. SHE KICKED OI ONCE."

THE LIGHTING ACT.

It was the worst-lighted tram I've ever been in, or at least it seemed so as I squirmed my way inside, out of the rain. It was packed, and I had to stand. The unreasonable people round me pushed and tumbled my new hat in its paper bag, even though I held it carefully somewhere in the

region of my chest. I rather regretted the patriotism that had led me to bring it home myself, and had prevented me also from taking a taxi.

"Pass along the car, please," I heard the conductor-lady say pleadingly, but, with the usual inobedience of grown-up people, nobody moved. Then it seemed as if she gave them a push, for there was a general shuffling of feet and a man in front of me lurched forward and only saved himself from disaster by clinging on to a strap just above my head. He looked disagreeable. I was far too busy taking care of my hat to strap-hang myself.

"Fares, please," shouted the conductor, wriggling her way up the car.

She reached me, and I was just getting out my purse slowly, because of the hat, when the tram gave a lurch. I fell sideways, but my hand went up and I caught the disagreeable man's strap. For a moment the conductor was wedged in between us, and then we righted ourselves.

"Oranges and lemons!" she said cheerily as she crept out. I laughed. The disagreeable man laughed.

And when I looked round the tram a little while after it struck me that it wasn't so badly lighted after all.

"Mr. —, who has been taken ill suddenly with an attack of fleabitis, is improving and hopes to resume duties shortly." As soon, we suppose, as he has caught the intruder.



Policeman. "YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH, MA'AM."

Lady. "BUT I CAN'T SEE FROM HERE. I'M VERY SHORT-SIGHTED AND I'VE COME TWENTY MILES ON PURPOSE, AND I'LL PROMISE NOT TO TAKE ANY SOUVENIRS, AND I'LL GIVE TEN SHILLINGS FOR THE POLICE SPORTS OR ANY OTHER CHARITY YOU LIKE TO----"

Policeman. "YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH, MA'AM."

Lady. "OH, VERY WELL, THEN. WHY AREN'T YOU IN KHAKI?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has worked the minor miracle of restoring to me, in my hoar and post-military antiquity, that almost apologetic sensation of calow youth from which I had believed myself for ever divorced. She has done this by writing, in *Lady Connie* (SMITH, ELDER), a story all about the Oxford that was "before my time"; to be precise, in the late seventies, a period known to my generation only from photographic groups, already moribund, on the walls of club rooms or J.C.R.'s. But here it is all living again, as fresh and brilliant as a sympathetic and knowledgeable pen and an engaging story can make it. Briefly, this story tells of a girl, *Lady Connie*, the orphaned child of noble and wealthy parents, who comes to spend a year with some not too rich or attractive relations, a struggling Reader and his family, in a small house in Oxford; and how she sets the whole place by its academic ears. The tale is certainly the best that Mrs. WARD has yet given us in what we might call her new popular manner. And, for those who know, it provides an added joy in the recognition of some quite unmistakable Varsity portraits. Above all, Mrs. WARD has succeeded in the difficult task of putting the real atmosphere of Oxford into her pages. For this we must, I suppose, forgive her some obvious slips, as where

the "Prince and Princess," so described in the preliminaries to a great ball, become "King and Queen" in the Royal quadrille; or where we are told of a young lady reading the society paragraphs in *The Sketch* thirty-odd years ago.

I am tired of standing cap in hand before Mr. WELLS, and assuring him that each novel as it comes from his hands is better than the last. The merest worm of a critic wants to turn and put up a case against him to "save face." But honestly I can't do it. I am bound to testify that of some three-score War-books I have read *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* (CASSELL) comes nearest to being a big book. Certainly no work of War fiction can compare with it. *Mr. Britling* is a writer, thinker, visionary and internationalist; author of *And Now War Ends*; a man of forty-five; one to whom war is only the most palpable insanity in a mad world. And when the bomb which seemed to well-meaning folk impossible actually explodes under him it heaves him up, with many others of his school, on to a different platform in another world. He retains his faith in a sane future, but turns to deal with the mad present; and finds that he is helpless. His thoughts whirl wildly round him. There is a premium on men of action, even stupid men. And then he is struck through his son and his friends, as so many of us cheerfully assume we shall not be struck. I find the later-developed method of the author exceedingly

attractive—that forthright dashing-in of his characters and episodes, his going straight to the heart of the matter and never boring you with details which imagination, craftily stimulated, can supply. The “preparation” of his tragedy is admirable—“Matchings Easy” with its charming, irresponsible, comfortable household, including young *Heinrich*, the tutor, and that excellent dazed visitor from Boston, *Mr. Direck*. It is Mr. WELLS’s triumph that his perpetual apologia, his thinking aloud with such obvious personal reference, is not resented as an impertinence but valued as a privilege. And in certain passages of tenderness and grief and imaginative forecast he reaches a level of nobility which makes his book stand worthy of its sublime theme.

I think I have never met with a volume of recollections so little subjective as *Memories* (CHAPMAN AND HALL).

Indeed Mr. EDWARD CLODD might well have taken a hint from popular journalism and called it *W.A.F.—Wholly About Friends*. Save for a short and modestly worded chapter of autobiography, the entire volume is divided up between the interesting men and women whom the author has known, either at his home at Aldeburgh (which figures as the background of many incidents) or in London during the years since he first mounted an office stool in the spring of 1855. But naturally many of the recollections and letters—these latter especially—permit one a reflected glimpse of Mr. CLODD himself, very pleasant to see, as one who appears to have been endowed with a natural genius for friendship. “If they have cared for me half as much as I have cared for them I have not been badly loved.” Actually it was YORK POWELL who said these words, but they might serve as a text for this book of many friendships. I have small space for quotation; but elsewhere it is interesting to find this same YORK POWELL writing in ’95, “So much German work is sham and insincere whenever one tests it, and they brag so over their work”—a fairly concise statement of a truth since universally accepted. In my capacity of guide I might suggest that, if you lack time for the whole volume, you should certainly not miss its two most interesting chapters, those about MEREDITH and GISSING. The former especially is a biography and appreciation in little.

Of course the value of *Salt and Savour* (METHUEN) depends on how real Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK’s opportunities have been of studying the Teuton in his native lair. I must say that the picture—very far from pleasant—seems to fit the original, though no doubt one has to make some allowance for war-prejudice. But the behaviour of *Captain Erdmann*, who married *Brenda*, an Englishwoman of German extraction (an unhappy class these bitter days), and of *Professor Zorn* the disgruntled Anglophobe, offers, even in their pre-war life, such a wonderful forecast of the arrogance, the fatuous boastfulness, and the hysteria that we have seen in the official conduct and utterances of Germany during this War, and particularly in these days when we are

so gloriously getting back our own, that the presumption is all in favour of Mrs. SIDGWICK; even where the incredible in the way of ill-temper, malice, grotesque manners, lack of chivalry and lack of humour is indicated by her ruthless pen. War breaks out during the second year of *Brenda*’s marriage, and the author uses competently and fairly the incidents we all know of but even now can scarce believe. To anyone who is in danger of good-natured or apathetic forgetfulness this book may be commended as a tonic reminder. If the salt of the earth lose its savour wherewith shall it be salted?—that is the idea. Shells and tanks may do something.

The World for Sale (HEINEMANN) doesn’t in the least mean what you guess. I feel sure you thought, as I did, that Sir GILBERT PARKER was going to give us his version

of the way to run things after the great show is over. But his is a mere tale of love and adventure (and a very good tale too) into which no war or thought of war enters. Except indeed that sort of war which is always going on when masterful men of the breed of *Ingoldby*, railway builder, progressionist and (on the way to being) “inspired millionaire,” come across jealousy, reaction and—for seasoning of this story—blackguardly enmity both in business and in love. The scene is set in French Canada; the heroine, *Fleda*, is daughter of the Romany king; and very interestingly, though I can’t say how accurately, the law and lore of that strange nomad race are laced into the story, in which the conflict between the claims of Romany and Gorgio for the soul of *Fleda* is a main feature of the plot. But I wonder why the author should make his hero think he was down and out because of his sudden loss of sight. His was just the kind of organising work, I should have thought, which could still have been carried on and well carried on by anyone with such

courage as *Ingoldby* had. Sir GILBERT must have heard of Mr. PULITZER.

There was a BERNARD CAPES to whom I have owed some pleasant half-hours in the past. He is apparently deceased. At least I am impelled to that conclusion when I find a man of the same name declining upon such inadequate variations on the hoary theme of the bored and middle-aged guardian and the aggressively beautiful and rapid ward as are offered in *If Age Could* (DUCKWORTH). Even the introduction of a wonderful elixir of life (with an unearthly smell) found in a bottle behind a stained-glass window concealed in a wardrobe, and the dragging in of a Zeppelin bomb which wiped out both ward and guardian in the house of the secondary heroine, who was saved to live happily ever after with the peer-chauffeur, left me cold. Perhaps there was some extreme subtlety of conception which I missed, but I doubt it. The whole thing, not redeemed even by the practised craftsmanship which this new Mr. CAPES still commands, strikes me as but another of the minor tragedies of the War.



WHENEVER THE TELEPHONE RINGS NOW, COUNT ZEPPELIN'S DOMESTIC PETS HAVE A SENSE OF IMPENDING DISASTER.



Special Constable. "WHAT ARE YOU LOITERING ABOUT THESE BUILDINGS FOR? I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF YOU. YOU HAVE A FACE LIKE A GERMAN."



John Smith. "OH, THAT'S MY WORKING-FACE, SIR. I FORGOT TO CHANGE IT. I'VE BEEN DOING A HUN IN THE CINEMA."

CHARIVARIA.

AN alarming incident occurred at the Zoo recently, when the keeper of the reptile house fell into the crocodiles' tank. Being armed only with a stick he escaped with difficulty, the lacrymatory bomb which he keeps for such emergencies having on this occasion been mislaid. * *

It is officially stated that "there is now no missing link in the anatomy of the super-Zeppelin captured in Essex." This is the first reference that we have heard to the crew's mascot. * *

The rumour recently current in Athens that the U.S. Navy was on its way to "protect" Tino and his fellow-conspirators undoubtedly had its origin in the opinion, quite freely vented in Washington diplomatic circles, that the continued presence of United States warships on the Atlantic coast was undesirable as likely to provoke attack. * *

The KAISER, a German paper tells us, has already arranged his Christmas gifts, which will include a theological book and an "inscription" for the POPE. The theological book will of course expound the beauties of "our good Lutheran Church," while the inscription will be in the nature of a dissertation

on the advantage to Mahommedanism of a Holy War. * *

"Take quinine three times a day or go into the Army," was the advice recently given by the Hackney coroner to a witness who complained of being frightened by Zepps. Patriotism compels us to point out that the sensations incurred in joining the Army are not necessarily such as the bitter alternative proposed by the coroner would seem to suggest. * *

In the teeth of Mr. REDMOND'S uncompromising views on the question of conscription for Ireland the Army Council now announces its intention of taking possession of all hides in the United Kingdom. * *

Ramsgate is now imposing three-pound fines for lighting offences, and it is confidently anticipated that the reduced tariff will attract visitors from all parts of the country. * *

A paragraph in *The Westminster Gazette* states that the Royal domain at Tatoi "is strongly fortified with breast-words." It looks as if Tino had been having a heart-to-heart talk with the French marines. * *

Mr. G. A. B. DEWAR in *The Saturday*

Review speaks of "'Form fours,' 'form threes,' 'right turn,' 'quick march,' and the rest of that alluring exercise which advancing middle age at home loves to play at and imagine itself half-militant." It is, of course, in forming threes that the half-militant are most clearly distinguished from the whole soldier. * *

"Once I was a circus clown, but now I am on an evening newspaper," said an Islington applicant for exemption. We do not care for these appeals *ad misericordiam*. * *

According to *The Singapore Free Press*, "at Marcelhutin we are not more than 3½ kilometres from the national road from Bethune to Péronne." And with Hilairebelloc in our possession we ought to be well on the way to Berlin. * *

Beneath a portrait in *The Daily Mirror* we read:—"Lady—(in hat) wants socks." Few people appreciate the growing distress among our aristocracy. * *

"The chin-strap veil or chin-muff is one of the latest developments in autumn millinery. A veil of this description is worn by Miss Madge Lessing in the first Act of 'The Girl from Cairo,' the fur band being a chinchilla." *Evening Paper*.

Would not chin-warmer be nearer the mark?

THE GREAT BULGAR MYSTERY.

WHERE is our FERDIE all this while?

Nobody seems to know;
 Nobody's seen his foxy smile
 Anywhere near the Show;
 Signs of his eagle nose appear
 Neither in MACKENSEN's hindmost rear,
 Nor where the forts of Monastir
 Wait for the knock-out blow.

Most of his friends have viewed the fray

Perched upon distant heights;
 WILLIAM, for one, in his fearless way,
 Figures at lots of fights;
 Even FRANZ, who is oh, so old,
 Taking his chance of catching cold,
 Friskily starts for the Front, I'm told,
 Eager to see the sights.

TINO would plant his tent with joy

Under Larissa's skies,
 Saying "Ta-ta!" to his dear Tatoi,
 Winking his neutral eyes;
 Thither his traps he'd gladly shunt,
 Staking his all on the German stunt,
 Only—he hasn't got a front,
 Thanks to the rude Allies.

Where does our FERDIE hide his beak

When he should up and act,
 Spending at least one day per week
 Watching his Bulgars whacked?
 Rumours have run, and likely too,
 How in Vienna he lies *perdu*,
 Snug in his hole till the War is through,
 Keeping his head intact. O. S.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The German CROWN PRINCE and the CROWN PRINCE of Bavaria.)

William. RUPPRECHT, old chap, you're not looking your best. What's the matter with you?

Rupprecht. Oh, I'm all right. Only a little worried about this eternal battle.

W. Eternal battle? Why, you ought to rejoice in it. Let the enemy beat with all his force against the steel rampart of our German bodies till he realises that all his efforts are in vain. That's the principle I went on in the Verdun fighting, and it's quite infallible.

R. But you didn't make much of it, you know. You haven't taken Verdun, have you?

W. N-o-o, not exactly.

R. And you lost several hundred thousand men, didn't you?

W. Y-e-s. But what does that matter? We've got them to lose. That's what they're there for, isn't it?

R. Oh, yes, that's right enough if only you win. Then you get the laurel wreath, and your old man comes along and makes one of his patent speeches. But if you don't win it's the devil. Everybody blames you, and it's not a bit of good saying you did your best, for nobody believes you.

W. Well, they've got to believe me or I'll know the reason why. Otherwise what's the use of being a Crown Prince?

R. To tell you the truth there's not much use in it—that's the conclusion I've come to. We were all very

contemptuous of the English at the beginning of the War, but now——"

W. Yes, I know, curse them!

R. Now their guns are as big as ours, and they've got plenty of stuff for them, and they've got masses and masses of men, and they can fight like the devil, and they *will* keep coming on; and the French, whom we thought degenerate, are every bit as bad as the English. I'm simply fed up with having them on the top of me every day and every minute of it.

W. My poor dear RUPPRECHT, you *have* got it badly.

R. Yes, and I'm almost forced to think that we should have done better if we hadn't had this infernal war.

W. RUPPRECHT, I'm astonished at you. How *can* you bring yourself to say such deplorable things? Look at me. I don't feel like that. It's true we're not winning many victories, but I'm having the time of my life. When all's said and done, war is the only proper amusement for Princes.

R. That's precisely what I'm beginning to doubt.

W. My poor friend, you want a pick-me-up.

R. Pick-me-ups are no good. I've tried them.

W. Well then, do what I did: give an interview to an American journalist. There are plenty about, and you can always get a tame one. I did. And I pulled a long face and looked as pious as I could, and told him how deeply I felt the miseries of this War, and how I longed day and night for peace, and how terrible it was to realise the sadness of the struggle and the dreadful nature of our engines of destruction, and so forth and so forth. The old gentleman beamed at me through his spectacles and swallowed it all—yards and yards of it. It was enough to make a cat laugh. I tell you, RUPPRECHT, I'm the champion impersonator of the angel of peace. Can't you see my wings?

R. I daresay it was a good joke, but I don't feel inclined for it somehow.

W. I'm afraid yours is a difficult case.

R. What a helpful fellow you are. But you're out of the turmoil just at present, so you have time for jokes. I haven't.

More "Tank" Secrets Out.

"The fact is the Tank, coughing bullets burst in the barricaded door, scattering handbags. French papers are enthusiastic about the Tanks which they state are filled with rams."—*Hyderabad Bulletin*.

"A GENUINE Scotsman will lend you any sum, from £2 to £2,000, married or single, without security."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Frankly, married or single, we don't believe it.

"Captain Albert Ball arrived home on leave on Thursday evening, having in the last four months brought down 30 enemy machines, an average of nearly 4 a week. It was a French journal that first announced his fame."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

But it was an English one, we are proud to say, that added the arithmetical embellishment.

From a book of recipes:—

"To MAKE STOCKINGS WEAR AND KEEP THEIR COLOUR.

Before wearing stand for 10 minutes in boiling water coloured with washing blue."

Personally, we shall let our stockings take their chance.

"FIFTY-NINE MORE SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

ALL SWEAR AT SPALDING THIS MORNING.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE STATION LIGHTS."

Spalding Guardian.

No doubt the provocation was considerable, but they ought to have set a better example.



A LIMITED MONARCH.

TINO. "I WISH THEY'D LET ME GET ABOUT LIKE THAT!"

[The Emperor FRANZ JOSEF is reported to be about to visit the Front.]

THE ORGANISER OF VICTORY.

George Fokus, who knows everybody, indicated a luncheon at a neighbouring table. "That's an interesting man," he said.

"Which one?" I asked, in the uncertainty that always follows such remarks—"the one with the spectacles or the one with the buttonhole?"

"The one with the buttonhole," he explained. "His is one of the oddest professions in London. He makes revues succeed."

"I thought that was automatic," I replied.

"Far from it," said Fokus. "Most of them would fail but for that little man's attentions. But I'll ask him to join us over our coffee and you shall hear. He's a great card."

In due course Fokus fetched him over to our table and we settled down to talk.

"I hear you're a great revue-producer," I said by way of opening.

"Oh, no," he replied, "nothing of the kind. I don't produce; I reduce. I never see a revue till the last rehearsal or so, and then my work begins."

"Would you mind telling me?" I asked.

"Certainly. You see, even now, after all these years of frenzied competition and triumphant inanity, there are still revue authors who try after ideas, who think that a revue should review something, should show a sense of what is going on in the world. Possibly they once went to a French cabaret; possibly they are merely dense. Anyway there it is, and when I arrive at one of the last rehearsals I often find signs of such aberration still in the dialogue. Part of my work is to cut it out."

"But why," I asked, "does not the manager do that?"

"Manager?" he replied with a stare of surprise. "What does a manager ever know about his pieces? Why, he never even knows how long they will play. Anyway, my first duty is to cut out whatever bears upon actuality."

"But surely," I remarked, "I have heard politics mentioned—or, at any rate, politicians."

"Tell me," he said.

"Well," I replied, "I can swear I've heard references to WINSTON."

He nodded.

"And LLOYD GEORGE."

He nodded again.

"And the funny man always says

'Wait and see' sooner or later, and thinks he is being humorous about the PREMIER."

"Yes, that's so. You're right," he said. "But that's as much as I permit. No one else in political life must ever be placed before revue audiences if they are to be pleased and satisfied. Any other references I cut out. That is one of my chief functions. When it comes to public life generally all I allow is one mention of *The Daily Mail* and one of *John Bull*. The mere words get the desired laugh. I am now relaxing just enough to let SMITH-DORRIEN be named and, since he has been doing his best to get a little more decency into some of these shows, naturally a howl of delight greets the reference to him."

"How is he brought in?" I asked.

"Oh, there's no need to do more

when an expert's advice is valuable. You'd be surprised," he went on, "by the minutiae of the business. For instance, one of my tasks is to re-arrange the songs so that the patriotic ones are always sung by aliens, usually Americans. For some reason or other the public doesn't resent this—even likes it; but I assure you that again and again I find a manager forgetting it. But by the first performance I have that all right too."

"Well," I said, "I don't understand, after what you have told me, how any revue can fail."

"Because," he replied, "there are still one or two managers who neglect to call me in."

WAR THE LEVELLER.

Mrs. Paget was haughty. She frankly despised me, a poor scribbler, a cooker-up of unconsidered trifles for the Press. Cecilia, too, she looked down upon and never welcomed her visits with enthusiasm. Before the War my wife and I kow-towed to Mrs. Paget. But many things have been changed by the War, Mrs. Paget among them. Most of us are more approachable, more human to-day.

Our boy at the Front writes often to us, and Mrs. Paget's to her. The two lads are in the same company. Mrs. Paget's manner towards us now is kindly rather than condescending, and this in spite of the fact that her son is an officer and ours a private.

Imagine a staff-officer lighting his cigarette from a tramp's; imagine a self-made merchant being affable to a poet; imagine any condescension you please, and you will picture my astonishment on seeing Mrs. Paget publicly and in broad daylight embracing my wife and the two mingling their tears of joy together.

It was just after the Great Push, and each had received her letter. Each had hurried to meet the postman, and each had pretended she hadn't. And now all barriers between them were down.

Her boy spoke in glowing terms of our boy—no better private in the best of regiments! Our boy said that with officers like his one would go to the world's end.

Mrs. Paget is no longer haughty—she is only proud. And we are proud of her son and proud of her; for she is the best cook we have ever had or are likely to have.



The Looker-on. "THERE'S NO DOIN' NOTHIN' WITH OLD JOSH SPROG-GINS SINCE HE CALLED THEM TWO OLD BARGES OF HIS 'THE RUDSEA SHIPPING COMPANY, LIMITED,' AND SOLD 'EM TO THE GOV'MENT FOR SEVEN THOUSAND QUID."

than let one performer call another 'Smith-Dorrien.' That does it."

"And what else do you do?" I asked.

"Well, I see to it generally that the revues resemble each other; that they have no novelty and no courage. That is why they all seem, to the visitor making a tour of the halls, to have been cut from the same piece of material. The public hate surprises. They like to see to-day and hear to-day what they heard and saw yesterday; and it is a great part of my duty to be continually reminding managers of this fact. Even the old ones forget now and then, while quite often young ones are found babbling of enterprise and innovations. But they are soon cured; before the first night I get them into shape. The old ones give in at once. They go home quite happily, leaving me with a free hand."

"I wonder they're not jealous of each other," I said.

"Oh, no, they're too sensible for that. They may not have the sense even to watch the clock while the dress-rehearsal is going on, but they know



SOLACE.

Little Binks (who prides himself on his tact—to injured and uninsured householder, victim of a recent Zeppelin raid). "IT IS COMFORTING TO THINK, SIR, IS IT NOT, THAT THEY'VE NEVER YET SUCCEEDED IN STRIKING THE SAME SPOT TWICE?"

THE WATCH DOGS.

L.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—We ask now-days less "When will the War end?" than "When will leave begin?" There are quite a lot of people who, being to all intents and purposes back at school, feel it's high time the holidays were coming round again. George, for example, whose term is now running into seven months, expresses himself thus: "I can no longer conceal from myself that I hate everyone and everything. At the mess the conversation is dull in the extreme, unless I happen to be making it myself, and then I find few to listen and none to appreciate. For all their sterling worth, men are unbearable creatures. I would never have believed one's fellows could have developed such a variety of tiresomenesses or have proved so childishly intolerant of one's harmless little foibles.

"We have been friends, you and I, Henry, for many years now and have been through much together. In confidence then let me tell you that, of all the many men round me whom

I would like to murder, the first and foremost at this moment is undoubtedly yourself. As I look at you I realise how utterly repugnant you are. You are so wrapped up in yourself, so little interested in me. I don't know which I dislike the more—your incessant chatter or your pig-headed silence. On the whole, the worst thing about you is your cursed sameness from day to day . . .

"It is only when I am with you I feel like this. Thinking the matter over alone at night, I see that the most loathsome and unsatisfactory person in this War, on our side or theirs, is undoubtedly myself . . .

"Each of us wants a fortnight at home to be with his wife, his fiancée, his mother, his sister, or some other good woman who will listen and appreciate and understand (but mostly listen) and never fail to make exactly the right remark at exactly the right moment; who, casting the air of perfection over everything, will assure her man that he is the most perfect of all, and will argue hotly with him when he seeks to deny it.

"My London programme is fixed; first a Turkish bath and then a nice fried sole. I shall read the whole menu from top to bottom and probably I shall read it more than once. This is the good literature I pine for. But the thing is preordained—a sole, fried, nice, officer's, one. And when I've eaten that and thought it well over I shall take immediate steps to get in touch with my family."

Talking of which, last time I came on leave I crossed with a strange old thing in a peculiar uniform of his own. He had been with the French in the Vosges eleven long months, doing what, I don't know—something naughty, no doubt. We sat down to breakfast in the saloon together. He ordered his meal and ate it in silence. Then he unburdened himself. "For nearly a year I've been looking forward to a dish of fried eggs and bacon. And now I've had it I realize how nasty it can be."

It's a gruesome thing, is War, and you'll be asking me if at times we haven't, I won't say deserters, but absentees? I'll not lie to you, Charles,

but frankly confess that I have at last come across an authentic case among our own people. He was a Colonial, too, and a horseman, the last man you would have expected to commit such a disgraceful act. Sure enough, however, when his regiment came to count itself over, on leaving the front for the back, he was missing. What made it all the worse was that, although they had come up to fight, they hadn't, as things turned out, had their opportunity of doing it. Nevertheless the man wasn't there and, therefore, had run away. The search was started and trace of the absentee was found at last. Being of an original turn of mind, he had run East instead of West; he had changed his distinguishing marks and had tacked himself on to the — Infantry Regiment. The first this regiment had seen of him was when he turned up to fight with them in the trenches; but they, too, when they came out of the line to rest, were unable to produce him. He had, in fact, deserted a second time, seizing the opportunity of a relief to go over to the relieving battalion. In the trenches they found him at last, utterly oblivious to the gravity of his misconduct and thoroughly enjoying the battle . . .

There was once, not so very long ago, an adjutant, a most virtuous and industrious adjutant, who left nothing undone which he ought to do, did nothing which he ought not to do, and in whom there was much health. All the vexatious matters which may arise from below or, more especially, descend from on high to plague the life of his kind failed to upset him or to cause him to step aside from the straight and narrow path. Moreover, he was himself a model of that strict discipline which he preached to others. Tiresome telegrams and malicious memos he endured without end, but at last came the straw which broke the camel's back.

For the good of his regiment and for the speedier defeat of the Bosch he indented for. I don't know what battle material, and he addressed his indent to Ordnance. Slowly but surely his indent climbed the ladder of departments, until it arrived upon the table of some Assistant Director of Ordnance Supplies at a base. Whether it was that the digestion of this A.D.O.S. was at fault or that the indent, lying at the bottom of his in box had caught his eye many times and, notwithstanding its mute reproach, had been neglected so long that at last it became hateful to him, this A.D.O.S. was very angry with it when at last he came to handle it. Being angry, he supposed himself aggrieved, wrote across it, "Why is

this indent submitted to this office?" and threw it into his out box. Thus it made the return journey, every lower department repeating the query, "Please say why this indent is submitted?"

It reached the Adjutant, in a frail dug-out, under fire, at a wet, cold and unpromising hour. He had waited a patient fortnight for the goods, and all he got was the question, "Why was this indent submitted?" So he took his indelible pencil and very slowly and very clearly he wrote the answer:—"Owing to the great European War now raging."

Another deserving case for a little leave, you think? Perhaps you will go so far, if you can screw up any sympathy for an A.D.O.S. at a base, as to see *two* deserving cases? And if they got it, and met and recognised each other in London, do you suppose the feathers would fly? Not a bit of it. You'd find them tumbling over each other to pay for each other's sole.

Yours ever, HENRY.

THE ZEPPELIN EXCUSE.

[Three dairymen who were summoned for selling milk below the legal standard pleaded that since the Zeppelin raids the cows had become very nervous and did not yield the usual quality of milk.]

If you are sued on quarter-day
And lack the wherewithal to pay,
Just smile upon the judge and say,
"Last week the Zeppelins came our way,

Since when the hen declines to lay;
The rabbit, once so blithe and gay,
Turns from his matutinal hay;
The horse that used to draw the dray
I rather think is going fey;
While Anne, the cow, a dappled bay,
Roams like a wraith upon the brae,
Dancing the two-step and Strathspey;
But as for what the French call 'lait'
The creature ceases to betray
The habit dear to bovine clay
(Including goats and such as they)
Of giving nourishment away.
The cauliflowers that used to sway
Beneath the breeze in blithe array
(I bought the seed in early May
From Smithers of St. Mary Cray)
Show every symptom of decay;
And, though with nitrates and a spray
I down the nascent grub and slay
Innumerable slugs both black and gray
That through my early rhubarb stray,
They have, to my extreme dismay,
Rather the better of the fray.
Briefly, the rent has gone 'agley'!
It serves no purpose to bewray
The situation or inveigh
Or wear a face as sour as whey
When of misfortune you're the prey.
And so I simply ask a stay
Of execution. Say not 'nay'!"

THE SERVANT OF A SERVANT.

I MAY say at once that the unfortunate situation that has arisen in my aunt's household is not entirely owing to the War. As long ago as 1911 (Meek went to her in 1910) the ground was being prepared, the seed sown. The atmosphere created by the War has only ripened it more quickly. But I speak in riddles; I will tell you the whole story as simply as I can.

In 1910, as I say, Aunt Agatha engaged the services of Millicent Meek as maid. I suppose you would call it "confidential maid," for there seems to have been unlimited confidence. Confidence in Meek, I mean, both on the part of Aunt Agatha and also on the part of Meek herself. For my aunt soon found that Meek was an invaluable servant. Meek had known it from the first.

As time went on the confidence steadily increased. Meek became more and more valuable.

Then War broke out. You may remember that it was in August 1914. In November came the first bomb—or rather bombs. For in that month work began at the new Munitions Factory just outside the town.

"A great many girls are leaving their situations to go and work at munitions," said Meek.

She said this very quietly—Meek was always very quiet. She did not dance a war dance round the room; she was not that sort of person, you understand. But her remark was something of a challenge for all that. At any rate, Aunt Agatha must have taken it as such, for she had the morning-room re-decorated and turned into a sewing-room for Meek. The old sewing-room had a North aspect and Meek had a weak chest. Or so Aunt Agatha told me.

Things went on all right for a while, until that unfortunate article in *Home Twitter* about women on the land.

The idea of Meek on the land was too silly, of course. She would have been off the land in half an hour. But the day after she had read the article she said very quietly to Aunt Agatha, "A great many girls are leaving their situations to go and work on the farms."

Aunt Agatha bought a gramophone for the sewing-room and a more comfortable chair. She also ordered *The Daily Scale* for the sewing-room. As she had never had any paper except *The Morning Host* herself you can see how far things had gone.

Then came the fruit-picking season. Aunt Agatha will never forgive Aunt Janet for talking about woman fruit-



Officer. "WHAT'S THAT IN THE DITCH?"

Tommy. "PRIVATE 'IGGINBOTTOM, SIR."

Officer. "WHAT'S HE DOING THERE? WHY DON'T YOU HELP HIM OUT?"

Tommy. "WELL, SIR, WOULDN'T THAT BE A SOFT THING TO DO, SEEING AS 'OW I'VE JUST PUT 'IM IN?"

pickers while Meek was in the room, for that evening Meek said, "A great many girls are leaving their situations to go fruit-picking."

Aunt Agatha might have retorted that Meek was quite knocked up through picking a few strawberries—a sort of pick-three-and-eat-two affair—the year before. But instead of that she bought Meek a parrot—she is fond of parrots. I mean Meek is, of course; Aunt Agatha dislikes them intensely. And she gave her a gramophone record which she had resolutely refused her up till then. It was "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Aunt Agatha's is a badly built house and the walls are thin, and "Keep the Home Fires Burning," with parrot obbligato, necessitates a temporary evacuation of the drawing-room.

That is the position up to date.

Aunt Janet prophesies that one of these days a great many girls will be leaving their situations to go as post-men, and that Meek will then have a pony-trap and an ermine stole. But then Aunt Janet is still smarting under the rebuke she suffered for the fruit-picking indiscretion.

TO A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

(From a Home Crock.)

Oh! empty is the sleeve, the khaki shade
Lit by the glinting line of golden braid.
Your cheerful courage puts us all to
shame;

You merely "did your bit." Yet all
the same

I ask you as a comrade to believe,
Though you don't wear *your* heart upon
your sleeve,

That when I see the narrow golden line
There always is a heart upon it—*mine!*

From Army Council Orders:—

"Issue of Powder Puffs to Royal Flying Corps units. Approval is given for the issue of 2,000 powder puffs per wing per month to R.F.C. units."

Applied to the feathers, we understand that the powder puff is very soothing. At the same time the allowance of 2,000 per wing seems excessive.

"ENEMY INFLUENCE COMMITTEE."

Heading in "The Times."

We are sorry to hear this.

A Modest Claim.

"It will be seen, therefore, that we have not only made it possible for our regular Ministry to join the Forces, but we have cut off the supply of our Ministry in the immediate future in the interests of the Nation at large."—*Methodist Recorder*.

"A *Morning Post* dispatch from Stockholm says a sea-fight has taken place between the Russian and German forces in the Gulf of Bothnia, near the Aland Islands. On account of the darkness and fog it was impossible from the Swiss coast to see the fighting clearly."

Canadian Paper.

The Alps, too, may have rather obstructed the view.

"Although secrecy is maintained at Mr. Morgan's office as to his plans, it is whispered in financial circles that he is going to float another British lion."

Montreal Daily Mail.

The German Navy thinks that one is quite enough, thank you!

"Lost, on Oct. 2nd, in Cowley Road, large black lady's veil."

Middlesex and Bucks Advertiser.

We sympathise with her distress. Still, a large white lady would perhaps have felt the loss even more.



Captain (to juvenile sportsman who has a sister in the smartest munition circles). "GARN! YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO PLAY FOOTBALL WITH US IN THEM BOOTS!"

AT THE TOMB OF ELIZABETH.

THERE lies a queen in Westminster's cool shade,
A mighty queen who ruled us long ago,
Who by repute could call a spade a spade
In ways to set our modern hearts aglow;
Who lived her life, supremely unafraid
Of anything on earth or down below,
And generally put the fear of death
In those whom she disliked—ELIZABETH.

She had her failings, be it not denied,
But she had royal virtues not a few;
The knave who thought to get on her blind side
Might think and think again till all was blue;
The foe that rose against her in his pride
Bit off a good deal more than he could chew;
And more especially the current Bosch
Found that his little systems didn't wash.

For at that spacious time, as in our days,
His gentle race came spreading o'er the land
To try in peace his penetrating ways
And teach us culture—his peculiar brand;
And ORIANA 'twas whose prescient gaze
Saw that the time had come to take a hand.
She did not haver, showed no sign of doubt
As to her views, but turned the whole lot out.

And her own land rose up and called her great.
And now above her kingly dust she lies,
Sculptured in stone, in robe of regal state,
Grim-jawed and with a nose of eagle size.
And there to-day I turned to meditate,
To think how frank she could be and how wise,

And how emphatically she was one
Too many for the enterprising Hun.

But ah, how great a wonder came to light!
Vainly to-day one seeks that marble queen.
Men have erected, 'twixt her and the sight,
A monstrous pile of sandbags for a screen
Against the clumsy Teuton of the night
Who drops his bombs upon a world unseen,
And, could he reach her with a lucky toss,
Would earn, for old times' sake, his Iron Cross.

One hopes that she may own the good intent,
Confess the prudence and accept the zeal;
It may be that the age-long compliment
Will in some fashion make its due appeal;
Yet oh, great Mistress, 'neath thy sandbags pent,
Thinking of what thou wast, one can but feel
What wealth of phrase, what turnings of disgust
Are stirred in thine indomitable dust! DUM-DUM.

Looking for Trouble.

"AGITATOR wanted, about 3 ft. 6 in. diameter, 5 ft. deep."
Manchester Guardian.

Two headlines in one column:—

"STOP OIL AND FAT FOR THE HUNS.
FIRM HOLD ON GREECE." *Daily Mail.*

Another score for "The paper that gets things done."

"At one depot alone no less a sum than £2,193 was taken. This included a cheque for £1,000 from an anonymous donor."

Pall Mall Gazette.

We understand that bankers—such is their quaint pedantry—sometimes object to cashing this kind of cheque.



THE CONQUEROR OF THE SMALLER NATIONS.

KAISER. "HIMMEL! I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO BE QUITE A LITTLE DOG!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MR. REDMOND INVITES THE BRITISH LION TO PERFORM AN OLD TRICK.

Tuesday, October 17th.—Speculation as to whether Mr. GINNELL could bring himself to apologise to an alien House of Commons in order to secure his return to the office of Chief Inquisitor at Westminster was set at rest to-day, when the PRIME MINISTER read a letter from the hon. Member regretting the conduct that led to his suspension, and moved that he should be reinstated. By way of signalling his restoration Mr. GINNELL handed in to the astonished clerks at the Table no fewer than thirty-nine questions—the fruits of his enforced leisure.

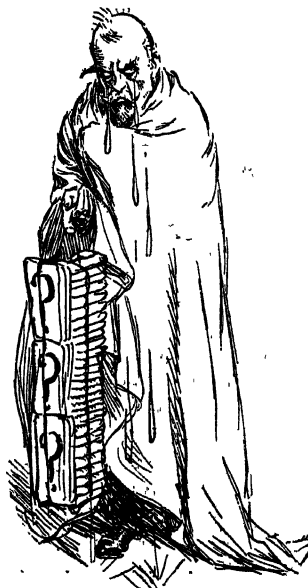
Unintentionally or otherwise—otherwise, I prefer to believe—Mr. G. N. BARNES did the Government and the country very good service this afternoon. He compressed into a short speech most of the vague and irresponsible complaints about food prices that have been filling certain newspapers for months past. Farmers were pouring milk down the sewers; a meat-ring was allowing bacon to rot rather than let the price go down; millers and bakers were making huge profits out of the pickings of the poor man's loaf. He welcomed the new Wheat Commission, but would like to see some consumers on it as well as experts. (Mr. BARNES is evidently under the impression that experts do not eat bread, but live entirely on statistics).

If his object was to put up an exaggerated case that could be easily knocked down he succeeded. Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT took up the cudgels for the farmers, and showed that the shortage of food was largely due to the recruiting of agricultural labourers, pleasantly remarking, with a glance at the Treasury Bench which he formerly

adorned, that it was much easier to find a substitute for a Cabinet Minister than for an experienced carter.

Mr. RUNCIMAN, in one of the best and clearest speeches he has ever made, then took up Mr. BARNES's allegations one by one, and showed that there was little or nothing in them. The chief causes of the rise in prices were the increase of the working-class demand, due to high wages, and the shortage of supplies due to the destruction and commandeering of ships. There had been no "exploitation" or "profiteering," so far as he knew, and it was the business of the Government to secure supplies, not to copy Germany's bread-cards. In his opinion, rationing was anything but rational; and the House appeared to agree with him.

Wednesday, October 18th.—The Irish Members of the present day are exhibiting much less of the national spirit than their predecessors of the PARNELL era. I cannot imagine the late Dr. TANNER, for example, complaining, as Mr. NUGENT did this afternoon, that some of his interned compatriots at Frongoch have to sleep in a distillery. At least his grievance, if any, would have been that it was a disused distillery. He would have liked one in full working order, where the prisoners could obtain comfort-



THE PENITENT'S OFFERING.

MR. GINNELL.

ing refreshment "oft in the stilly night."

I am afraid that along with their taste for whisky the Nationalists have lost something more valuable—their sense of humour. Otherwise they would hardly have invited the House of Commons to declare "that the system of government at present maintained in Ireland is inconsistent with the principles for which the Allies are fighting in Europe."

In its literal sense this is a platitude. The system of administration in Ireland is, and always has been, inconsistent with any settled principles whatsoever. But to propose such a motion at the present time is equivalent to affirming that Ireland is being treated by Great Britain as Belgium and Poland and Serbia have been treated by Germany.

Mr. REDMOND wisely made little or no attempt to prove this absurd thesis. Most of his speech was devoted to a catalogue of the blunders committed by the War Office in its dealings with Irish recruiting—blunders which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE freely admitted and promised as far as possible to amend.

So far the Nationalist leader had the House with him. But when, with the embers of the rebellion which he had failed to prevent still dangerously smouldering, he went on to demand that martial law should be withdrawn and the interned rebels be let loose in a Home-Ruled Ireland, he asked too much even of that amiable and trustful beast, the British Lion.

Mr. DUKE is not exactly a sparkling orator, but he said one thing which needed saying, namely, that Irishmen ought to work out a scheme of Home Rule for themselves, and lay it before Parliament, instead of expecting Englishmen to do their work for them and then complaining of the result.

In the division-lobby the Nationalists received the assistance of some forty or fifty British Members of the SIMON and TREVELYAN type, who supported the motion, I suspect, more out of hatred for the Coalition than of love for Ireland. But they were easily outvoted by British Home Rulers alone. I don't think that Mr. REDMOND will congratulate himself on having done a good day's work. The impression left by the debate was that the Nationalist Members had a good deal more sympathy with the Sinn Feiners than they had with the innocent victims of the rebellion. That may or may not help to revive their own popularity in Ireland; but it is hardly calculated to help the Home Rule cause in Great Britain or to fill the depleted ranks of the gallant Irish regiments with voluntary recruits.



"D'YE THINK THE FIGHTING 'LL BE OVER THIS YEAR, MRS. BRACKETT?"

"WELL, I DO, AN' I DON'T, AS THE SAYIN' IS. 'MY OLE BILL'S A GLUTTON WHEN 'E STARTS, AN' 'E'LL TAKE SOME STOPPIN' NOW 'E'S GOT THE LAW ON 'IS SIDE FOR ONST.'"

To-night, the Rhodes Estate Bill came up for second reading. Under the will of the South African Colossus fifteen of the scholarships established at Oxford University were reserved for German students nominated by the KAISER. The testator appears to have made this extension of his munificence in the childlike belief that it would render war between England and Germany impossible.

Some trouble on the Continent of Europe having made it inconvenient to fulfil this part of the trust, the trustees sought power to vary it, and divert the money from Germany to the British Empire. This seemed reasonable enough to everybody but Mr. JOSEPH KING, who saw in it only a mean

attempt to defraud the University that he formerly adorned. Lord HUGH CECIL, Oxford's Parliamentary Burgess, approved the Bill in principle, but thought that power should be given to the trustees to allocate the new scholarships to foreign countries, such as our present Allies. So it is possible that in the near future most roads will lead to Oxford, as in the Middle Ages.

According to Mr. ROOSEVELT, as quoted by *The Glasgow Evening News*:

"... the danger of war is ever creeping nearer because of the Pontius Pilot construction Mr. Wilson has put on the word neutrality."

We gather that the ex-PRESIDENT is in favour of "dropping the Pilot."

AT THE PLAY.

"HOME ON LEAVE."

Owen Fletcher, a handsome gunner-subaltern of uncertain age, home on short leave, decides to blue his accumulations at Cox's on giving his mother and sister and a *Mrs. Luscombe* a good time at the Ritz (private suite, all very gorgeous and dull). *Owen* ought to have married *Constance Luscombe*, but had been too slack. *Constance* returned *Owen's* love, but got bored with waiting for him to come to the point (as if sensible women didn't arrange these things themselves). *Constance* anyway was not the kind to let concealment and postponement feed on her damask cheek, and married *Luscombe*. An unpleasant creature this, with the cocaine habit. So she got deep in an affair with a resilient bounder, *Herbert Probyn*, who had a habit of betraying innocent wives, and, when asked to do the handsome thing and re-marry them, would always plead a (purely hypothetical) wife and children. He used, by the way, to do this at night-clubs as a sort of hobby, so that casual cocktail-consumers were able to say, "There he is, at it again, playing the wife and child card!" And *Owen*, who had once overheard this and observed the villain, couldn't think in the First Act where he had seen his face before. But of course it all comes back to him in the Second and Third.

To resume: *Probyn*, an impatient fellow where his desires are concerned, must needs come and press his disreputable suit on this very night of *Owen's* dinner-party at the Ritz. *Constance* puts it to him that it was not playing the game by *Owen*, still less by *Owen's* mother and sister. But *Probyn* was not the kind that sees this sort of thing. And *Constance* apparently was not the kind that sees that the kind that doesn't see is no good. Briefly, *Constance* is an ass, and couldn't even see that *Probyn* wasn't making anything like real love (Mr. JULIAN ROYCE gave this impression with considerable skill) even of the temporary kind; and when she understands what a nice boy "dear old O." is she wishes she wasn't in love with *Probyn*. But there it is! And Mr. KNOBLOCK's philosophical explanation of it all (through *Owen*, whose leave has been completely spoiled) is that "Three Blind Mice" is the summary of LIFE, and the Farmer's Wife with the knife always has the mice running after her, just asking for their

tails to be cut off. Behold, then, the newest form of the religion of pessimism.

But I haven't told you the full reason why our Sub. came to such a depressing conclusion. As he was sitting on the sofa in his private suite with *Constance*, and was bending over her hand and telling his innocent love, in walks her husband unannounced (an advertisement of doubtful value to the "most expensive hotel in London"!) and threatens to divorce *Constance*, with *Owen* as co-respondent. The gunner's only thought is for the dear woman's happiness. She must marry *Probyn*, who is sent for—and plays the wife-and-child card. And all ends, cheerfully with the prospect that by the time *Owen*

(the brains his mother credited him with and claimed herself were not apparent), but I thought he lost belief in his part at times towards the end. So did I. Mr. KNOBLOCK's *Constance* was, I think, a quite possible and interesting type, the woman who is led by her senses and feels half humbled—and half convinced that she is a very interesting person. But Miss MARIE LÖHR gave no least suggestion of all this. Her *Constance* was just incredible, however charming. And it was her business and her duty to her author to make it credible. But then she wouldn't have been so "sympathetic" a heroine. And we brutal English always adore that kind.

T.



Constance. "HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER, WERE T'OTHER DEAR CHARMER (NOT TO MENTION MY HUSBAND) AWAY."

<i>Francis Luscombe</i>	Mr. HIGNETT.
<i>Herbert Probyn</i>	Mr. JULIAN ROYCE.
<i>Constance Luscombe</i>	Miss MARIE LÖHR.
<i>Owen Fletcher</i>	Mr. DENNIS EADIE.

comes back on his next leave *Luscombe* will probably have drugged himself into his grave, and the re-united lovers will live happily ever after. Two blind mice at least!

Mr. KNOBLOCK has some happy lines and what I hope I may without flippancy call good wheezes; but he indulged himself, and worried us, with some rather dreadful *longueurs*. He made a very sweet thing of *Mrs. Fletcher* (and Miss MARY JERROLD made it sweeter and tenderer and altogether charming). His *Enid Fletcher*, the sister who found her fate in a ballooning sub-lieutenant of the R.N.V.R., was very skilfully used in the action, and the two characters found quite excellent interpreters in Miss STELLA JESSE and Mr. PERCEVAL CLARK. Mr. DENNIS EADIE evidently liked his gunner, who was a breezy, humorous, entirely delightful person

"SAMSON AND DELILAH."

To those who had never seen SAINT-SAËNS' opera, but were familiar with the record of Israel's Champion Heavy-weight, it was a bitter disappointment that the shearing of his chevelure did not take place in public. I hope I am not doing *Samson's* dresser an injustice when I say that the hero appeared to be wearing two wigs, of which the lower one seemed to invite detachment. It was a shock therefore to find that the operation had taken place in the privacy of *Delilah's* chamber (off) and that only the result was indicated when the lady emerged waving her trophy and singing "Come on! Philistines, 'tis done!"

Some of us, again, had built high hopes upon the spectacle of poor old "Agonistes" bringing down the house (the Aldwych as well as Dagon's). But here too we suffered disillusion, for we were made to share his blindness without its solace, the stage being thrown into utter darkness during the alleged execution of his sublime feat.

Thirdly, our natural prejudices were not consulted in the matter of *Delilah's* relations with *Samson*. In the view of SAINT-SAËNS she was not just a mercenary wanton, as we were led to believe, but was actuated by a patriotic and religious hostility to her lover, and had sinister designs upon him from the start. However Miss EDNA THORNTON was much too busy at first with her allurements to convey this fantastic motive.

The physique of Mr. FREDERICK BLAMEY, who played *Samson* with a fine middle chest (I assume it was his own), suggested quantity rather than quality, but until the fatal loss of his wig he was more than a match for the rather poor lot of Philistines which the management had drawn from the



Waitress (to Tommy home from the Somme). "HAS YOUR FRIEND BEEN WOUNDED?"
Tommy. "OH NO, MISS. HE CUT 'ISSELF SHAVING THIS MORNING."

ranks of the Ineligible. His facial expression, which had been of the most stolid, improved notably as soon as his eyes had been extinguished. With Miss THORNTON he gave a seductive rendering of the famous duet outside *Delilah's* place in the Valley of Sorek; and they both sang bravely against the tempestuous fury of the orchestra during the ensuing thunderstorm.

Mr. FREDERIC AUSTIN, who played the *High Priest of Gaza*, has a pleasant voice, but he permitted himself to indulge in a tremolo with such a range of vibration that I could not always tell within two or three notes what he was after. I preferred the very profound and sonorous basso of Mr. NORMAN ALLIN as an almost incredibly *Aged Hebrew*. The chorus sang with intelligence; and one of the dances of the Philistine maidens in the Temple of Dagon, though it lacked perfect precision, was done with far more spirit than we have

learned to expect from Grand Opera as we know it at the Garden.

I understand that Sir THOMAS

BEECHAM has promised to give us several weeks of Opera at the Aldwych if we prove in the first week that we want them. From the size and sympathetic behaviour of the audience at the repetition of *Samson and Delilah* on the third night of his test I judge hopefully that he will be encouraged to proceed with his good work.

O. S.

"We are now to all appearance leaving Saily entirely to our Ally."

Scotsman.

But we must resist the temptation to make a song about it.

From a memoir of King OTTO of Bavaria:—

"Both parents were persons of high character—the father, King Max II., an anæsthetic filled with admiration for literature, art, and the sciences."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

"What our American cousins would call a "bromide."



THE JUDGMENT OF SAMSON.

<i>Delilah</i>	MISS EDNA THORNTON.
<i>Samson</i>	MR. FREDERICK BLANEY.
<i>Aged Hebrew</i>	MR. NORMAN ALLIN.

ANIMAL DUELS.

OWING to some unaccountable reason a batch of letters which, by their contents, seem obviously intended for our esteemed contemporary, *The Spectator*, have reached us, all prompted by the recent strange occurrence at the Zoological Park, Corstorphine, Midlothian. It appears (we learn from the Press) that a sea-lion escaped from its pool, climbed over the parapet of an adjoining pool and dropped amongst two Polar bears. "The intruder was savagely attacked, and for some minutes was unequal to the fight, which raged fiercely till the attendants succeeded in driving off the bears and rescuing the sea-lion in an exhausted condition. All the combatants came in for severe mauling."

With this brief foreword we subjoin the letters, which speak for themselves:—

THE BEGUM'S GIFT.

Gullane, N.B.

SIR,—When I was visiting the Andaman Islands in the early "nineties" the Zoological Gardens had lately been enriched by the acquisition of a magnificent Bombay duck, the gift of the Begum of Bhopal. One morning this splendid creature unfortunately escaped from its cage and, frustrating all the attempts of the attendants to capture it, flew into a large compound tenanted by a covey of yaks. The results were disastrous, for the yaks were paralysed by the sight of the intruder and fell an easy prey to its powerful beak and claws. Seven perished in the *mêlée*, and it was only by the heroism of one of the attendants, who succeeded in throwing a large sheet covered with glue over the infuriated bird, that the remainder were rescued from annihilation. I am told that the Begum never quite got over the news, and fell into a state of melancholia from which she could only be aroused by injections of lycopodium.

I am, Sir, yours duly,
AMORY BILGER.

A SCILLY STORY.

Steep Hill, Wapping.

SIR,—The strange incident at Corstorphine reminds me of a somewhat similar encounter of which I was a spectator while fishing for pilchard off the Scilly Islands in June, 1879. A

shoal of porpoises had been gambolling about in our neighbourhood, when suddenly a large bird, which my boatman identified as an albatross, swooped down and, plunging its talons into the leader of the shoal, lifted it bodily into the air, dropped it with a resounding splash, and proceeded to repeat the operation several times, during which the porpoise emitted loud squeals like those of a pig. It was a terrifying spectacle, and we were greatly relieved when the albatross, wearying of its pastime, majestically soared up into the empyrean. A full report of the incident subsequently appeared in *The Scilly Gazette*.

I am, Sir, and propose to remain,
Yours cordially,
JASPER LEGGE PULLEN.

Trusting that you will find space for this piece of family history, which has not yet been made public,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
CASSANDRA LONG BOWMAN.

BABOON AND GORILLA.

Rougemont, Lunéville.

SIR,—When I was an undergraduate at Balliol in the late "sixties," I spent part of one long vacation in Ross-shire with my great friend—now, alas! no more—Hector Annan Nyass, a brilliant Scotsman whose ancestors had been pioneers in Nyassaland, with which he kept up a close connection. After one of his visits to Central Africa he brought back a large baboon, the most gifted member of this species with which I have ever been acquainted.

Baboons, it is well known, act as railway porters in South Africa, and a movement is, I believe, now on foot to confer on them a limited franchise. Certainly Pong Cham Binny—for that was the name of Annan's friend—deserved the rights of full citizenship. He used to wait at table and was an expert gillie and beater. It was in this latter capacity that he was engaged at the time of the incident of which I was a witness in October, 1867. We were stalking capercaillie, when an enormous gorilla, which had escaped from a travelling menagerie at Inverness, suddenly hove in sight and made straight for Cham.

There is, as all naturalists are aware, an hereditary feud between baboons and gorillas, and before any of us could intervene the two had grappled in a deadly conflict. As a last resource Annan fired his rifle at the gorilla, but the bullet unhappily penetrated both combatants and both succumbed to their wounds. What made the tragedy doubly distressing was the fact that Jowett had that very day written to Annan to say that he was prepared to accept Pong Cham Binny as a candidate for matriculation next term.

I am, Sir, etc., yours truthfully,
LEMUEL LONGMIRE.

Extract from letter of housemaid applying for situation:—

"Accustomed to take charge of the linen and of the Church of England."

Just the person to settle the Vestments controversy.



THE SPECIALIST.

First Soldier. "WHAT BEATS ME IS HOW THEY MANAGE TO CARRY ON THE COMMERCE OF THE COUNTRY."

Second Soldier (ex-gardener). "AH, IT'S TERRIBLE. WHY, WHEN I WAS HOME ON LEAVE I NOTICED ON SOME OF THE LAWNS THE GRASS WAS THAT HIGH."

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.

Horse Marine Parade, Yarmouth.

SIR,—My grandfather, a man of the most scrupulous veracity, used often to tell us of an extraordinary occurrence which he witnessed when serving as a ship's surgeon on a Dundee whaler off the coast of Greenland. A semi-extinct mammoth, which was basking in the sun on the beach, was suddenly attacked by a gigantic porbeagle, and before it could rally its forces was dragged into the sea and devoured. The porbeagle was afterwards harpooned by the crew of the whaler, and its skeleton, with the mammoth's inside it, is one of the choicest heirlooms in our family. I may mention as a strange coincidence that my grandfather was himself partially devoured by a huge land-crab in the Ozokerit Islands, where he held the post of Fisheries Inspector until the locality was submerged by a tidal wave.



Wounded Soldier (seeing hunting for the first time). "WOT'S UP NOW, BILLY? GAS ALARM?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES, still seizing occasion as it flies, has now followed up her success in *Good Old Anna* with another War-story, called *Lilla: A Part of Her Life* (HUTCHINSON). Amongst other attractions, it is notable as presenting the first employment of Count ZEPPELIN as a matrimonial agent. Certainly, if one of his gasbags had not come and brooded over the train in which *Lilla* and *Carteret* were travelling as entire strangers, they would never have climbed out of it together and enjoyed a heart-to-heart talk in the darkness of a midnight hayfield, or followed up this introduction by friendship and eventual marriage. Not that in the long run they had any real cause for gratitude towards the frightful Count, since, unfortunately, their union had been effected in defiance of that great law of fiction which ordains that a husband reported missing in the first chapter shall inevitably turn up before the last. I am bound to add, however, that when this happens Mrs. LOWNDES manages the resulting triangle with great sincerity and truth. Perhaps I felt that the national disaster that she uses (how, I need not say) to resolve the situation was still too fresh and poignant to be altogether suitable for such employment; but it is only fair to admit that her handling of it is reticent and free from melodrama. So *Lilla* is left free to return to her *de jure* husband (though we are not told whether she exercises the option), and for her own sake I can only hope that the remainder of her life will be less emotionally crowded.

Soldier and Dramatist (LANE) is a volume of War-letters whose interest depends less on their matter than on the personality of the writer. Their sub-title is, "The Letters of Harold Chapin, American Citizen, who died for England at Loos on September 26th, 1915." Prefixed to them are two short appreciations of HAROLD CHAPIN: as himself by SIDNEY DARK, and as dramatist by WILLIAM ARCHER. From the whole one gathers an impression, at once sad and stimulating, of a brave gentleman whom some remember as a friend of extraordinary personal charm, and all who are concerned with the art of the theatre regret as one from whom they looked to see work of increasing power and beauty. The letters themselves, almost all of them to his wife and little son, are just what those who knew the writer would expect—graceful and humorous notes filled with courage and tenderness. It must, one thinks, have asked for some sacrifice on the part of her to whom they are chiefly addressed, thus to share them with the world. Her reward is that no one will read them without an increased regard for one whom Mr. DARK calls "a splendid friend because of his gift of understanding," and Mr. ARCHER "a spirit bounteously endowed with thought, observation, humour, craftsmanship." These two sayings serve as a measure of our loss, public and private.

Mr. ARTHUR RUHL, after having seen many aspects of the War in the exercise of his prerogative as an American journalist, presents his preconsidered judgment in *From Antwerp to Gallipoli* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), a title that suggests the extent of his wanderings. Not that he would have his transatlantic readers conclude that he is delivering

any verdict at all; but, having been at or near the Front with the armies of five nations, he makes, so he would have them believe, an impartial statement in respect of the things he has seen. His impartiality is, in fact, so great that he has little but praise to offer, and as most of his experience was with the German, Austrian and Turkish forces the bulk of his good opinion is naturally awarded to them. The British and Russian authorities do not appear to have offered him much hospitality, but he was in Belgium and France long enough to be able to create, he hopes, in his first few chapters an impression of fairness towards our Allies that shall lend weight to his later praise of our enemies. His vividly-written descriptive pages would gently persuade one to the belief that, while all soldiers are brave, this is truest perhaps of the Austrians; that, while all armies are well organised, certainly the Turks are second to none in this respect; that, whereas all countries and their fighting men are lofty-minded and chivalrous, undoubtedly in these desirable qualities the Germans bear away the palm. All this pleasant appreciation goes well up to a certain point, and may, one supposes, appeal to those hyphenated ones who have never desired to realise the meaning of Louvain or Armenia or the *Lusitania*. These and the myriad kindred records by which history will judge the Huns, Mr. RUHL, I need hardly say, passes by in absolute silence.

If things go on as at present, I foresee that the early days of the War will have to be strictly preserved against our novelists. Already there are signs that those troubled waters are becoming somewhat overfished. And now comes Mr. JOHN OXENHAM with a story all about nothing else, and entitled comprehensively "1914" (METHUEN). It is a good story too, and one of which a great part reads as if founded upon the writer's own fortunes. I mean the difficulties of *Ray* and *Lois* when stranded without money in Switzerland during the black August. *Lois*, you see, had been studying music in Germany and, when the state of the world became critical, *Ray*, who was informally engaged to her, rushed out to bring her home. Which he would have done with less difficulty had he not lost his purse and almost all his money *en route*. Thenceforward of course the position of the pair became precarious; so much so that before the end they had to get married as a simple measure of economy in rent. The other portion of the book deals with the worries of the characters left at home during the same time. Because it is human nature to like no reading so much as that about things which we already know, this record, which many of us can match from personal experience, is sure of its interest. It conveys especially well the reluctance with which in those early days Englishmen were forced to abandon the myth of German humanity and civilisation. There is a pathetic irony in that now.



Wounded Soldier (seeing a body-shield in shop window). "No, I DON'T THINK MUCH O' THEM THINGS. A MATE O' MINE 'AD ONE AND A BIT O' SHRAPNEL, GLANCED OFF IT AND CAUGHT ME IN THE ARM."

Mr. HERBERT JENKINS, author and publisher of *Bindle*, is also, on broad lines, a humourist. The only complaint I have really to make against his book is its title. *Bindle* might apply to anything from a Tank to a pet poodle, and I feel that the queer old ruffian whose efforts to amuse the world are here set forth deserved a more distinctive name. In private life *Bindle* was a furniture-remover when he was anything, but as far as we are concerned he spent most of his time in the execution of colossal practical jokes. These are in their way diverting enough, for if Mr. JENKINS is not very fertile in inventing novel tortures for troublesome people he certainly works the old ones for all they are worth. When *Bindle* was binding he never allowed his victims a dull moment, but it was rather in his leisure hours that I personally felt on terms of intimate friendship with him. Then he had a most pungently humorous way of expressing himself, and his conversations both with his wife and his unctuous brother-in-law made me gurggle quietly and continuously. It was perhaps a pity to let him do so much that is old when he could say so much that is new.

Russian Chaps (LANE) is one of an excellent series which serves to explain the soldier folk of the Allies to each other and to non-combatants. Mrs. LETHBRIDGE knows her Russia, and if she has chosen the method of fiction to make her points she has at least the excuse that she is likely to get more converts that way. But it is fiction founded on fact pretty closely, I should judge. The tale of *George Thomas Green*, who fought for Russia as his sweetheart, and saw the white horse of SKOBELEFF, may perhaps have grown from some hint

of an Englishman exiled in Russia by business, who on the great day of the opening of war felt that he cared enough for his kindly hostess to fight in the ranks of her army. *Ivan* is idealised as we idealise our Tommy, but it isn't open to doubt that the real thing is better than the ikon. A particularly jolly and vigorous drawing by HELEN MCKIE graces the wrapper. But the text paper—a dubious grey—looks rather like overdoing war economy.

A well-known advertiser describes himself on his note-paper as "Physical Culture Adviser to H.M. the King of Greece." Please note the word "Physical." Tino gets his Moral Kultur from quite a different shop.

"The only way a man can win an argument with his wife is to slam the door and stay out."—*British Citizen*, October 7th.

"The only way a man can win an argument with his wife is to slam the door and stay out."—*British Citizen*, October 14th.

We are now waiting for some kind friend to send us our contemporary's issue for October 21st so that we may ascertain if it is still of the same opinion.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Bishop of LONDON's statement that he could make a speech on behalf of hospitals in his sleep has greatly interested a certain miser of our acquaintance, who says that under similar conditions he is sure he could make a liberal contribution to the Bishop's Diocesan Fund. * *

In consequence of a scarcity of soap, Hanoverian barbers have appealed to their customers to content themselves with one shave a week, permitting their beards to grow during the rest of the week "for the honour of Germany." They omitted, strangely enough, to add that a beard might serve as the repository of a considerable amount of sustaining food which could be removed for the benefit of the owner when he makes his weekly visit to the barber. * *

The Post Office announces that the Parcels Post to "the territory formerly known as German South-West Africa" has been re-established. Surely it is just this sort of intemperate language that hampers the careful diplomacy of those entrusted with the guidance of foreign affairs. * *

A lion-keeper of a local Zoo applied for exemption on the ground that, if he were compelled to serve, some inexperienced substitute might leave the door open and let the lion out. The tribunal decided to risk it, and invited the keeper to join the British Lion now loose at the Front. * *

According to the *Burgerzeitung* (Bremen), Germany should be content, when the Allies seek peace of her, with the establishment of German influence from Constantinople to Kiao Chau. The more truculent Pan-Germans of course still demand that it shall go right round the earth. * *

"Evidently," says a writer in *The Daily Mail*, "a good many women are investing not as they should in War Loan but in skins." If it comes to that we know a good many men who seem to be taking an uncommon interest in the same thing. * *

The chief difficulty with those who establish Training Schools for Milk-

is that as soon as the pupils have acquired a rudimentary idea of milking they return to the cities and set up as Government contractors. * *

A correspondent of one of our morning contemporaries complains that on the City telephones the comparatively courteous "Are you there?" is rapidly being replaced by the brusquer Transatlantic "Hello." The change is possibly due to the fact that a good many subscribers have no business to be there in war-time. * *

Speaking of the "Blond Eskimos,"

each wife in excess of one, are now understood to be considering Victoria Land as a suitable field for emigration. * *

An order of the British Admiralty has just been issued providing that, under certain conditions, officers and men "employed in connection with booms" shall be paid "hard lying money." We understand that Major DEUTELMOSE, who has resumed control of the German Press Bureau, is already urging irrefutable claims to a similar allowance. * *

There is no truth in the rumour that

a number of persons who have been in the habit of sleeping under Waterloo Bridge have been given notice to quit as the premises are required by the Ministry of Munitions. * *

The German Association for the Destruction of England has decided, owing to the changed political situation, to give up its "difficult work." The recent order prohibiting the export of pianos from Germany is only one example of the difficulties which have been encountered. * *

A morning contemporary informs us that there is a monkey at the Zoo who remembers the Battle of Jutland. There is nothing out of the way in this feat of nautical memory on the part of a wild animal. The same story is told of Admiral TIRPITZ, for one. * *

The recent visit of an enemy seaplane to Sheerness

seems to have caused a general immersion, from which, fortunately, no colds resulted. Our authority is *The Daily Chronicle*, which says: "Many of the inhabitants went down to the station to see the effect of the bomb that had exploded near there. The others dropped harmlessly in the harbour." * *

"That the Western Front guns are distinctly heard in Paris on certain nights is no longer looked upon as an auricular fallacy. One of the most interesting experiments is to fill a glass with water, place same on the ground and watch the rippling of the liquid, accompanied by a dull report, as each big cannon is fired some sixty miles distant."

If this is the effect on a glass of water what would a glass of champagne do? Bubble and squeak?



THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

Railway Amazon. "Excuse me, MAM, BUT IS MY BOX ON STRAIGHT?"

whom he describes as "a race who view murder as a harmless eccentricity," Mr. GEORGE H. WILKINS, who has just returned from taking part in the STEFANSSON Arctic Expedition, declares that the origin of this remarkable tribe is still a mystery. In this, of course, they differ from a certain tribe of Blond Beasts whose origin was no mystery to NIETZSCHE. * *

According to the social code of Victoria Land, the number of a man's wives is limited only by his capacity to support them, and the regular price of a wife is a rifle or twelve months' hard labour in the service of her family. Numbers of British pluralists, who have been discouraged by our own tariff of several years' hard labour for

AS YOU WERE!

[LITTLE WILLIE writes to FATHER from a remote suburb of Verdun.]

FATHER, it seems but yesterday
That I was talking through my hat
Of how I loathed this wicked fray
(You know the kind of hot-air chat;
One poignant phrase—"O, what a pity!"—
Greatly impressed the New York Peace Committee).

Well, certain things have since occurred
Which make my spoof of Peace and Love
Seem like the utterance of a bird
Of evil omen, not a dove;
One lets the truth at times escape,
By inadvertence, in a humorous shape.

For now, to my complete surprise,
These Frenchmen by a sudden swoop
(Father, I know you'll sympathise)
Have put your WILLIE in the soup;
It took them just a day to spoil
The fruit of months and months of steady toil.

My cannon-fodder fell like grain;
That's nothing; what I cannot stand
Is this, that I, with all my brain,
Must needs obey the foe's command,
"Huns! As you were!" and here I am
Just where I was last Spring. O, Father, ———!
O. S.

HORROCKS AND HÉLÈNE.

SOME day, when Tommy picks up his kit and says good-bye to France, many hearts will be the sadder, but nobody, I think, will miss him so much as the children. Tommy, with his mouth-organ, his cheery songs and his droll efforts at French, has won a sure place in the affection of France's boys and girls, and none more than Private Horrocks, R.H.A., who is as fond of a romp with them as he is of a hand-to-hand scrap with a brace of Huns, which is saying a lot. Go into an *estaminet* any night of the week when he is back from the line and you will probably find him sitting at a table with a youngster on his knee, the pair of them executing the *Marseillaise* with marvellous accuracy on a massed band of two mouth-organs. Little eight-year-old Hélène of the *Coq d'Or* is his prime favourite. A never-ageing joke between the two is for Horrocks to pick her up under his arm and inquire of her mother in stentorian tones, "Combien pour cette enfant, madame?" whereupon that smiling lady invariably replies, "Cinq francs—peut-être," which latter word, he explains to a friend less acquainted with the language than himself, may be roughly represented by the English "I don't think."

Once when he was whiling away a few minutes in the *Coq d'Or* a batch of German prisoners was marched by *en route* for road-mending at the other end of the village. Madame was the first to see them outside and immediately became an altered woman. Rushing to the window, she leaned out and shook her fist at them. "Regardez," she cried angrily—"regardez les Boches qui passent! À bas le KAISER! À bas les sales Boches!" Horrocks picked up his ally and strolled to the window with her. "Oui, regardez les 'Uns," he said, smiling amiably, and threw out a cigarette to an especially dejected-looking member of the party. Madame turned on him like lightning. "Vous Tommees êtes beaucoup trop sympathiques," she said severely; whereupon Hélène, wishing to re-establish the *entente* between them, murmured sadly, "Oh, regardez les pauvres sales Boches!"

On Sundays, Hélène and her mother don the big black hats and crêpe veils so beloved by the country women of France, and go to church. At these times Horrocks refuses to enter the *estaminet* until his hostess and her daughter are once more dressed in their simple print again. "Pourquoi n'allez-vous jamais à la messe?" I heard Hélène ask him once on her return from church. "Moi, non bon," replied Horrocks. "Vous allez à la messe pour vous et pour moi aussi."

One day she fell very ill. The regimental doctor, taken to the *Coq d'Or* by the almost frantic gunner, could give small comfort. Hélène was suffering from pneumonia, said the M.O.; it would be some time before the crisis, and he was quite unable to say if she would recover. During the next few days I think everyone went out of his way to be kind to Horrocks. From the C.O. downwards they all liked him, and they all knew of the attachment existing between the big fellow and the little girl. And so everybody was pleased when one afternoon the M.O. met him in the *place* and said that Hélène was going to live and that she wanted to see him. Later on I passed him grooming his horse at evening stables. He was rather more red in the face than usual and, contrary to his usual custom, had not a word to say to anyone. After dinner that night, on my way back from the mess I noticed that the church windows were lit up with unwonted brilliance, and as I passed the door an English soldier came hurriedly out. It was Horrocks. "Whatever are you doing here?" I asked, considerably astonished, for I well knew how loth he always was to attend even a compulsory Church parade. For just a moment Horrocks looked a trifle uncomfortable, then, "In these 'ere parts, Sir," he began earnestly, "when a bloke's got somethink to be 'appy about 'e goes and lights a candle in the church. They all does it. I seen Hélène done it when 'er brother come back safe from Verdun, and she done it agin when their cow got over the noomonie. I ain't a church-goin' cove, but I reckon when a fellow feels as 'appy as me 'e's got to do somethink or 'e'll bust."

"So you've been lighting a candle in the church?" I ventured.

"Candle?" he said scornfully. "Three 'ole packets from the *épicerie*, to say nothink of six stumps out of the orderly-room. It's a rum way of showin' 'ow pleased a bloke feels, ain't it, Sir? But they all does it out 'ere, and me 'eart was that warm I 'ad to go and do the same."

And although next day the village *curé*, kindly old man, very mildly remonstrated with him I could not help feeling that in his own particular way Private Horrocks had done well.

Les Grands Esprits se Rencontrent.

Mr. BLATCHFORD in *The Sunday Chronicle*:—

"Our Army at Mons, consisting of less than 80,000 men with less than 300 guns, did hold its position and repulse with heavy losses a German army of 187,000 men with 690 guns."

Sir John French's 80,000 contemptibles were attacked on the left by 62,000 men with 250 guns, on the right by 250,000 men with 920 guns, and in front by 250,000 men with 920 guns, besides being exposed to attack on the right rear from another army of 250,000 men with 920 guns."

The Government and the bulk of the British people expected that handful of British soldiers to defeat the German army of ten millions."

As *Falstaff* said:—

"Four rogues in buckram let drive at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus."

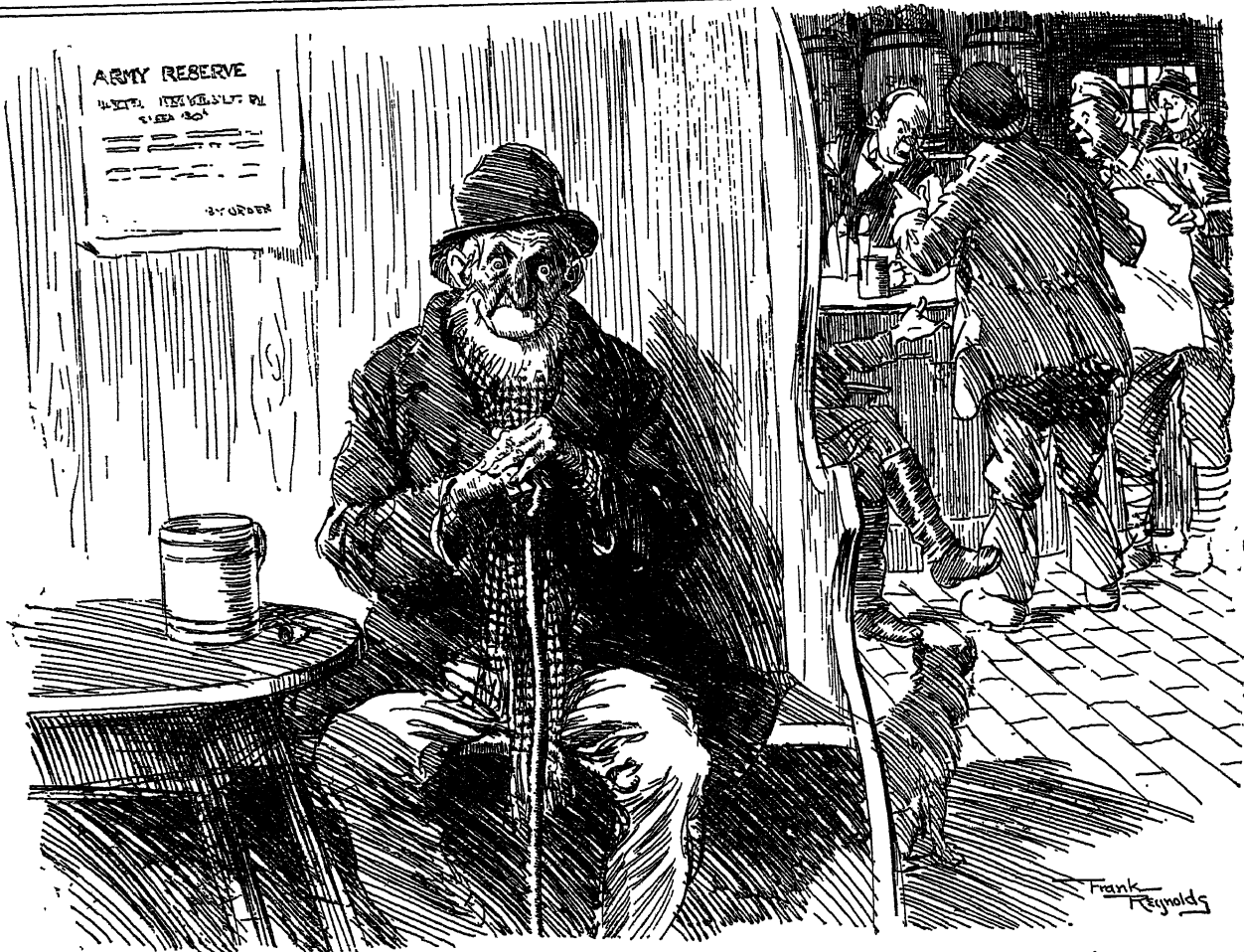
These nine in buckram that I told thee of began to give me ground; but I followed close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid."



A STRAIN ON THE AFFECTIONS.

NORWEGIAN (to Swede). "WHAT—YOU HERE, TOO? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A FRIEND OF GERMANY?"

SWEDE. "I WAS."



Village Misanthrope (much bored with discussion at the bar). "LORDY! 'TIS ALWAYS ZUM VULISHNESS. FIRST 'TIS ALL FOOTBALL, AND NOW THIS YERE WAR BE ALL THE GO!"

COMPULSORY MINISTERIAL SERVICE.

(From our Athens Correspondent.)

KING CONSTANTINE's most interesting departure in making up a Cabinet of University Professors has been hailed by those in the inner circles here as a master-stroke. It is pointed out that this is a war of attrition. Some of the belligerents are already on the verge of exhaustion in regard to men or guns or petrol or some other necessity. Greece alone (although not exactly a belligerent—rather to be regarded perhaps as a belligeree) is faced with a shortage of Ministers. And now at one stroke CONSTANTINE has tapped a whole field of new reserves—enough, it is hoped, to keep the Government at full strength (allowing for the normal rate of wastage) for many months to come.

The thing is simply a judicious extension of the process of combing-out, following naturally upon the recent Ministerial Service Bill. It is recognised now that exemptions have been too freely given in the past to anyone who could prove that he was doing anything whatever that was of the slightest service to the community.

And the offer of gold stripes—one for each Cabinet Meeting—to those who have already served had not proved a sufficient attraction. It should be explained in this connection that the rumour that Mr. LAMBROS and his associates were brought in by means of a "round-up" should be contradicted. I have myself spoken to Mr. LAMBROS, and he has assured me that it was not so. It was bad luck, perhaps—so much he would admit—but they were one and all prepared to do their bit. Altogether the situation is much easier, and satisfaction is felt that the divisions—in the Cabinet—will be kept up to strength.

Still there are indications that trouble is brewing in some quarters. The resignation lists show no signs of growing smaller, and it is necessary to look ahead. Certain critics of the Government are pressing for what is called (in the phrase of the day) Equality of Sacrifice. We are all grateful to the University, they argue, but this field of recruitment has done its share. The honour must go round, and the only fair way is to insist that each trade and profession should furnish its quota in

succession. Let us take the doctors next, then the barristers and the chartered accountants, and so on.

Plausible as it is, there is fear that this line of argument will lead to Labour troubles. It is bound to entail the unbadging of trade-unionists. There was an ominous meeting of the dockers last night, who carried a resolution in favour of a general strike if any of their members are pressed into Cabinet service. There are plenty of shirkers still to be found in the *cafés*, they say.

Finally, the conscientious objectors are not to be ignored. It is a striking sign of the times that in a leading music-hall last night a scene of great enthusiasm greeted a new topical song, "I didn't raise my Son to be a Statesman." The song was instantly suppressed.

However, this is not a time for misgiving. The new Cabinet has had a fine send-off, and the University has undertaken to keep their places open for them, even if it should prove necessary to extend the Autumn vacation till their return.

It is not at the moment considered politically expedient to apply Cabinet compulsion to the Island of Crete.



Nervous Subaltern (in the trenches for the first time). "Oh, excuse me! Is this the way to the War?"

GUIDE TO INCOME-TAX.

WAR PROFITS SIMPLIFIED.

UNDER these Regulations the word "earned" will be taken as meaning "received." Thus, soldiers will pay income-tax on their arrears of pay in advance; if a man is owed a pension for the Crimean War, his grandchildren in the event of his decease before payment will be liable for the full tax. A wife will pay on her separation allowance, whether she ever gets it or not.

A soldier marrying so as to secure the separation allowance will be charged under the head of "war profits," but the cost of the marriage licence may be reckoned as a business expense.

Should the income-tax exceed the total amount of income, relief may be granted, the difference being carried over at five per cent., should the taxpayer be wholly destitute, and paid at the close of the War.

Residence in a workhouse will not necessarily be taken as evidence of want of means, and the taxpayer's board and

lodging, while resident there, will be added to his taxable income.

In applying for repayment of income-tax it should be remembered that under income-tax law a man is assumed to be guilty until he has proved himself innocent. Applicants will be tried at the Old Bailey in rotation; they must deposit £50 as security, repayable on acquittal.

Where there is no income the first £130 is exempt.

"Excess Profits" include profits likely to accrue should the War take a favourable turn, or which would have resulted if there had been peace, or probable through the holding of shares in any businesses which may benefit after the War by the removal of German competition. Nothing will be recognised as coming under the head of "War Losses."

The decision of the income-tax surveyor is final, and the lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. Arguing with the surveyor is a criminal offence under the Defence of the Realm Act.

The period for studying and under-

standing the income-tax repayment form is limited to six months. Applications must be restricted to twenty-five foolscap pages.

Explanatory Note.—If the pre-war standard of profits—in the case of a company largely or mainly owned by the directors—be proved to be ten per cent. in excess of the capital existing at the end of the last pre-war year, then the pre-war standard of profits shall be taken as ten per cent. on that capital, and where any capital has only commenced to be remunerative in the accounting period, an amount which would bring the interest earned up to the statutory percentage, as the case may be, shall be added to the pre-war standard of profits. [Obviously.—Ed.]

Another Army Clothing Mystery.

"SPECIAL Clearing Line—40 dozen Army Grey Cardigan Jackets; 2/11 each, 8/3 per dozen."—*Advertisement in Irish Paper.*

Lord ROTHERMERE should look into this.

"ARTIST wanted for lampshade painting; must be good."—*The Surrey Comet.*

"And let who will be clever."

MY BIT.

WHEN William Smithers (yet to be)
Climbs lightly to his granddad's knee
And grasps my whiskers white and hoary,
Demanding to be told a story,
He'll ask me, "Grandpa, were you one
Of those who bravely fought the Hun?
And did they run away from you?
And were you frightened? Tell me, do!"
"My child," I'll say, "although this chest,
In martial panoply compressed,
Yearned like the hungry tiger's for
Unmeasured gout's of German gore;
Though hour by hour I stood "on guard"
Till every limb was iron hard,
And staff instructors came in cabs
To gloat upon my points and jabs,
And mark the marrow-freezing glare
With which I whistled through the air;
Though with long practice I became
An expert at the killing game,
Destined to wade, or so they said,
Through driven heaps of German dead,
And, briefly, see the Big Push through
With private deeds of derring-do;
I never, strange enough to say,
Was present at the actual fray."
"Not fight?" the captious child will pout;
"Why, what can you have been about?"
And I shall have my answer pat:
"Dividing first from third class fat;
Presiding at the clothing store
And scrubbing down the washhouse floor;
Watching a thousand rations drawn
And mowing on the Colonel's lawn.
I was the man who baked and boiled
And kept the charger-loaders oiled,
Who swept the roads and sold the stamps
And lit the fires and cleaned the lamps,
Who taught the new recruits to drill
And drove to market with the swill,
Tended the sick, removed the dead
And made the Sergeant-Major's bed.
Who kept the Quartermaster's books
And combed the whiskers of the cooks?
Who typed the Colonel's business letters
And fed the Major's Gordon setters?
Who drove the transport to the trains
And sprinkled Condry in the drains?
Who paid T. A. his toll of jobs
And did a thousand other jobs,
All necessary, as you know,
To keep an army on the go?"
'Twas I, my child, and though a zest
For wholesale slaughter filled my breast,
Though I was ripe with fire and sword
To decimate the Prussian horde,
And do the coarse Bavarian in
By thrusting bayonets through his skin,
And plaster many a well-timed biff
Upon the Saxon's midmost riff,

They said that I was much too old
And bade me do as I was told.
And, when there came an end of strife,
And I retired to private life,
Unknown to fame I passed among
The cohorts of the Great Unsung,
Well pleased that I had done my bit
And thankful for the end of it."

CONRAD.

Conrad, musician, has for the last several months lived just opposite me—about two hundred and fifty yards away, I generally reckon, but what with one thing and another I have never actually stepped the distance. The road between us is very rough and unfinished, full of holes, and the traffic on it is almost exclusively confined to the night hours. It is at night, too, that Conrad generally plays. For the truth is—I'm afraid you must have guessed it—that the road we live on is called "No Man's Land." Yes, Conrad is a German, and the instrument on which he plays a machine-gun.

Ours is a very musical street at nights, but Conrad's touch is unmistakable. His repertoire may be small but his technique is masterly. True, I remember a rather breathless, shaken sentry suggesting, as he picked himself up, that the Master's methods were stereotyped; but even then there was more admiration than criticism in his tone.

It is rare, however, to find a sentry so detached in his attitude as to permit of an academic appreciation of Conrad. Sentries, you see, have to look over the top at night, and the top of our own particular little bit of parapet is Conrad's especial care. During the day, from his snug emplacement somewhere (but where, *exactly*?) in France, he trains his gun on to the top of our parapet, along a length of two or three hundred yards. As soon as darkness falls and the sentries are up, Conrad begins. He fires a little burst of fifteen shots or so, traversing—that is to say, sweeping—as he fires, and—

"Di-da-da-da-DAP."

There! That was Conrad! How do I know? Well, it is not easy to say, but we are all willing to stake our shirts on our ability to pick out Conrad's touch. And there is, of course, his method. Stereotyped, perhaps, as the jaded sentry said, but, after all, why alter what is perfect? He does not roam far afield—no, he is very faithful to "B" Company. He uses but little ammunition, seldom more than twenty rounds at a time. He does not fire very often—once in ten minutes, or fifteen. Sometimes he will even lie "doggo" for thirty or forty. Then

will come another little burst. That one just now, for instance, started about forty yards to our right and came towards us. The next one may—

"Di-da-da-da-DAP-DAP-DAP-da-da-da."

There! That was Conrad again, only this time he started a little to our left and passed over our heads in the middle of the *cadenza*, finishing up on our right. Impossible to say when the next burst will come, or which way it will travel. The only certain things are that it will not come till the fine edge of anticipation is a little blunted, and that the shots will be an inch above the parapet. That is all. Now you know Conrad's methods. You don't think there's anything very wonderful about them? My dear Sir, oblige me by stepping along to the right. We will visit "A" Company, and you shall hear Hustling Hans pouring his uninterrupted stream of lead over his favourite Bay No. 29. Or let us go to the left, right down to "D" Company, and listen to Wilhelm the Wasteful as his bullets plug the parapet or fly screaming and cracking three feet above it. Then you will perhaps begin to understand why the men of "B" Company regard themselves as the aesthetes of the battalion. They are accustomed to studying nightly with a great artist.

It was Lance-Corporal Coventry who first gave me an inkling of the pride with which Conrad is regarded by the Company. One evening this Corporal and I were engaged on a small task which required our presence on the more romantic side of the parapet. We were already as close to Mother Earth as dignity and the work we were doing permitted, when we were surprised by an unusually long movement from Conrad. Backwards and forwards he swept, dip-dapping, dip-dapping, "doing," as the Corporal afterwards put it, "doing the knife-trick something beautiful" above and around our now motionless and prostrate forms. Presently there was a lull. I cocked an eye at Lance-Corporal Coventry and saw his lips working. I heard a hoarse whisper. "He's a very clever man, Sir."

But it is the early morning that I like, for it is then that one seems to get nearer to Conrad the man. Things, it may be, have quieted down a little between two and four A.M. Conrad is sleeping. I like to think of his gun-team jealously contesting for the honour of oiling and caring for the Master's gun against the time when he will need it again. Happy boys, hand-servants of Art! And then, about four o'clock, there comes, or is infused, a



Hairdresser. "LOOK AT THE LOTS OF FIT YOUNG MEN WE SEE ABOUT WHO OUGHT TO BE IN THE ARMY. SLACKERS, I CALL 'EM. IT FAIRLY MAKES MY DANDRUFF RISE!"

feeling of alertness. It is the hour before the dawn, the hour when everybody attacks. (All the books are agreed on the point, with the result that nobody ever dares attack at this moment. However.) The desultory rifle-fire swells to a rattle; arms are grasped; eyes strain out into the blackness, which is turning to a hardly less opaque grey. And still Conrad is quiet. Yes, he has been called, and he has gone to sleep again. They will be calling him again presently and he will come out—I have pictured the scene so often!—grousing and swearing like a spoilt favourite of the concert-halls compelled to give an *encore* at a charity *matinée*. Very well, he will play just this once, but not again, mind! What will he play? The audience has been waiting twenty minutes, so will he please . . .

"Di-da-DAP-da-da-DAP-da-da-da-DAP-da-DAP-da-da."

Three times backwards and forwards, right up and down the keyboard. "Is that enough, curse them? Good night!"

I introduced Conrad as a German. As to his exact nationality there are, of course, different schools of thought. Some believe him to be a Prussian, but it is so rare to find a man at once Prussian and an artist that I think we may

ignore this opinion. Then there are those who hold him Saxon. I remember sharing this view myself one June evening when, rising heavily from the remains of a lovingly-chosen hamper arrived that afternoon, I waddled out of my dug-out into the serene and silver night. Murmuring a few lines from the "Songs of Innocence" I raised my eyes to the smiling, indulgent moon. How beautiful it was, how still! How petty the War! There, almost within a stone's-throw, were the enemy—men like myself, armed with ugly and expensive toys, beneath the same quiet sky, thinking the same gentle thoughts. How harmless they seemed, what good fellows—Saxons, yes, they must be peaceable Saxons, loving their wives and homes and children. Only Saxons. Miles of Saxons. The whole German army was Saxon. And then, were we not all brothers? I blew my nose. I seem to remember bending down to stroke a rat. . . . But the mass of evidence goes to show that Conrad is Bavarian, and thus it is we remember him, not as a brutal close-cropped Prussian nor as a blond phlegmatic Saxon, but as a—well, a Bavarian-looking kind of man. You know.

For, alas! he is only a memory.

For the last fortnight he has been silent, and feeble *élèves* hold his place. I cannot think him dead. Although I do not wish to add to the difficulties of our great offensive, I feel sure Conrad has gone to the Somme. For—yes, I must confess it—we are not on the Somme. Of what use to feel ashamed, to expect hourly a raid by the Metropolitan Police and a demand for exemption papers? The fact remains that troops such as we are still required to hold long stretches of the line now deservedly forgotten beside the great battle further south. But I ask my fellow-soldiers on the Somme—has anybody there seen (or heard) Conrad?

Our Spoilt Pets.

"For Sale—Good Dog. Will eat anything; very fond of children."

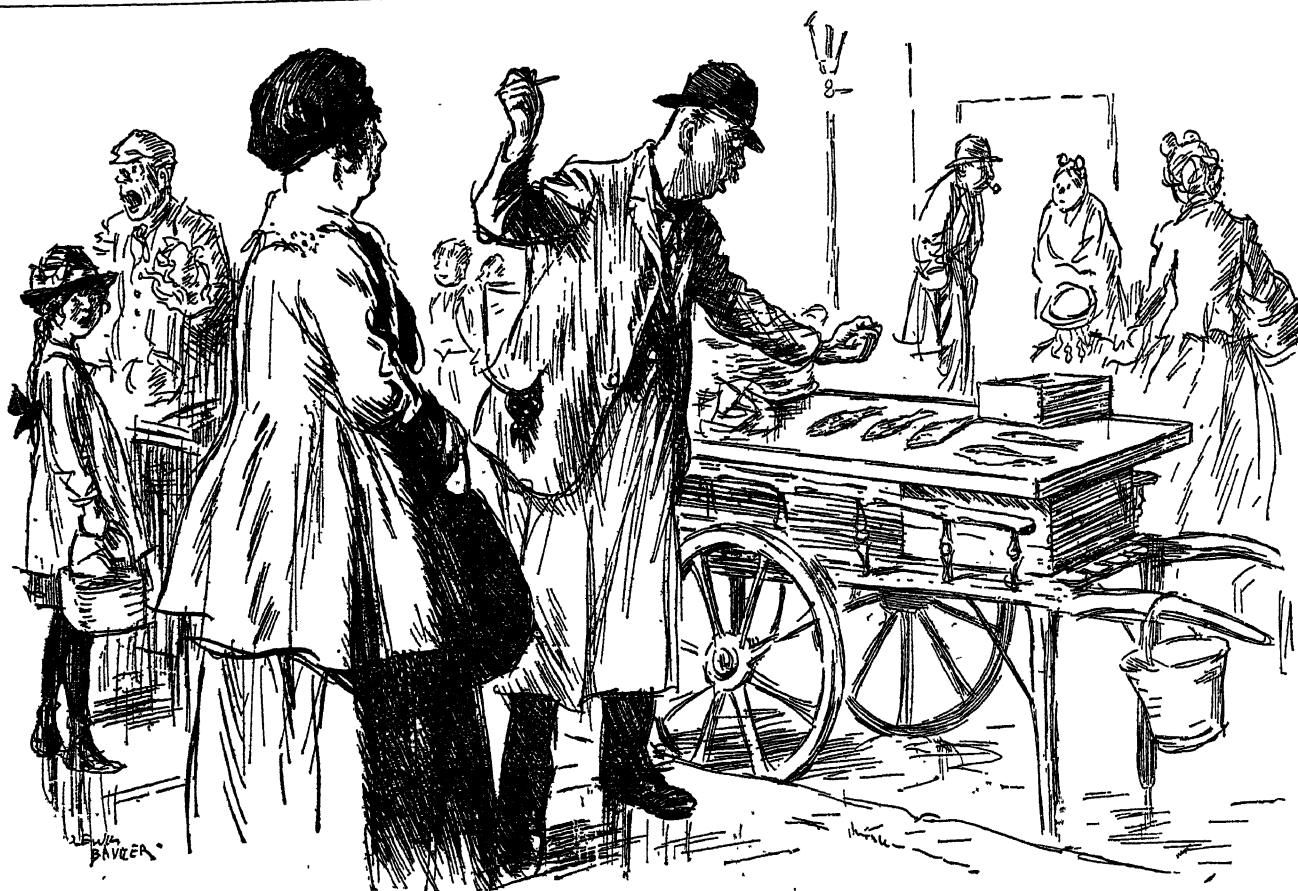
Aspercroft Journal (British Columbia).

"WANTED, young girl just leaving school to take out and play with little boy, aged 4, and a few light household duties; good daily servant kept; leep in."—*Brixton Free Press*. Obviously a situation to be jumped at.

"Amongst the clergy present was the Venerable the Archdeacon of Auckland."

Northern Daily Mail.

But from this engagement we are glad to learn he emerged without a scratch.



Customer, "ARE THEY FRESH?"

Fishmonger, "FRESH, LADY! WHY, THEY WAS SWIMMIN' IN THE SEA THIS MORNIN'! FRESH! LOR' BLESS— LIE DOWN, YE DEVILS!"

"NA POO."

A HUNDRED star-shells cast their garish light
And throw a halo round St. Thomas' head;
The lack of sun suggests that this is night,
But no one cares or thinks to go to bed.
Our restless guns, and those across the way
By no means dumb, if less loquacious, "speak;"
These guns have got an awful lot to say,
And every sentence takes about a week.
A motor-lorry trundles through the mud
And, jostling past some less progressive friend,
Collapses in a side-track with a thud,
And wonders when this beastly war will end.
Forlorn, the driver gazes towards the East,
Where lurid skies are one incessant flash;
This does not entertain him in the least
Although it costs a vast amount of cash.

The noisy bright phenomena of war
When first he met them gave a passing thrill;
Repeated night by night they tend to bore,
And their artistic merit falls to nil.
Drab slow-arriving dawn provides no peace;
It puts an end to night, but what's the good?
The high explosive business does not cease,
As any decent pyrotechnics would.
And all the world's in khaki! 'Tis a sight
That senses once civilian boggle at;
Oh, just to see one collar which was white,
One sober mortal in a bowler hat!
The lorry-driver, stuck in his abyss,
Bethinks him of his home and infant son;
But do not praise him overmuch for this,
His line of thought is not a kindly one.
Immobilised, disgruntled and annoyed,
His bitter contemplations are about
Two certain pastimes, formerly enjoyed,
Which little Alf will have to do without.

First, ne'er a penny shall this sire afford
To buy tin soldiers with; *ça va sans dire*;
Shall Alfred ever draw a wooden sword
Or slope a wooden gun? No blinking fear.
Next, when GUY FAWKES's day is drawing nigh
And busy Youth prepares to celebrate
(Without exactly understanding why)
By stars and bangs its ritual of Hate,
And hopeful Alfred, climbing on his knee,
Says, "Daddy, will there be a fire-work show?
And, Daddy, will you take me there to see?"
Then he shall get a brief but final
"No!"

HENRY.

Why is the Military Cross?—Because the Civilian Medals.

"In view of this continued garbling of messages and breach of faith on the part of the International News Service, the Secretary of State has directed that the Agency shall be debarred from the use of all itesorana cowotrm sls.ireFntUetietssf."—*Bournemouth Paper*.
Serve them right.



THE RETURN JOURNEY.

LITTLE WILLIE. "THIS'LL WANT A LOT OF EXPLAINING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, October 24th.—For once the House of Commons was engaged on really useful business, nearly all the talk to-day being of shells and men. The Public Accounts Committee, in ordinary times a modest and quiet body, whose investigations rarely result in any more sensational discovery than that the Stationery Office has paid a farthing a pound too much for sealing wax, or that there has been an unprecedented consumption of tape, red, has this year exploded with a violent report.

Important firms—they are not named, but easily identified—have been accused of undue greed over contracts for building the soldier's little grey hut in the West, and providing him with the wherewithal for strafing the Bosch. The firms in question, fitting on the cap, complained that they had not been called by the Committee and had therefore had no chance of putting their side of the case. This, on behalf of one of them, Mr. SAMUEL ROBERTS now proceeded to do, but the UNDER SECRETARY FOR MUNITIONS, after paying a few Addisonian compliments to the contractors in general, stated that the Government was now paying only twelve shillings and sixpence for shell bodies for which this firm had demanded one pound apiece. The House seemed to think that the proof of the pudding was in the eating.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE very nearly, if not quite, accomplished a task which before the War would have been deemed impossible. In the eyes of a Member of the House of Commons nothing is so sacred as a Ministerial pledge given in all solemnity from the Front Bench. That is why wise Ministers so seldom give one. Mr. TENNANT, when Under Secretary for War, was taken off his guard one day last March, and promised that no man who had reached the age of forty-one should be called up for service "unless the age of military service is in future extended." Now the War Office wants these men, and has given them notice to join up on the first of November.

The Government was assailed from all sides—by the opponents of Compulsory Service, like Mr. SNOWDEN; and by those who are entirely in favour of it, like Mr. G. TERRELL, but think that the

youngsters now sheltering in Government offices and munition-shops should be combed out before comparatively elderly men are transferred from their homes to barracks or (more probably in some cases) to military hospitals.

"Circumstances alter cases" was the purport of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's reply. The men of forty-one were not wanted in March; they were wanted now, or it meant the loss of two Army Corps. Members were still restive. According to Mr. LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS the WAR MINISTER had enunciated "a Prussian doctrine"; but Sir EDWARD

being sympathetically considered by a Committee comprising several peers and M.P.'s. So we may hope that the mysterious difficulties, whatever they are, may be surmounted, and that the families of our gallant dead may have some tangible memento of the nation's gratitude.

There appears to be foundation, after all, for the prevalent notion that marriage is more lightly regarded in Scotland than in England. I was shocked to hear Mr. MACCALLUM SCOTT, when criticising the present system of paying war-bonuses to civil servants, commit himself to the statement that whether a man is married or not is "an irrelevant consideration." And Mr. SCOTT, I learn from the reference books, is a married man himself.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER declined the suggestion that he should dispense with all the clerks under twenty-six years of age at Somerset House, pleading that the revenue had to be collected. "Get women," shouted several Members; but the CHANCELLOR shook his head. If this negative nod indicated any doubt on his part as to Woman's gift for extracting money, it is plain that he stops at home on Flag-days.

The House of Commons' printer is evidently a patriot. A Nationalist Member who handed in a question relating to a munitions factory found to his surprise that the name of a famous town in Ireland had been altered to that of an equally famous river in Scotland. Won't the Zepps be puzzled?

Two topics which appear to have an almost equal attraction for the peace-mongers below the Gangway are the refusal of cocaine to non-registered dentists, and the muzzling of the Hon. BERTRAND RUSSELL. A suggestion that the Government should get rid of both troubles at one blow, by supplying the dental artists with the anæsthetic on condition that they undertook to draw Mr. RUSSELL's teeth, has not up to the present been accepted.

To the great joy of the inquisitive section the Government proposed that Question-time should be extended by a quarter of an hour each day. Mr. HANDEL BOOTH suggested that while they were about it Ministers might instruct their subordinates to draft more candid answers to Questions. At present the object of these "white Baboos," as he



SERGEANT LLOYD GEORGE'S NEW RECRUITING SONG—
"HE'S FAT, FAIR AND FORTY-ONE."

CARSON brought the House back to a sense of reality by sarcastically interjecting, "Let us lose the War."

The Germans, by the way, appear to be arriving at a just conception of their relative value. Lord NEWTON to-day informed the Peers that the enemy is prepared to release six hundred English civilian prisoners in return for some four to seven thousand Germans.

Wednesday, October 25th.—Mr. REDMOND had the unusual and gratifying experience of finding the whole House with him when he urged that the regulation permitting the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross should be extended to the Distinguished Service Order and Military Cross. Mr. FORSTER said the question was a very difficult one (why, one wonders), but it was



Cockney Tommy. "BLOW ME IF THIS AIN'T THE OLD BLIGHTER WHO USED TO PLAY 'I FEAR NO Foe IN SHINING ARMOUR' DAHN AHR STREET!"

called them, seemed to be to make their replies as evasive as possible, although "very few questions were put with any other desire than to obtain information." I had no idea that Mr. Booth had such touching faith in his fellow-Members.

Thursday, October 26th.—In the bad old days it was not infrequent for an Irish Member to take his seat, deliver his maiden speech and be suspended from the service of the House, all in one day. Captain BARNETT, the new Member for West St. Pancras, is a bit of a hustler, too. He has not been thirty years in the Irish Eight at Wimbledon and Bisley for nothing. To-day he fired his sighting shot on the Westminster Range by moving the adjournment as a protest against the new Early Closing Order for shops. It was a bullseye, too, for the HOME SECRETARY, finding the general feeling of the House against an ukase which would prevent one from even purchasing a cigar in a hotel after 7 P.M., consented to an hour's extension.

"The 'Reckett's Blue uniform' supplied to our soldiers is defective, in that the outer skin of the garment, which is of flannelette, shrinks when washed at a different rate from the lining."—*Edinburgh Evening News*.

Why not wash them at the same rate?

THE PUTTENHAMS.

I.

From "The *Mustershire Herald and Oldcaster Advertiser*."

"THE new volume of *The Mustershire Archaeological Society's Records* is, as usual, full of varied fare . . . But for good Oldcastrians the most interesting article is a minute account of the Puttenham family, so well known in the town for many generations, from its earliest traceable date in the seventeenth century. It is remarkable for how long the Puttenhams were content to be merely small traders and so forth, until quite recently the latent genius of the blood declared itself simultaneously in the constructive ability of our own millionaire ex-townsmen, Sir Jonathan Puttenham (who married a daughter of Lord Hammerton), and in the world-famous skill of the great chemist, Sir Victor Puttenham, the discoverer of the V-rays, who still has his country home on our borders. The simile of the oak and the acorn at once springs to mind."

II.

Miss Enid Daubeney, who is staying at Sir Jonathan Puttenham's, to her Sister.

MY DEAR FLUFFETY,—There are wigs on the green here, I can tell you.

Aunt Virginia is furious about a genealogy of the Puttenham family which has appeared in the county's archaeological records. It goes back ever so far, and derives our revered if somewhat stodgy and not-too-generous uncle by marriage from one of the poorest bunches of ancestors a knight of industry ever had. Aunt Virginia won't see that the humbler the origin from which you spring the greater is your honour, and the poor man has had no peace and the article is to be suppressed. But since these *Records* are published only for subscribers and the volume is now out of course nothing can be done. Please telegraph that you can't spare me any longer, for the meals here are getting impossible. Not even the peaches compensate.

Your devoted ENID.

III.

Sir Jonathan Puttenham to the Rev. Stacey Morris, Editor of "The *Mustershire Archaeological Society's Records*."

DEAR SIR,—I wish to utter a protest against what I consider a serious breach of etiquette. In the new volume of your *Records* you print an article dealing with the history from remote times of the family of which I am a member, possibly the best-known member at

the present day. The fact that that family is of humble origin is nothing to me. What I object to is the circumstance that you should publish this material, most of which is of very little interest to the outside world, without first ascertaining my views on the subject. I may now tell you that I object so strongly to the publication that I count on you to secure its withdrawal.

I am, Yours faithfully,
JONATHAN PUTTENHAM.

IV.

Horace Vicary, M.D., of Southbridge, to his old friend the Rev. Stacey Morris.

DEAR MORRIS,—It's a good volume, take it all round. But what has given me, in my unregeneracy, the greatest pleasure is the article on the Puttenham's. For years the Puttenham's here have been putting on airs and holding their noses higher than the highest, and it is grateful and comforting (as they say of nibs) to find that one of their not too remote ancestors kept a public-house, and another was a tinsmith. And I fancy I am not alone in my satisfaction.

Yours, H. V.

V.

Sir Victor Puttenham, F.R.S., to the Editor of "The Mustershire Archæological Society's Records."

DEAR SIR,—As probably the most widely-known member of the Puttenham family at the present moment, may I thank you for the generous space which you have accorded to our history? To what extent it will be found readable by strangers I cannot say, but to me it is intensely interesting, and if you can arrange for a few dozen reprints in paper wrappers I should be glad to have them. I had, of course, some knowledge of my ancestors, but I had no idea that we were quite such a rabble of groundlings for so long. That drunken whipper-in to Lord Dashingham in the seventeen-seventies particularly delights me.

I am, Yours faithfully,
VICTOR PUTTENHAM.

VI.

Sir Jonathan Puttenham to the Editor of "The Mustershire Herald and Oldcaster Advertiser."

DEAR SIR,—I shall be obliged if you will make no more references in *The Herald* to the new *Mustershire Archæo-*

logical Records' article on the Puttenham's. It is not that it lays emphasis on the humble origin of that family. That is nothing to me. But I am at the moment engaged in a correspondence with the Editor of the *Records* on the propriety of publishing private or semi-private records of this character without first asking permission, and as he will possibly see the advisability of withdrawing the article in question there should be as little reference to it in the Press as possible.

I am, Yours faithfully,
JONATHAN PUTTENHAM.

VII.

The Rev. Stacey Morris to Sir Jonathan Puttenham.

The Editor of *The Mustershire Archæological Society's Records* begs to acknowledge Sir Jonathan Puttenham's

our family in *The Archæological Records*. I am so vexed about it, not only for myself and all of us, but particularly for him and you. It is not right that a busy man working for humanity, as he is doing, should be worried like that. Indeed I feel so strongly about it that I have sent in my resignation as a member of the Society. Why such things should be printed at all I cannot see. It is most unfair and unnecessary to go into such details, nor can there be the slightest reason for doing so, for the result is the dullest reading. Perhaps Sir Victor could get it stopped. Again expressing my sympathy,

I am, Yours affectionately,
LYDIA PUTTENHAM.

IX.

The Rev. Stacey Morris to Ernest Burroughs, the compiler of the Puttenham genealogy.

MY DEAR BURROUGHS,—We are threatened with all kinds of penalties by Sir Jonathan Puttenham, the great contractor, over your seamy revelations. It is odd how differently these things are taken, for the other great Puttenham, the chemist, Sir Victor, is delighted and is distributing copies broadcast. Both of them types of snobbery which it would take a Thackeray to distinguish. But my purpose in writing is to say that I hope you will continue the series undismayed.

Yours sincerely,
STACEY MORRIS.



William (who has just got the worst of a bicycle collision). "I WON'T FIGHT HIM, BUT I'LL HAVE THE LAW OF HIM."

Friend (who recognises the other man). "IF I WAS YOU, WILLIAM, I SHOULD FIGHT HIM. IT'LL COST YOU LESS IN THE END. HE'S A LAWYER IN THE INNS OF COURT VOLUNTEERS."

letter of the 15th inst. He regrets that the publication of the Puttenham genealogy should have so offended Sir Jonathan, but would point out, firstly, that it has for years been a custom of our *Records* to include such articles; secondly, that the volume has now been delivered to all the Society's members; thirdly, that there are members of the Puttenham family who do not at all share Sir Jonathan's views; and, fourthly, that if such views were widely held the valuable and interesting pursuit of genealogy, of which our President, Lord Hammer-ton, to name no others, is so ardent a patron, would cease to be practised.

VIII.

Miss Lydia Puttenham, of "Wealdview," Rusper Common, Tonbridge Wells, to Lady (Victor) Puttenham.

DEAR COUSIN MILDRED,—I wonder if Sir Victor has seen the article on

WAR'S SURPRISES. THE MODEST INVENTOR.

I've a friend who's always "stony,"
For on patenting machines
(He's an amateur Marconi)
He has squandered all his means;
And without a Press to puff him
He can make you half believe,
Since no failure can rebuff him,
That there's something up his sleeve.
Still, though minded to eschew him
As a nuisance and a bore,
I have lately come to view him
With more kindness than before;
For, with laudable abstention,
He, unlike all other cranks,
Lays no claim to the invention
Of our admirable Tanks.

Professional Candour.

Dentist's advertisement:—
"Teeth extracted with the greatest pains."

THE TRIALS OF TINO.

(To ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS.)

Wiser far than ancient ZENO,
And, as War-Lord and Commander,
Quite a super-ALEXANDER,
So his courtiers said, was TINO.

Germany had giv'n him schooling,
And a wife, a Royal lady
(Not a gracious Grecian Haidee)
Versed in all the arts of ruling.

France his army renovated;
And, though wedded to a Prussian,
He was by descent half-Russian—
Denmark too was implicated.

So, when War's dread trumpets sounded,
TINO by his obligations
To some half-a-dozen nations
Found his high ambitions bounded.

And there were, though somewhat faded,
Scraps of paper in existence
Pledging Greece to lend assistance
To the Serbians, if invaded.

There was, too, a Constitution
Which, to make it duly plastic,
Needed measures highly drastic
And resort to Dissolution.

So it came about that TINO,
By his fetters hampered direly,
Found that life was not entirely
Baccarat and maraschino.

Gains that promised to outweigh loss
Strengthened him in his intention
To proceed to intervention,
Only—there was VENIZELOS.

This exasperating Cretan
Wrote a nasty memorandum
Quite a *monstr' horrend' infandum*,
And, though shunted, was unbeaten.

Premier after Premier followed,
Who, 'twixt deep sea and the devil,
Tried in vain to keep their level,
And in ignominy wallowed.

Wearied of all Coalitions,
TINO, waxing autocratic,
In his very choicest Attic
Bade farewell to politicians—

Sent for LAMBROS, who, though un-
trained
And a perfect ignoramus
In affairs, was still a famous
Archæologist, and Hun-trained.

Heeding not his predecessors,
LAMBROS the proposal greeted,
And a Cabinet completed
Made of 'ologist professors.

O it was a wondrous gleaming
Of economists, zoologists,
Of philosophers, psychologists—
All Germanophile in leaning!



Dudley Tennant

Uncle. "WELL, WALTER, WHAT HAVE THEY PUT YOU DOWN FOR?"

Walter (who has undergone five medical exams, with a different verdict each time).
"I—I'M NOT QUITE SURE. BUT I THINK IT'S GARRISON DUTY IN BOTH LEGS, OR
ELSE VARICOSE VEINS ABROAD."

This, he thought, will make the State
hum;
But the humming and the drum-
ming
Soon were silenced by the coming
Of a sudden Ultimatum.

Worse than that, poor Greece's jailers,
To control the disaffection
Of the Tinoistic section,
Landed hordes of horrid sailors,

And, if one may use a graphic
Though a vulgar phrase, they bottled
All the posts and mails, and throttled
Newspapers and railway traffic.

* * * * *
But enough of TINO's fumbling—
Who that muses on the story
Of the days of Hellas' glory
But must grieve to see it crumbling.

Yet the Isles of Greece, whose splen-
dour

BYRON sang in verse undying,
Keep the flag of Freedom flying
And uphold its great defender.

ELEUTHERIOS! *nomen, omen*—

Rightly did his sponsors call him,
Who, whatever fate befall him,
Will not cringe to King or foemen.

"ROUMANIA MUST BE SAVED.

BY A. G. HALES."

Newspaper Poster.

Well, why not? The Roman Capitol
was once saved by cackling.

"A JAPANESE Gentleman desires to receive
French Lessons in the English Language."
Barnes and Mortlake Herald.
Stratford-atte-Bow is the place for him.

BREAKING OUT.

"HURRAH, Francesca!" I said.

"What on earth are you hurrahing about?"

"Well," I said, "if you don't like Hurrah I'll say Huzzay. They always did in QUEEN ANNE's time, didn't they?"

"They don't now," she said. "At least I haven't heard them."

"No," I said, "they're mostly dead."

"So's their Queen, isn't she? But I don't yet know what you hurrahed about."

"Francesca," I said, "I hurrahed because I have just firmly resolved to save a considerable sum of money to-day."

"Huzzay! How are you going to do it?"

"It's this way. You know I've got a season-ticket?"

"Yes," she said, "I've heard you mention it."

"Well then, I find I've got my money's worth out of it."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean," I said, "that if I hadn't bought a season-ticket I should to-day have spent as much money on railway journeys to and from London as I spent on buying the season-ticket. Is that clear?"

"Crystal," she said.

"Then there you are," I said. "Henceforth, whenever I travel to London and back by train, instead of paying seven shillings and sixpence I pay nothing at all. In other words I save seven shillings and sixpence."

"Yes," she said; "but you'll save it just as much by staying at home."

"No, I shan't," I said, "for I shan't have got a railway journey out of the Great Western for nothing."

"Perhaps not," she said; "but—"

"There's no perhaps about it," I said; "it's a dead cert."

"But," she said, "when Mr. McKenna comes round for his taxes later on where'll you be with all your saved seven-and-sixpences? They won't be there, you know."

"We will leave Mr. McKenna out of the question," I said coldly. "And if you think," I continued, "that the mere mention of his name is going to deter me from saving seven-and-sixpence, all I can say is that you were never more mistaken in your life. You ought to encourage me instead of thwarting me; but of course no woman ever did understand political economy."

"Oh," she said, "have it your own way. What train are you going by?"

"I am going," I said, "by the next, the 10.35, and I shall lunch at the club."

"Yes," she said, "and have something nice and expensive—something that costs seven-and-sixpence."

"I shall lunch," I said, "on cold beef and cheese."

"No," she said, "you'll have lobster mayonnaise."

"What a ridiculous notion!"

I got off safely enough by the 10.35, but, instead of being able to concentrate on the War news, I found myself thinking more and more—why, I don't know—of my luncheon. Gradually my thoughts, if I may say so, boiled themselves down to lobster mayonnaise, the dish that Francesca in a heedless moment had suggested to me. After all, why shouldn't I have it? I liked it; I hadn't been extravagant recently; obviously lobster mayonnaise was the one dish in the world for me.

At 12.30, filled with a great resolve, I dashed into the club and approached the Steward.

"Have you," I said, "a lobster mayonnaise?"

"Well, Sir," he said, "we haven't exactly got it ready. You see, Sir, in these days members don't seem to run to the fancy dishes. It's plain roast or boiled with most of them. But we can make you one if you'll give us time."

"You shall have," I said, "all the time you can possibly

want, but lobster mayonnaise I am determined to eat. Yes, and I will have some cold tongue to follow, and some apple tart and cream to finish up with."

"Will one o'clock do for you, Sir?" said the Steward.

"One o'clock," I said, "is the hour appointed by LUCULLUS."

"Yes, Sir," said the Steward, "quite so."

It was really an excellent luncheon, and the golden memory of it was still pleasant when in due course I got back to my home, where Francesca received me not ungraciously.

"Hail," she said, "my money-saving hero! I trust the cold beef came up to your expectations."

"Cold beef!" I said. "You're thinking of some one else. I lunched off lobster mayonnaise."

"You didn't!"

"Yes," I said, "I did, and much enjoyed it."

"Well, of all the senseless pieces of extravagance! What made you do a thing like that?"

"You did," I said. "It's your fault for putting it into my head. You mentioned it first."

"Next time you go to London," she said, "I shall mention a sardine and a piece of dry toast."

"Make it two sardines," I said, "and I'm your man."

R. C. L.

THE REAL ANZACS.

THERE are plenty of slouch-hatted soldiers in town, Doughty and debonair, stalwart and brown; Some are from Weymouth or Salisbury Plain, Others have "pushed" in the Western Campaign; Call them "Overseas soldiers" or "Down-under" men, Declare that each one is as daring as ten; Call them "Cornstalks" or "Fernleaves"—all out for a fight—

But don't call them Anzacs, for that isn't right.

The Anzacs—their ranks are but scanty all told—

Have a separate record illumined in gold.

Their blood on Gallipoli's ridges they poured,

Their souls with the scars of that struggle are scored;

Not many are left, and not many are sound,

And thousands lie buried in Turkish ground.

These are the Anzacs; the others may claim

Their zeal and their spirit, but never their name.

"The question of the removal of every other tree in Devonshire-place, Eastbourne, was discussed at the Eastbourne Town Council last evening. . . . The amendment was lost by 16 votes to 12, the committee undertaking to poll the residents before cutting the trees."

Times.

Just to show that there should be no preferential treatment.

"Mr. McKenna has been reading the British balance-sheet. The debt at the end of March will be the mountainous total of 3440 millions. But is he dismayed? Not a bit of it. The magic fount from which he gets his money is like the widow's curse . . . absolutely inexhaustible."—*Rangitikei Advocate (N.Z.).*

The language of the taxpayer is relatively tame.

"I am sitting down with my pen in my hand filled with a cold resolution to lose my temper very thoroughly."

Mr. James Douglas in "London Opinion."

If Mr. DOUGLAS, as we gather, was using a fountain-pen, we think that he might have found the process of filling it with ordinary ink sufficiently provocative.

"The bride . . . wore a beautiful antique Limerick, lent by a friend."—*Provincial Paper.*

A discreet friend, we trust; perhaps the Editor of *The Spectator*.



Nurse. "CAN ANYONE HERE PLAY THE BAGPIPES?"

Piper McTavish. "HERE YE ARE, MISS—I'M YER MAN."

Nurse. "OH, THANK YOU. WOULD YOU MIND BLOWING UP THIS AIR-CUSHION?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is, to say the least, something of a shock for the critic to be confronted with a new novel by CHARLES KINGSLEY. Yet this has just been my experience with *The Tutor's Story* (SMITH, ELDER), which "LUCAS MALET" lately found, in unfinished manuscript, among her father's papers, and has now revised and completed. The result seems to me very delightful and quite astonishingly fresh and harmonious. One had perhaps fallen into the way of thinking the KINGSLEY method a little heavy for modern taste, but certainly the present book gives no support to this idea. It is a simple dramatically told story, in which only two characters are of great importance: young *Lord Hartover*, handsome and spoilt, and the teller of the tale, a lame scholar from Cambridge, who by his love for his very difficult pupil eventually plucks him from the snares and plots by which he is threatened. This and some spirited hunting-scenes—muscular Christianity of the right KINGSLEY note—make up the whole. It is only a deserved compliment to say that the restorer has done her labour of love so skilfully that no trace of joinery is apparent anywhere. To read it may perhaps make you a little wistful for the simpler and happier days in which it should have appeared; but that is only another tribute to its vitality. I should be glad to think that more of such finds were in store.

Love and Lucy (MACMILLAN) is a fantasia upon a kiss and might well have been called *Il Bacio*, because Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT loves little Italian words just like that. *Lucy* has been led into matrimony by a lawyer, *James*

MacCartney, who looks out at life and on her through an eye-glass. And then suddenly as she is resting before dinner the light is turned out in her room and she is kissed as she wants to be kissed. So *James*, her queer frigid glass-eyed husband, has chosen to tell her that she is really still loved. But—awful thought—perhaps it wasn't *James*! And Mr. HEWLETT makes merry play with his fantasy and goes on pretending for quite a long time that we don't guess. And very capable pretence too. The author's brilliant artificial manner has seldom been so happily employed. A singular mastery of technique cuts out every stroke that does not tell. The characters have an astonishing vitality. *Lucy* is a darling, tame perhaps, but adorable; boy *Lancelot* (her stepson) superb; adventurer *Urquhart*, hero of the kiss, very wild and masterful and flamboyant. *James* of the eye-glass, who is stirred by jealousy to an Indian summer warmth—well, *James* isn't credible. Eye-glass defences are not so easily broken. Anyway, a pretty tale told with a pretty wit. But where do these writer fellows get the detachment to write this kind of little thing these big days?

In *Through the Serbian Campaign* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. GORDON GORDON-SMITH, who as Correspondent of *The New York Tribune* shared in the great retreat of the Serbs, has some slashing criticisms to make upon the Balkan diplomacy of the Allies. On the evidence here before us it does indeed seem that in our negotiations with Bulgaria we were outwitted by the astute M. RADOSLAVOFF; but I confess a wish to know both sides of the case before joining in the author's condemnation. M. BOSHKOVTCH in an excellent introduction writes, "Nobody could deny that in the

present war errors and mistakes had been committed—*errare humanum est*—and certainly Serbia has been in a large measure victim of these errors." For the present it is prudent perhaps to leave it at that, and merely to add that our Allies have given abundant proof of their will to help Serbia, where a way can be found. I do not, however, wonder that Mr. GORDON-SMITH, fresh from witnessing the retreat, has expressed himself freely about the causes which compelled it, for it is, at any rate, as human to criticize errors as it is to make them. Of the retreat itself, and of the fortitude and endurance shown by KING PETER and his splendid army Mr. GORDON-SMITH writes movingly and with graphic force. Photographs well-produced deal with well-chosen subjects, and an account of the work done by the various hospital units in fighting typhus and relieving the wounded (a work carried on under indescribable difficulties and with a fine courage) adds value to this frank contribution to the literature of the War.

Miss FLORA SANDES, a good sportsman if ever there was one, also took part in the Serbian retreat, and her unique experiences were so thrilling that no one but a contentious prig could quarrel with the peculiar style in which *An English Woman-Sergeant in the Serbian Army* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is written. Miss SANDES, who had been at the Serbian hospital at Valjevo, returned after a holiday to find the town already occupied by the Austrians, and so, though she came to nurse, she stayed to fight. "Lieut. Jovitch, the commander, took me into his company, and I was enrolled on its books, and he seemed to think I might be a corporal pretty soon if I behaved myself." After this she saw and took her share in some very real fighting, and, although she lays but little stress upon her own achievements, I am convinced that she earned promotion not because she happened to be a woman but because she displayed qualities which would have deserved recognition in a man. Of the courtesy of the Serbs under circumstances which, to put it mildly, were unusual, she expresses unqualified admiration, and her testimony is the stronger because she knew them in days of disaster, when the true character of men is put to the test.

In *Spacious Times* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is another of those picturesque costume entertainments for which Mr. J. HUNTLY MCCARTHY has so agreeable a gift. The peculiar spacious times here illustrated are those of QUEEN ELIZABETH; and having been told this you will perhaps not be altogether astonished to learn that the scene is for the great part laid in the county of Devon, or that the hero is a sea-captain. But if the plot runs a somewhat expected course there is at least one idea in it that I found entirely fascinating—namely the (literally) ship-shape house which *Master Hercules Flood* built for himself to solace his retirement to dry land. This is such a jolly notion that I can only marvel that no novelist—to say nothing of sea-captains—ever thought of it before. For the rest, this *Hercules* is much as Elizabethan Devon is wont to model her protagonists in fiction or drama. Indeed he would cut an attractive figure behind the footlights—bluff, handsome,

graced with a pretty gift for love-making, yet withal a terrible fellow (I have a bad temptation to say a Fred-Terryble fellow!) when it comes to sword-play. If however he should entertain any such theatrical designs, I solemnly warn *Master Flood* that the part of his adventures where he carries his scornful love as prisoner to a lonely castle will have to be left out. This business of the Taming of the Misleading Shrew is already far too prevalent in dramatic circles. But I should love to see what our scenic artists could make of the ship-house.

I suppose Mr. BASIL KING to be an American, chiefly because the picture of American social conditions that he draws in *The Side of the Angels* (METHUEN) is one that would be an impertinence without the authority of native-born knowledge to warrant it. Certainly you could hardly call the result enlivening. Money, the pride of it, the marrying for it, and the hatred of those who have won in the race for it—these are the background to every incident. The plot is too long and closely knit for me to give it you in any detail. Briefly it concerns the fortunes (a word

you may take in two meanings) of a group of families in a New England township, who, starting in the dark backward and abysm of time with social positions that were fairly equal, have gradually become separated as their respective generations got on or got off in the great dollar competition. Thus when the spoilt heir of the *Mastermans* cast amorous eyes upon the daughter of old *Fay*, the market gardener (whose blood was every bit as blue as his own), the affair led to tattle and eventually to tragedy. But for all its sordid atmosphere the tale has power and a certain distinction. Also it is only fair to add that the real hero and

heroine are of better stuff than their supporters in the cast, and that the market-garden, with its glass-houses and intensive-culture frames, supplies a setting that is at least original. Still, it left me feeling that *The Side of the Angels* was rather Cis- than Trans-Atlantic. Which of course is rank and reprehensible prejudice, but none the less pleasant.

"The wine that maketh glad the heart of man.—Adam Lindsay Gordon."—*Sunday Times* (Sydney, N.S.W.)

In the 104th Psalm at the 15th verse the Australian version has been adopted with the alteration of one word, but without acknowledgment.

"Lt. Love, commanding Normal School Coy., held a composite parade, including cadets from several West-end companies. The field work included orange-finding, transmission of verbal messages, advanced guard, and ambush. The scouting was well done, and the ambush properly located."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.

But we fancy it was in the first item on the programme that the cadets really excelled.

"The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely pills."—WORDSWORTH.
Montreal Gazette.

Yet WORDSWORTH never resorted to drugs to induce slumber.



Scene. The East Coast on a dark and windy night.

Sheep. "BA—AH!"

Nervous Wayfarer. "FRIEND!"

CHARIVARIA.

It is reported that one of our London mayors has just bet the local military representative an even pudding that a certain appeal will not be heard by a given date. This spectacular wager has caused the greatest astonishment in Berlin, where all betting on the graver issues of the War has long been made a penal offence.

A conscientious objector, asked what he would do if he had control of the military situation, replied that he would leave it alone, and a certain member of the Cabinet is said to have been greatly encouraged by this public endorsement of his policy.

An Italian organ-grinder has earned forty pounds in five weeks at an English watering-place, and, small as the incident may appear, it has done more than anything else to convince German public opinion of the completeness of the understanding that exists between the Chancelleries of London and Rome.

According to a message from the New York Correspondent of *The Times* on October 31st: "Everybody admits that the Democrats are very strong and may easily win, but at the same time there will be some surprise among those most competent to judge if the Republicans fail to scrape through." There is something rather glorious about the reckless daring of some of our political prophets.

In the House of Commons it was recently stated that Irishmen joining the Forces would be given the opportunity of selecting the unit they desired to adopt. It should be explained, however, that the choice does not apply to those that have the New York Police Force in mind.

We concur with the opinion expressed by Mr. RUNCIMAN in Parliament last week that the high price of tea is not due to gambling operations. Our own experience has been that gamblers require some far stronger form of sustenance.

A picture-paper recently portrayed a charming actress selling a brace of pheasants in aid of "Our Dumb Friends' League." We are sure she meant well,

like the boy-scout in the story, who, for one of his daily acts of kindness, gave the canary to the cat.

Pursuant to the Defence of the Realm Regulations no fireworks were permitted on GUY FAWKES' day. Even Parliament, it will be noted, omitted to sit.

The export of whisky from Sweden

tion between the phrases "two enemy destroyers were sunk" and "there is ground for believing that two enemy destroyers probably sank" to constitute, in the former phrase, a terminological inexactitude, or whether the latter phrase simply comes under the heading of "brilliant dialectic."

It is difficult to understand the outcry made against the exemption of automatic machines from the operation of the Early Closing Order. Everybody must realise that, with the Force in its present depleted condition, the task of arresting the machines found doing business after prescribed hours would be next to impossible.

A Birmingham man has been fined two pounds and two guineas costs for keeping crowing cockerels. Under the Defence of the Realm Act the only kind of noise permitted to come from these birds is a gentle sizzling.

Journalistic Tact.

"We much regret that the report given last week as to Private —, having died of wounds, was incorrect."
Alcoa Advertiser.

"In order to make room, — offers (at half their real value), several of his last season's mated pens, consisting of six extra choice 1815 hatched Pullets."—*Poultry.*

We think it must have been one of this vintage that we met at a cheap restaurant last week.

"We greatly regret that we have been unable to obtain a photograph of Mrs. Corbett-Ashby to accompany her article this month [on "The War and Woman Suffrage"]; the one sent us being not sufficiently clear to print. We have had to substitute, therefore, at the last moment, one of Mrs. Heron-Maxwell as Sir Toby Belch, which we hope may interest our members."—*The Liberal Women's Review.*

We are not ourselves a member, but we are always interested in the less conscious manifestations of humour.

From an Irish solicitor's defence of his client:—

"When the police went to his house, not knowing what charge was to be made against him, he naturally gave an evasive answer and told a lie."—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

We like "naturally." What children of nature these Irish are!

"Lost, Wardrobe (2 glass doors) and Washstand (marble top)."—*Liverpool Echo.*
These little things are so easily mislaid.



Temptress. "AFTER I HAVE CUT YOUR HAIR, SIR, MAY I HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF TRIMMING YOUR BEARD IN AID OF OUR 'HAIR-STUFFED CUSHIONS FOR THE WOUNDED'?"

has been forbidden. This will be a nasty blow to those discerning clubmen who have always insisted on their peg of fine old "Glen Olsen" in preference to all other brands.

In the Second Chamber of the Netherlands States-General last week Mr. TERSPILL urged that the Government should seize the present opportunity to "settle the question of the succession to the Dutch throne." We are sure that the KAISER, if consulted, would be happy to settle it for them.

A considerable controversy is raging as to whether there is a sufficient dis-

THANKS DEFERRED.

["Professor VON LISZT, of the University of Berlin, is deeply moved" (in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*) "by the 'unselfish Kultur labour' of the German military authorities, conducted 'silently and without hope of earning gratitude.'"—*The Times*.]

IF, in the vulgar stress of War's distractions,
Whereby the love of beauty gets mislaid,
We fail to recognise your noble actions,
Your bounty spread like butter with a spade;

If, while we concentrate, without a word, on
This rather urgent business of the sword,
Your virtue, pending more substantial guerdon,
Is, for the nonce, its own unique reward;

Believe us, we have hearts as warm as curry;
Not easily they cool, as you shall find;
There's no immediate warrant, then, to worry
If with our thanks we seem a bit behind.

Germania, most superb of Culture's daughters,
Can well forgo her present due of praise,
Content to cast her bread upon the waters,
And thence retrieve it after many days.

Let her allow us just a little latitude—
Our honour stands engaged; we'll not forget—
A little grace for working off our gratitude.
And to the utmost ounce we'll pay our debt.

We'll even (this will probably surprise her)
Throw something in beyond the tallied weight;
We'll do him handsomely, your WILLIAM KAISER,
And give him compound interest to date.

O. S.

KIT CHAT.

By THE MAJOR.

ONE of the most touching things about this War is the way civilians have buckled to and are assisting our brave soldiers. Tender girls manufacture high explosives regardless of their complexions; seasoned toppers guard water-works with their lives; Government officials lick two stamps where before they licked one; cinematograph companies turn out cartridges; grocers make marching boots, and so on *ad infinitum*.

TRENCH COATS.

Strolling through Messrs. Wabash's well-known butcheries the other day I was greatly attracted by their trench coat. The outer skin is constructed of Triple Triple Duxbak material (rendered absolutely waterproof by patent process). Inside this is a layer of oiled silk, rendering it still more absolutely waterproof. Within this again is a cuirass of toughened steel, which, though it will not resist high-velocity rifle bullets, turns horse-pistol bullets at four hundred yards, arrows at two hundred, and bayonet thrusts at ten. The whole is lined with a lambs'-wool dressing-gown which, combined with the effort entailed in carrying the trench coat about, keeps the wearer in a constant glow of warmth.

It is impossible to think of any garment more perfectly suited to modern service conditions, water-proof, pistol-proof, cold-proof. As Mr. Wabash humorously remarked to me, "Wearing one of our trench coats every man is his own tank."

TRENCH HELMETS.

Messrs. Beckersniff and Co., the well-known bakers of Watling Street, have on the market the best trench helmet I have yet seen. It serves three purposes: it may be worn

as a helmet; it may be used as a wash-basin, or—the dome being chastely scalloped—it may be employed in the shaping of dainty jellies for the dug-out.

TRENCH SOCKS.

The most important part of the Infantryman is his feet; he takes as much pride in them as an Arab does in his fiery steed; yet the preservation of these indispensable members has so far not been treated scientifically, the old-fashioned wool sock, the kind that Auntie knits, being hopelessly out of date.

Messrs. Wimple and Walpole, the celebrated candlestick makers of Broadacre, have been quick to spot what Mr. Wimple, in his amusing way, calls "the Achillean Heel of our Army," and have hastened to fill the want.

The result is a beautiful "foot-glove" made of pliant rhinoceros hide, dyed in the colours of the Allies and lined with the finest camel fleece.

It was not generally known before the War that the camel—owing to the warm climates which it inhabits—had a fleece, but such is the case, and the nation should congratulate Messrs. Wimple and Walpole on their patriotic acumen in securing the entire output of the Timbuctoo shearing sheds for military needs.

"DOMINE DIRIGE NOS."

THE richest Corporation in the world was having a little function. Some of the men who were helping to keep it rich and safe were there to see. Amongst them was a handful of wounded men who had already paid for the safety of that Corporation with their blood. They were all waiting for the show, not quite knowing what to expect. There came in the KING's Remembrancer, impressive yet very human. He talked to the men in his master's service, explaining that the sight they were to see had been seen by men in the same service who had fought in France at Creçy and Agincourt.

Then a representative of the great Corporation came forward, and at the bidding of the Remembrancer "did service." He cut hazel faggots with an axe and a bill-hook, and counted out six great horse-shoes and sixty-one nails. "Good service! Good number!" cried out the Remembrancer.

The wood from the split faggots was quickly seized by the fighting men as souvenirs; but what was to happen to the nails and the horse-shoes?

"Let them be kept for the KING's pleasure," decided his Remembrancer.

Then I saw things in a dream.

A royal pursuivant came in haste straight from the Palace. I saw each wounded man—there were only six of them—carry off a horse-shoe. The KING's touch was in them, and their wounds were healed as never wounds before in the War. A great Highlander got the axe, and with it he laid about in royal style in the Bosch trenches, cracking skulls as if they were egg-shells. Whenever the bill-hook was used, it cut through barbed wire as through a band of straw. The hazel twigs helped to make palisades which no Hun could cross, and each of the sixty-one men who was given a nail carried it like a charm on his rifle, and never missed his mark. "Good service!" I heard a voice cry. "Good service! Good number!"

More Journalistic Tact.

"Cardinal Gasparri intended giving a farewell dinner in honour of Sir Henry Howard, the retiring British Envoy to the Vatican, but was prevented by the desire of the Pope that during the war no gathering having the character of rejoicings should occur at the Vatican."—*Reuter*.



ANOTHER GAS ATTACK.

KAISER (to *All-Highest-But-One*). "AND HOW GOES IT?"

HINDENBURG. "SIRE, I HAVE DEALT THE ENEMY A SMASHING BLOW."

KAISER. "SO? AND WHERE WAS THAT?"

HINDENBURG. "IN THE VIENNA PRESS, SIRE."



"OW! GEE! BILL, I'VE GOT ONE IN THE LEG!"

"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU FUSSING ABOUT? AIN'T YOU NEVER BEEN HIT BEFORE?"

"YES; BUT THIS IS THE FIRST THIS WINTER."

"WELL, DID YOU WISH A WISH?"

REWARD FOR LIFE-SAVING.

THE traffic in Piccadilly at last thinned a little and the old gentleman, seeing a gap, left the security of the island, where we had been standing together, and dashed for the further pavement. Halfway across he slipped and fell, just as a two-horse waggon came rattling along. There were the warning shouts which London can always produce from nowhere at the right moment; cries of alarm; a scream or two; and then I rushed in and literally forced the horses back on their haunches. Something gave me super-human strength; and I held them as though they were kittens.

The old gentleman scrambled up and stumbled into safety, where I joined him; the driver of the waggon (who disliked interference with his steeds) completed his last sarcasm; and the usual crowd hemmed us in. Gradually disentangling ourselves, we entered a tea-shop, where the old gentleman began to be grateful. What could he do for me? I had saved his life and he must mark the occasion. The long struggle between his persistence and my reluctance being omitted, let it suffice that he won, and I agreed to his whim of buying me something in every shop in Bond Street.

I had often thought of such an experience as this, in the company of a Croesus, as one of the summits of human bliss. But to have it come true!

And so with a bun at the corner shop in Piccadilly we began.

Before going further, however, let me say here, for the benefit of other rewarded heroes, that the enterprise should be carried through in stages—serially—it should not be compressed into one frenzied expedition. The mind cannot adjust itself quickly enough to retain sound taste and judgment where there is such variety on the one side, and on the other such a desire to profit by the chance of a lifetime. It is easy enough to take a hundred cigarettes here and a box of chocolates there, a couple of grouse and an invalid chair, tickets for *Chun Ling Soo* and a salmon; but when it comes to Old Masters and the Barbizon School! It was there that I was at my wits' end and conscious of not choosing well. For my old gentleman, like all impulsive philanthropists, was easily tired, and he had so little appreciation of art that he could not understand a slower decision in one shop than another.

None the less it was, for a while, a wonderful joke. Everything was to be sent home, and I gave the address of

my modest flat without misgiving until a fine Sir Joshua followed hard upon a cabinet of cigars and a gramophone. Then I realised what I was in for. It was a full-length and cost only four thousand guineas. Saving life is a serious matter.

"I want you to have what you want," the old boy said, seeing that my eyes were on this, although I was toying with a CONSTABLE sketch. "Money's no object when one has just been twitched from the tomb."

Having acquired, shortly afterwards, a silver slide for serving poached eggs (I saw it in the window and decided automatically), I remarked, "You meant only *Old Bond Street*, of course?"

"Oh, no," he said; "the whole length, *Old and New*, both sides. Come along!"

I followed him, entering still another jeweller's. Already I had secured enough rings, bangles and wrist watches for all my friends; but there was still auriferous trouble ahead. In the next few minutes a gold card-case, a ham, and a Nattier were mine.

I then became the possessor of a garden-seat, having no garden.

My head ached. It was possible to wish that those horses had been stronger or I less strong.

I added to my responsibilities a clock, a Corot, a Japanese screen, a coloured engraving and a cup of tea.

"Come on," said the old man, who would have been much better in hospital; "there's a puppy shop higher up."

I acquired a tiny Pekinese.

By this time our errand was known, and an increasing crowd of sightseers, among whom, no doubt, were some of the preceding shopkeepers, dogged our steps. Now and then a boy would assist me in my choice by pointing to something in the window. The old gentleman was beginning to repent; but he stuck manfully to it and would not listen to any suggestion that we should finish the job to-morrow.

It was now nothing to me whether I bought Ming, a motor car, a bottle of tonic, sealing-wax, furs, copper coffee-pots, or brown boots. In less than two minutes I had chosen a Chinese rug, a barometer, and an evening gown. I chose the gown from the window, and the crowd howled with delight as they saw it removed, most of them having drawn my attention to it. ("That's for his young lady!" a boy said.) A little later I selected a hat with a sweeping feather, also from a window, another hundred cigarettes, a melon, a dozen more socks, a heavily Grangerised Boswell, a pork pie, and my fourth pair of shoes. To my intense relief I found that Doré's pictures were not for sale.

"Come on, come on!" the old gentleman said. "We're getting on. The best shop of all is still waiting for us."

"Which is that?" I asked.

"It's a new one," he said, "just opened, where they sell nothing but live elephants."

"Ridiculous!" I exclaimed. "Not in Bond Street. All the animal shops are near the Docks. Besides, they don't specialise like that, even there."

But it was true. Somehow or other, somewhere between Conduit Street and Clifford Street, a gigantic emporium for elephants had sprung up all unknown to me. There they were in their scores, waving their trunks and munching and waiting to be bought.

It was while I was trying to find a white one to add to my collection that I woke up.

Commercial Candour.

"WHY DRINK POISON when you can get COMMANDO?"—*Cape Argus.*

"My cows get about 50lb. of swedes or mangolds every day from November till May; and most farmers do the same."

Letter in "The Daily News."
These rural appetites!



Mistress. "MARY, HOW IS IT I SEE YOU WALKING OUT WITH A SOLDIER WHEN YOU'VE GOT A YOUNG MAN IN THE TRENCHES?"

Mary. "WELL, MUM, I ONLY DOES IT TO TAKE OFF THE BARE LOOK."

VERDUN.

"VERDUN is ours!" the vaunting Teuton cries,

And pours his serried ranks of frenzied hate

Wave upon wave, carnage insatiate,
To make a highway for the Lord of Lies.

"Verdun is mine!" unflinching France replies;

"In vain the tyrant thunders at the gate;

From ruined homes and hearths laid desolate

The hand of Freedom beckons—and I rise."

Joyous the lark shall soar above the green

That clothes the fallen; glad the corn shall wave;

Old eyes shall glow, recalling what hath been,

And how a new France blossomed from the grave.

Thou livest to all time, Verdun. Thy dead?

One hath them in His charge. Be comforted.

"For Sale, Shakespeare's Novels, 10 vols., cloth bound, never been read."

Statesman (Calcutta).

Nor even written.

THE WATCH DOGS.

LL.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The artist who proposes later on to give trouble with realistic pictures of WAR AS IT IS will begin with the brainworking of the show and pass by stages to the battalion in the line. Conceiving the office, he will picture an Oriflux pocket lamp with all but the working parts of it long since departed to a better world, a jaded French dictionary, a sketch map of the Russian Front as it used to be in 1914, a shell case retired from business, an apple or two, as many types of gas helmet as the ingenuity of man has yet been able to devise, a genuine old print of General JOFFRE, a cigarette box containing pencils, and a pencil box containing cigarettes, envelopes of all sorts and sizes prepared to go anywhere. On His Majesty's Service, a hanging fly-paper which hopefully continues its great offensive notwithstanding the inappropriateness of the season, deal tables suggesting school treats, a thousand wants, but the never-failing presence of the only real necessity, a pipe.

Thus surrounded, we concentrate upon the great business of defeating the Bosch, the last and most important step to which end is, at eventime, to read, mark, learn, inwardly digest, sign and lick up the letters of Pte. Baker (the orderly) to his wife, his mother, his sisters, his cousins, his friends, his acquaintances and the acquaintances, friends, cousins, sisters and mother of his wife. This is not so formidable an operation as you might suppose. When you have read the first letter you know the contents of the lot. If the observations of Private Baker appear to be enjoying a dangerously wide publicity you feel that they will convey little to the enemy, since they convey nothing to you but a general sense of bold and cheerful inaccuracy.

This done, it only remains to have a friendly chat with the telephone-operator on the subject of operating telephones, to send out your daily greeting to the minor formations, and to turn your thoughts to the evening recreation. Shall it be the advertisements in the day before yesterday's *Times*, or shall it be a little fancy-work on your blotting pad with the red and blue pencil? For those who prefer to get an appetite for the evening meal by less sensational means it is always open to go to their billets, sit upon their beds and think. No man can complain of the want of things to think about, since each has his higher authorities. The platoon commander is exceptionally fortunate in this respect; as objects for his sweeping improvement schemes he

has the company, the battalion, the brigade, the division, the corps, the army, G.H.Q., the War Office, the Council of the Allies, and Providence. When he has finished amending them all, he is in the right mood to go and help himself to one more delicious slice of good roast beef.

What pleasing memories that simple dish recalls! It reminds him of yesterday and of the day before yesterday. It also reminds him of the day before the day before yesterday and of all the days before that, in one long unbroken sequence. I wonder how many cattle, frozen or pressed, I've eaten since this war began. If I had to meet them all, I cannot say whether I should prefer them to come forward in waves or in massed formation.

"The British Army in the Field" has a pleasing sound about it, has it not? Have you ever conceived what the Field is? No? Then I will tell you what the Field is. It is just a field. You might have a good long look at it and not recognise it as such, but field it is, or was before they shaved it and painted it brown. It constitutes a message of the most eligible sort, stable, garage, outhouses, reception rooms, bedrooms and bathrooms combined in the simplest possible taste. When your Infantryman wants to turn in he does not have to go trudging up a tiresome lot of stairs. He spreads himself luxuriously where he is and tucks himself up in the mud. It may seem to him that he has more than his fair share of rain in his bed, but he can see and hear for himself that the supply is not yet exhausted and the system of distribution is still efficient. It is no affair of his, in this beneficent form of socialism called military routine. All the good things which Heaven and the Hun throw at him he just takes without a word of thanks or any offer to pay. At all times he fills his pipe with fresh wet tobacco, takes a mud from his mud box, strikes a watery light and inhales the soothing steam. Mud, he finds, is a wonderful thing; he can smoke it, eat it, drink it, wear it and be it, and still there is plenty left to play about in.

The War has now lasted two years and three months, and those who have seen it through may now congratulate themselves warmly on having drunk upwards of a million pints of tea. Sometimes it has been black, sometimes grey; sometimes it has been a menacing crimson and sometimes a deep and peaceful blue. It has tasted of everything, from cheese to chloride of lime—a good flavour which we shall carry with us to the end of time. Anyway, if you can't drink it you can eat

it, and as often as not there is milk with it. For this last boon, however, the cow should not take all the credit. I doubt if she is entitled to any. I fancy that every time the soldier at the Front has milk in his tea the office-boy at home has to go without his stickfast paste. But are there now any office-boys at home? I wonder. I incline to believe that all that genius for incidental naughtiness is now with the B.E.F.

Let us gather round the old camp fire and recall old memories. In other words, let us to the incinerator and smell at its source the one and only smell. No doubt there was some deep underlying cunning in the brain which first thought of collecting all the cheapest and most pungent blotting-paper in the world and leaving it to smoulder, slowly and relentlessly, at points so artfully chosen that never a corner of the zone of the Armies should remain unodorised. When peace, with all its deprivations and defects, at length arrives I propose to erect an incinerator of my own in my back-garden. Religiously throughout the year I shall accumulate for it the food it loves, even if my pigs have to starve. One day in the year I shall have a great festival, shall light it and keep it going the whole twenty-four hours. This one day in the three hundred and sixty-five will not be wasted. It will serve to keep me alive to the intense, if negative, pleasures of the other three hundred and sixty-four.

If the glory of France really consisted, as they used to tell me, in its omelettes and coffee, I for one should no longer remain to help defending France. It may be that familiarity breeds contempt; anyhow, if it was a mere matter of delicacies, I'd sooner fight even for America, its canned meats and pineapple chunks. What I should really like to eat now would be—but hush! you will be saying that I think too much of my food. And no doubt you'd be right. As says my old and learned friend Ross, who three years ago was shaping for no greater a distinction than a seat on the Bench, but has now, on his fifty-first birthday, suddenly risen to the dizzy heights of a full lieutenantcy: "Nowadays I seem to think in nothing but extremes. Only two things really interest me—Europe and my stomach. Nothing in between matters." Yours ever, HENRY.

Commercial Candour.

"COMPULSION FOR ALL has become a fact: married men with comfortable homes need not despair of their furniture becoming ruined if they have it stored at —'s Garage."
Provincial Paper.



Hostess. "MY DAUGHTER ETHEL IS EARNING TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK AT A BANK."

Very comfortable Widow. "LUCKY GIRL. I SHOULD LOVE TO DO SOME WAR-WORK LIKE THAT, BUT, ALAS! IT WOULD RUN ME INTO SUPER-TAX!"

THE LIGHTED WAY.

LITTLE beam of purest ray
Lying like a path of glory
Through the chimney-pots that sway
Over London's topmost storey,
Lighting to the knightly fray
Pussies black and brown and gray,
Lovesick tenors young and gay,
Whiskered bassos old and hoary,
Shining from my attic room
Thou dost lure them to their doom.

How could I without thine aid
Greet their ill-timed serenade?
How discover in the dark
If the hair-brush found its mark,
Or distinguish hits from misses
As the whistling soap-dish hisses,
Lifting like a bursting bomb
James, the next door neighbour's Tom?
Now by nailing half a kipper
Neath thy radiance I can down
(Aiming carefully at the brown
With a bootjack or a slipper)
Half the amorous cats in Town.
Now as I remove my boots
I can count the stricken brutes,
Chalking as I pass to bed
On the wall above my head,
"Thirteen wounded, seven dead."

I have strafed the surly Fritz
In the neighbourhood of "Wipers,"
Bombed the artless Turk to bits,
Potted his elusive snipers,
Blown his comfortable lair
Like a nest of stinging vipers
Several hundred feet in air;
But the sport was tame, I wis,
In comparison with this,
When the bottle built for stout
Lays the chief soprano out,
And the heavy letter-weight
Drums on her astonished mate,
Ginger Bill, the bass, who falls
Uttering fearful caterwauls.

* * * * *
(Later.) Baleful shaft of light,
Blazing like a ruddy beacon,
Guiding through the starless night
Zeppelins that come to wreak on
Sleeping Londoners the might
Of Teutonic *schrecklichkeit*,
Tears bedew the pillow white
Which I lay my blenching cheek on,
For the minion of the law,
Who in peace-time droops and
drowzes,
From a point of vantage saw,
Gleaming high above the houses,
Thee, incriminating ray,
And—there is a fine to pay.

"The 'Telegraaf' states that the Vienna newspapers anticipate that the consumption of cigars in Austria will shortly be limited to one per day."—*Daily Graphic*.

With a State lottery to decide who shall smoke it?

From *The Times*' report of a recent case:—

"... the words of the covenant 'other places of entertainment' ought to be construed as applying to entertainments *ejusdem generis*."

Morning Post's version:—

"The words 'other places of entertainment' must be construed in a just and generous connection."

The letter of the law may be more accurately laid down in *The Times*, but for the spirit commend us to *The Morning Post*.

"Some misapprehension seems to have arisen as to what the latest Lighting Order requires of householders. Many people are apparently under the impression that heavy bluff blinds are sufficient. This is not so."

Manchester Evening News.

Manchester "specials" are not to be deceived by any such transparent device.

(TIME: *The Dim Future*.)

Son of War-Profitteer. "FATHER, WHO DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR?"

TO JOHN BUCHAN,

Author of "*Greenmantle*," "*The Thirty-Nine Steps*,"
 "*The Power House*" and other ingenious and delectable romances.

LOVER and son of Scotland, in whose blood
 Surges the love of mountain and of flood;
 Maker of songs, master of nervous prose,
 Biographer of RALEIGH and MONTROSE;
 Mystic and man-at-arms, whose mental range
 Links wholesome fact with fancies passing strange;
 Hailing the Adventurers who crossed the foam
 And made Virginia's soil their second home;
 Or breathing that enchanted air that thrills
 The lonely spaces of the haunted hills—
 With you, upon your magic carpet whirled,
 We light upon the roof-tree of the world;
 Or join the Company of La Marjolaine,
 Those "gallant gentlemen who fought in vain
 For those who knew not to resign or reign;"
 We share the terrors that are his who roves
 Through Afric's dim and demon-haunted groves;
 Or, soaring backward down the gulf of time,
 Revisit Hellas in her golden prime,
 And, gazing in your magic crystal, see
 What lured the Lemnian to Thermopylæ.
 Most modern authors have their ups and downs,
 But on your efforts Fortune never frowns.
 Renowned in letters ere the War began
 Your late achievements place you in the van;
 Historian, lecturer, "special," novelist—
 All rôles come easy, for you have "the fist;"

And yet the wonder ever daily grows
 How you contrive to run so many shows.
 But best of all the functions you assume
 Is that of finding antidotes to gloom;
 For when your story-telling fit is on
 You prove indeed another "glorious JOHN,"
 Another "wizard of the North," whose art
 Brings welcome ease to many an aching heart.
 'Tis headlong going; for one step of mine
 Your Pegasus can travel *Thirty-Nine*!
 And in *The Power House* of your brain there glows
 A ceaseless energy that scorns repose.
 MILTON's sad shepherd twitche'd a mantle blue
 When seeking for fresh woods and pastures new,
 But you, to lend fresh glamour to your scene,
 Invoke a prophet who is garbed in green.
 Still, in whatever hue your fancy choose
 To robe a spokesman of subversive views,
 It matters little; 'tis the yarn you weave,
 O master of the art of make-believe,
 That holds us willing captives, loth to see
 The *Finis* that too soon must set us free.

"LADY, English, capable, musical (during war), seeks refined
 Home and Companionship."—*The Times*.

Peace has its drawbacks. We shall miss the drum.

"Mr. — had an intimate knowledge of the private life of Samuel
 Pepys, and his hearers were given a fair outline of the youth, early
 days, subsequent marriage, and death of this remarkable diarist,
 which occurred in 1703."—*Wallasey Chronicle*.
 One crowded year of glorious life!



PAYMENT IN KIND.

JOHN BULL. "‘A TON FOR A TON.’ THAT SEEMS A SOUND IDEA."
MR. PUNCH. "MAKE IT TWO FOR ONE, SIR, AND I’M WITH YOU."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, October 31st.—Ministers were not in their best form to-day. Mr. ASQUITH was away and his colleagues were perhaps depressed by the 216 questions awaiting them. Encouraged by the addition of a quarter-of-an-hour to Question-time Members have nearly doubled their output.

Lord ROBERT CECIL missed an opportunity in regard to Miss EMILY HOBHOUSE. The lady obtained a passport to Italy on the plea of ill-health, and eventually proceeded to Switzerland and thence into Germany. Lord ROBERT could only protest that it was not the fault of the Foreign Office, and that there should be no repetition. But surely the proper course would be to copy the procedure adopted in the case of the notorious BOY-ED, to whom the Government guilefully accorded a safe-conduct on the ground that he was likely to be less dangerous in Germany than in America. Next time Miss HOBHOUSE wants a passport let her have one marked "Not available for return."

The House was disappointed to learn from Mr. BALFOUR that the German destroyers which raided the Channel last week escaped unscathed from our gunfire. If any were sunk, as the first Admiralty report indicated, it was by running on to mines. Fortunately for the Government, Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING interposed with a suggestion that these raids were only possible through the enemy's possession of Zeppelins. The FIRST LORD quietly remarked that he did not think Zeppelins would be much use on a night which was exceptionally dark, and in the ensuing laughter the main question was forgotten. But there is no truth in the report that, as a reward for his kind assistance, Mr. BILLING is to be appointed Flight-Commander of Admiralty canards.

Some sixteen years ago the Government of the day contemplated the introduction of a measure for compelling persons in trade to register their real names. The War has revealed the ramifications of enemy-trade in our midst, and made the proposal much more urgent. Yet even now the Board of Trade has not grappled with the matter itself, but has been content to adopt a Bill of a wholly inadequate kind sent down from the House of Lords. Mr. PRETYMAN'S description of it might be summed up as "a poor thing, not mine own," and naturally failed to commend the measure to Sir EDWARD CARSON and other critics who wanted something with far more "ginger" in it.

At the close of a short sitting Mr. RONALD MCNEILL invited the Government to explain our relations towards Greece. Usually strenuous to the point



"A *pas seul* among the eggs of Greece."
Lord ROBERT CECIL.

of violence, Mr. MCNEILL on this occasion did his spiriting so gently as to elicit a remonstrance from the fiery Mr. LYNCH, who compared his speech to the performance of a lady pianist. Mr. LYNCH himself banged and thundered



MR. SPEAKER "COMBINES INSTRUCTION WITH AMUSEMENT."

away in a style reminiscent of RUBINSTEIN at his noisiest. Lord ROBERT CECIL, called upon at short notice to execute a *pas seul* among the eggs of Greece; was obviously somewhat embarrassed. He hotly disclaimed (with

a suspicion of a pun) the propping up of German propaganda, paid some compliments to M. VENIZELOS, and declared that wherever the majority of the Greek population recognised him as their *de facto* ruler the British Government would recognise him too. Then with a touch of the traditional Cecilian *hauteur* he reprimanded the critics. They might turn out the Coalition if they liked, and the Coalition, we were invited to believe, would welcome relief from a task which really transcended human powers. But until they did so the Government must bear its own responsibility, and not be called upon to share it with the House of Commons or anybody else.

Wednesday, November 1st.—We are given to understand that more men are urgently required for the Army, but to judge by the proceedings of some Government Departments this must be a mistake. Early in Question-time Dr. MACNAMARA related at considerable length the history of a conscientious objector still employed by the Admiralty at a high salary, despite the fact that not only did he refuse to fight, but had been prohibited by the military authorities from remaining at Portsmouth. A little later Members heard with amazement that a junior clerk in the office of an Irish Surveyor of Taxes at Dundalk had been refused leave to join the Army, and informed that if he did so he could not have a promise of reinstatement. "The duties are very technical" was Mr. MACKINNON WOOD'S excuse for regarding this warlike young Irishman as "indispensable." Presuming, I trust correctly, that the SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY and the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY are on speaking terms, I suggest that they might consider the possibility of turning the conscientious objector of Portsmouth into a tax-collector at Dundalk.

If there were a General Election to-morrow no one would be entitled to vote who acquired his qualification later than 1914, and of those qualified a large proportion, being in the trenches or in distant munition-works, would be unable to exercise the franchise, and the election would consequently be decided by slackers and stay-at-homes. But when the Government tried to meet the difficulty by introducing a Special Register Bill the House showed little enthusiasm.

The Bill was down for Committee to-day, but first a long list of proposed Instructions, by which Members sought to widen its scope, had to be disposed of. It takes a very clever man to frame an Instruction which will pass the SPEAKER'S scrutiny. In a pretty long



Clerk. "WHAT RELIGION ARE YOU?"

Recruit. "CHRISTIAN, SIR."

Recruiting Officer. "THAT WON'T DO. YOU MUST SAY 'CHURCH OF ENGLAND,' 'R. C.,' 'PRESBYTERIAN' OR 'FREE CHURCH.'"

Recruit. "THINK IT MUST BE THE LAST, SIR. ANYHOW, THEY DIDN'T CHARGE ME ANYTHING THE TIME I WENT."

experience of Parliament I cannot remember half-a-dozen cases of success. Mr. LOWTHER's performance on the present occasion might be described in the old-fashioned phrase as "Combining Instruction with Amusement," so deftly did he decapitate each carefully-nurtured blossom. One by one they fell before his stroke, until he came to the last one, by which it was proposed to empower the Committee to enfranchise soldiers and sailors, apart from any other qualification. An *obiter dictum* of Mr. LOWTHER at an earlier stage of the Bill had engendered hope that this fine flower might be "left blooming alone." But it was not to be. With a TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS-like gesture Mr. LOWTHER announced that he had changed his mind, and off went its head.

Deprived by this ruling of the opportunity of amending the measure to its liking, the House, led by Sir EDWARD CARSON, declined to have anything more to do with it. In vain the PRIME MINISTER promised to give Members a special opportunity of deciding the larger question, and urged it meanwhile to get on with the work before it.

"What was the use," asked Sir JOHN SIMON and others, "of considering the machinery of registration until they knew what sort of persons were to be placed on the register?" Borne down under the weight of opposition from so many quarters, Mr. ASQUITH at length agreed to "report progress"—the quaint phrase that the House employs to record the fact that no progress whatsoever has been made.

Thursday, November 2nd.—There was much talk to-day of the shortage of potatoes. Various reasons for it were advanced by Mr. RUNCIMAN, but it was left for Mr. HOUSTON to provide what is doubtless the real explanation. "Is it not a fact," he asked, "that a large number of potatoes are used to produce alcohol for the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS?" No direct reply to this charge was made by the Government, but by a remarkable coincidence, to which I trust no sinister significance attaches, Mr. PRETYMAN immediately afterwards brought in a Bill to amend the Output of Beer (Restriction) Act.

Dr. JOHNSON once said that patriotism was the last refuge of the scoundrel. There are, of course, no scoundrels in

the House of Commons, but there are one or two gentlemen whose chief contribution to the task of winning the War is to accuse the Ministers engaged in conducting it of possessing sympathies with the enemy. Their latest victim is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose crime is that he has not discharged an aged German Professor who has been engaged since 1872 in cataloguing the Persian manuscripts belonging to the India Office. From the speeches of Sir H. DALZIEL and Mr. HANDEL BOOTH I rather gathered that this ancient dry-as-dust must be "the hidden hand" we read so much about. And my suspicions were strengthened when the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA said that he had never heard the old gentleman's name before that day. Evidently the secret of his existence is one that nobody below the rank of a Cabinet Minister can be trusted to share.

"It must not be forgotten that every lighted street lamp has to be attended to individually. Where electricity is concerned the matter is simple."—*Manchester Evening News*. And even the pater does not always show too much intelligence.

SECOND SIGHT.

I SAT at one end of the garden bench, Elizabeth at the other. We were waiting to start for the station to meet the 12.55 from London.

We were ready much too soon, as one always is for an untoward event, and, as I pulled my watch out for the third time in ten minutes, Elizabeth looked at me wanly and suggested my meeting the train alone.

"Perhaps it might make things easier," she said, "if you met him alone; he has never seen me, and—" She stopped abruptly, and with a fresh pang I realised that my brother George, my dear old brother, would never see Elizabeth now, for he was coming to us blind!

George, who had written those jolly letters from India these past ten years; hero of many frontier expeditions; the big splendid brother of my youth—George who had led his native regiment across France—now wearer of the V.C., and—blind!

I pushed the gravel about with my stick and stared at the bright geranium bed, round which our little Betty frolicked with her watering-pot.

"There, daddy," she cried, sprinkling the last few drops over her shoes and dancing towards us. "Geraniums now nice for Uncle George!"

At once we knew something must be done. Betty, for whom the world was a bright dream, even Betty must know the price that is paid for dreams.

Elizabeth took the watering-pot away and wiped the little fingers carefully, then, in what she hoped was a matter-of-fact voice, she reminded Betty that Uncle George was ill; that he had been wounded in the big War, and that we were all going to be very quiet and very careful of him.

Betty looked solemnly pleased. She had been petted too often by wounded soldiers to feel overawed by the prospect of having one permanently in the house. She saw herself handing innumerable plates of bread-and-butter, at all hours of the day, to a sick soldier who would be dressed in a blue suit and a scarlet tie, and she was manifestly happy.

"But, darling," said her mother firmly, "I want you to listen. Uncle George was not wounded in the arm or the leg."

"Not like Bomb-dear-Jones?" interrupted Betty, recalling her favourite of the moment.

"No, not like the Bombardier and the poor soldiers who have to walk with crutches. Uncle George can walk if we hold his hand, but his eyes were hurt and he cannot see. He cannot see at all."

Betty was dumbfounded. "Not see geraniums? Not see Betty?" she asked incredulously. "Then," after a terrible pause—"then, Mummy, I can walk him home from the station."

For this Heaven-sent solution to our immediate problem we were amazed and thankful and, as Betty danced before us on our way to the train, courage and hope crept back to our hearts for the first time that day.

* * * * *

"This is Betty," we were saying a few moments later as the tiny hands

the sun, while she made a rigorous tour of inspection among the buttons of his tunic.

Having satisfied herself that all were in order and that each button fitted its rightful button-hole, she gazed long and thoughtfully at the face above her, and found herself completely baffled by the look in those still grey eyes.

"Not a *little* bit can't you see?" she coaxed at last, in a whisper. "Not if I do that," twinkling her tiny fingers across his brow.

"Not a *little* bit," he answered with a patient smile. "That is—not the things *you* see, Betty."

"What *then*?" she urged, anxiety and curiosity creeping into her voice. "What *then* can you see?"

We held our breath.

"Oh, fetch her away!" said Elizabeth in a whisper. But the dear fellow was now holding his catechist tightly round the waist, his brown cheek against her yellow curls, and as she lay very still for his answer we heard him say:—

"When the sun is warm, Betty, and the trees rustle overhead like this, I see beautiful birds in the branches, and presently they will flutter away into the blue, blue sky of India. Some have scarlet heads and green and yellow feathers, some have dainty white crests and long, such *long* forked tails. Golden orioles fly across the tree tops, too, and parrakeets in all kinds of blue and green. And there are peacocks skirring below the big mountains. Mr.

Peacock doesn't fly very fast, perhaps because he is a vain bird and wants to show his feathers."

"Peacock proud bird," agreed Betty importantly. "Then?"

"Then, when I smell the hot and dusty roads, I see elephants padding across the plains; big crinkly-coated elephants that carry us into the jungle where the tiger lives, and the black buck with the gentle eyes. And the jungle is full of wonderful trees and bushes, bushes that *smell so sweet* as the elephant crushes them with his big black hoofs.

"When you take me down to the sea to-morrow, as you promised, Betty, and I hear the swish of the water, I shall see red-sailed dhows and yellow-painted paddle-boats, and porpoises and flying-fish and queer diamond-shaped sealy fellows leaping in the air. If the water is not too deep there will be brown sea-snakes wriggling amongst the seaweed and all sorts of jolly jelly-



Prim Lady. "I WANT A USEFUL PRESENT FOR MY NEPHEW IN THE TRENCHES."

Tobacconist. "PIPE? TOBACCO-POUCH? CIGARETTES?"

Prim Lady. "NO. HE HAS PLENTY OF THOSE. HAVE YOU ANY PRETTY ASH-TRAYS?"



Officer. "How is it that you have so many young fellows working for you?"

Farmer. "Well, ye see, there's such a run on the old 'uns that we can't get 'em."

fish, some dark red chaps with long white streamers floating behind them, as though they had forgotten to fasten up their braces in their hurry to get along the Tigris and play with all the other funny fishes that light up when night comes, like toys upon a Christmas-tree. On the shore there will be Arabs and camels, date-palms and wee white churches. . . .

"Oh! and are they *real*?" breathed Betty, open-eyed and panting. "Real, Uncle George? Not *fairy* tigers or *fairy* jelly-fish?"

The spell is broken. We join in the hearty burst of laughter that comes from beneath the acacia-tree.

"He *can* see!" screamed Betty delightedly, scrambling down and rushing towards us. "He can see lovely, lovely things; and, Mummy, he won't mind about the geraniums."

From "The Diary of Ethel" in *The Daily Mail*:—

"I am writing in my bedroom. It is entirely lit by candles—some hundreds of them, I should think, in old silver sconces."

October 14th.

"This room looks so huge and dark. The hundred candles hardly seem to give any light."

October 16th.

We are glad to note the reduction in the number, *Ethel*, but in these times even a hundred seems scandalous.

COLOURS.

I HAVE ten colours in my box
And paint a lot of magazines,
And Mother's fashion-book of frocks
And picture-cards of kings and queens.

Of all my paints I'm fond of three
And hardly ever use the rest:
Yellow for fire, and blue for sea,
And red for soldiers—that's the best.

NOTE.

I know they dress in *khaki* now,
But that's a colour hard to make—
The same as Mr. Meadows' cow
That won't come right with crimson lake.

"When LOBACHEVSKI threw over the Euclidean concept that the sum of the angles of a triangle are equal to three right angles, and founded a geometry of his own, he was but displaying in the region of pure thought those qualities of fresh, bounding vision, untrammelled by prejudice and set formula, which his brothers have shown in other fields of endeavour."—*The Times' Russian Supplement*.

We ourselves in our hot youth had thoughts of throwing over various Euclidean concepts in favour of our "fresh, bounding vision, untrammelled by prejudice and set formula," but, to do Euclidean justice, the above concept was never one of these.

Painful result of civic hospitality:—

"King Manuel, who arrived in Aberdeen yesterday, was received by the Lord Provost, and after being entertained at luncheon spent the afternoon in the military hospital."

Daily Graphic.

"Mr. Eve based his address on the words 'Adam, where art thou?'"

Bedfordshire Times.

EVE, if anyone, ought to know the answer.

Official War news as displayed at a West Highland post-office:—

"British last night captured a German trench with 2 officers and 19 barbarians." It almost looks as if the two officers may have been civilised.

From a speech of Prince ALEXANDER of Serbia, as reported by *The Dundee Evening Telegraph*:—

"Never has an alliance been so complete, so free from all personal armour proper. The PRINCE, we gather, is not an advocate of body-shields."

From a concert programme:—

"SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF THE
WELSH MALE CHOIR,
OVER 20 IN NUMBER, INCLUDING SEVERAL VOCALISTS."

We now understand why the Prayer-Book distinguishes between "choirs" and "places where they sing."

THE FRANCHISE AT THE FRONT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We owe it to our fighting men to hold a General Election. We have justly recognised the need for entertainment, relaxation and distraction from the cares of war. We provide concerts, sports, football matches, picture-houses, newspapers, books, mouth-organs. Are we so niggardly as to refuse to provide a General Election? It is impossible to over-estimate the happy effect of a performance by Cabinet Ministers all down the back of the front from the sea to the Somme. I can well imagine that the chance of leaving the trenches for the rear in the lively hope of hearing a reasoned discussion of Land Values or Local Option would prove a bright, sustaining prospect. On the other hand, if a sufficient supply of oratory was sent out to occupy the whole of the rear at so many speeches to the mile (wheel to wheel), and if it went on long enough, might it not have the effect of popularising the first-line trenches, or even of bringing about a spontaneous offensive on the whole front of such impetus as to end the War?

There are a good many small points that call for decision. We cannot expect the army to vote unless they have a real live issue put before them. But there are plenty of live issues. I would be prepared myself to sweep the trenches on the single question of Plum-and-Apple Jam. Registration again could be simplified by forming military constituencies—two members to a division

—while out of courtesy to our heroic Allies a certain number of votes would no doubt be put at the disposal of the French Command.

The enemy is pretty certain to know what is going on, but conspicuous dummy polling-booths could be erected to draw his fire. The elections should all take place on one day; any battalion that happened to be engaged on an attack could no doubt be provided with a Polling Tank. And something must be done to prevent manipulation, as nothing would be easier than to send out strong Unionist or Liberal drafts to any Division that was known to be evenly divided.

I cannot think of any other difficulty. There is plenty of transport available for bringing voters to the poll; canvassing could go on as usual—it being agreed by both parties that the can-

vasser should be unarmed—and colours could be worn, provided that only khaki was used.

I am, yours as usual,
STATISTICIAN.

CLARIFIED CLASSICS.

WE understand that a firm of New York publishers is shortly issuing a new series of English and American Classics, the feature of which will be even fuller and more explanatory notes than in any previous edition of the same works. All obscurities, however slight, will be elucidated by highly-paid experts, so that there will remain no excuse not to know, and comprehend fully, the masterpieces of Anglo-Saxon literature.



THE NEW ARMY.

Officer. "NOT A PUNCTURE, I HOPE?"

Private Brown (inspecting mud on tyre). "OH, NO, SIR. BUT YOU MUST HAVE HAD A WONDERFULLY INTERESTING RIDE. I SEE YOU'VE BEEN IN THE LOWER SILURIAN, OLD RED SANDSTONE, CRYSTALLITE AND METAMORPHIC DISTRICTS."

To illustrate the method, we append some anticipations of the first volume:

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was¹ the schooner² Hesperus³

That sailed the wintry⁴ sea;

And the skipper⁵ had taken his little daughter⁶

To bear him company.⁷

(1) Professor Elias B. Scadder calls attention to this significant employment of the past tense as conveying a subtle suggestion of the subsequent fate of the craft. (2) See Appendix A, "Sailing Ships and their Rig." (3) Probably a fictitious name, though several similar ones have figured in *Lloyd's Register*. (4) Winter is one of the most dangerous seasons for navigation (see "Equinox.") (5) Or captain. (6) An interesting doubt is raised by Dr. Hiram Blimber as to the legality of this action. It probably turns upon whether the skipper was also his own master or a paid employé of the company owning the ship. (See Appendix B. "Licences, why endorsed or forfeited.") (7) Her avocations were merely social, i.e. she was

not a member of the ship's company. (See also note 6.)

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,⁸
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,⁹
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds¹⁰

That ope¹¹ in the month of May.¹²

(8) For a full description of this plant see Appendix C., "Flora of American poetry."

(9) Under fine weather conditions. The reference is probably to the pink clouds that frequently accompany sunrise; the green, purple, or golden tints being ignored. (10) See Appendix C.; also, for the whole subject of complexion and its treatment, consult advertisement pages at end of volume. (11) Open. (12) Or June in backward seasons.

[Twenty pages of notes and incidental poetry omitted.]

"O father, I hear the church bells ring,¹³

O say¹⁴ what may it be?"
"Tis a fog-bell¹⁵ on a rock-bound coast!"

And he steered for the open sea.¹⁶

(346) The child had clearly enjoyed a pious education. But at whose hands? (See Appendix K on "Character of Skippers' Wives.") (347) A touching use of the familiar American idiom. (348) But was it? Professor Scadder aptly objects that a strong North-Easterly gale is unlikely to produce fog. On the other hand the bell, if floating, would ring in any weather. (349) An obvious query arises here. How in a fog—if there was a fog—did he know which was open sea? Miss Sadie Pothunter believes that the skipper may have been under the influence of alcohol, a theory to which his subsequent demise lends some support. (See also under "Navigation" and "Licences," and Appendix G. on "Medical aspects of the disaster.")

Our Maternal Government.

"Five splendid pullets, February, 1916, hatched under the Board of Agriculture, will lay immediately, 8/6 each."—Poultry.

From a "tear-off" Calendar:—

"OCTOBER,

31

TUESDAY.

August to October Game Certificates expire. Mystical carpeted earth, with dead leaves of desire. Disrobing earth dying beneath love's fire."

The scansion and clarity of this charming little poem seem to us hardly up to the level of the rhymes.

"Admiral Sir John Jellicoe writes:—'To those who are anxious to help war charities I would say "Bis dat gin cito dat."'"

Daily News.

We find it difficult to believe that this correctly conveys Sir JOHN JELlicoe's sentiments, either in the letter or the spirit.



1855.

Staff Officer writes. "THE GENERAL TURNED UP LAST NIGHT UNEXPECTEDLY. FORTUNATELY I HEARD OF A TRANSPORT HORSE HAVING DIED, SO WE MANAGED TO PRODUCE AN EXCELLENT REPAST FOR HIM."



1916.

Staff Officer writes. "HAD TO ENTERTAIN THE GENERAL LAST NIGHT, SO YOUR LAST TUCK-BOX CAME IN VERY USEFUL. BY THE WAY, COULD YOU SEND ME SOME OF THAT PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS AGAIN? I'M A BIT TIRED OF THE CHICKEN IN ASPIC."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If any landmen wish to know what is the daily round of life of an ordinary seaman in peace and in war on one of His Majesty's ships I can most heartily recommend them to get and read *Pincher Martin, O.D.*, by "Taffrail" (CHAMBERS). I have myself read it with deep interest from cover to cover, and in the course of my reading I have acquired some curious and variegated knowledge. I now know the meaning of the letters O.D. after *Martin's* name; I have tracked the word "Duffos" to its etymological lair; "Dusty Boy" is no longer a mystery to me; and, if anyone should thwart me, I should be able to "part brass-rags" with him in a moment in order to preserve my self-respect. The book is admirably written, for "Taffrail" not merely knows his subject perfectly, but he has a wonderful power of vivid and exciting description and a humour which is never forced and is therefore always agreeable. The story begins in peace-time, but war breaks out soon after *Martin* has joined his first ship, and he is plunged thenceforth into one tremendous adventure after another. He is on the pre-Dreadnought, the *Belligerent*, when she is torpedoed, and, having been rescued, he is transferred to the *Mariner*, a T.B.D., and in her he fights through the battle of Jutland and is wounded. I have read nothing in

recent naval literature which is better done than the account of this terrific battle, with all its catastrophes, its heroisms and its triumphs. Only a genuine sailor with a natural gift for writing could have done it. I congratulate "Taffrail," and most warmly commend his book to all who love sailormen and admire the Navy.

The Girls at His Billet (HUTCHINSON) is one of those stories that aim at nothing beyond agreeable entertainment and succeed excellently well in the attempt. Its pure intent is all for your delight and I certainly pity any reader who can resist its charm. Miss BERTA RUCK (or, if you prefer it, Mrs. OLIVER ONIONS) has made the neatest little comedy of courtships with three fascinating heroines, the *Girls* of the title, and three eligible young officers to fall in love with them. Indeed, the whole thing reminds me rather of those jolly pages of little pictures that one used to see in the Christmas Annuals, where almost always a trio of swains and the same number of maidens wooed each other through all kinds of diverting adventures. The book is really very much like that; and from the moment that the red-haired and freckled subaltern, *Frank Lascelles*, arrives with his fellow-officers in the dreary East-Coast village called (here) Mudflats, and himself becomes the guest of the three beautiful *Misses Verdeley* and their nice aunt, you wouldn't believe at what a pace the author hustles things. Three engage-

ments, an elopement, a Zepp raid, a spy in the house—these are only a few of the happenings. They are all told by the youngest of the girls, a deliciously natural person with whom you will probably fall in love as promptly as did —. For my own part my surrender dated from her description of the Venus of Milo as “so good-natured looking.” Decidedly Mr. Lascelles had luck in the matter of billets!

After his short excursion to topsyturvydom, Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL has returned to the region of his predilection. In *Watermeads* (PAUL) he gives us another of his delightful descriptions of an English countryside, of the life that is lived there and the people who live it. The *Conways* have nearly everything that should make existence agreeable. Their family has been in possession of *Watermeads* for about three hundred years; their mansion is beautiful and ancient, and they themselves, with the exception of Mrs. Conway, who is an addleheaded fool, are people as pleasant and wholesome as you will meet in a day's march.

Only money is wanting to complete, I will not say their happiness, but their ease. The Raeburns and Sir Joshuas, their ancestors, are being sold off to provide for the education of the children, the damp is penetrating the ceilings, the wallpaper is peeling off, the furniture-covers are shabby, and the bills act after the manner of bills by mounting up and up. Nevertheless the *Conways* keep a brave heart and continue to enjoy their lives without motor cars or carriages, but with the respect and affection of their neighbours. As foils to them we have Mr. Blumenthal, the City snob, and Lord Kirby, the newly ennobled political snob. Finally, after various vicissitudes, Fred, the eldest Conway son, effects a reconciliation between the family and the rich and eccentric bachelor uncle, the Rt. Hon. Mark Drake; and we are given to understand that the fortunes of *Watermeads*, and, indeed, the house itself, will be amply restored. I have only one complaint to make, and that is that we are allowed to see too little of the pleasant old cynic, Uncle Mark, who is a sort of Major Pendennis with brains. And, by the way, Bobby and Billy, those promising Conway boys, disappear too soon.

Used as I have become to the horrors incident upon a world war in these past two years, I was not proof against a shudder at learning from Mr. S. B. P. MAIS that the Headmaster of Winchborough School was substituting women for the male of the species on his staff. The third schoolmistress to invade that shrine of learning was April Treffry, who, in the intervals of her scholastic duties, corresponded entertainingly with a lonely subaltern, one Hugh Peters. Her letters and his replies and a deal of matter written by various minor characters make up the volume entitled *April's Lonely Soldier* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). One of the numerous books discussed by her in her corre-

spondence is described by April as “just a series of letters with the thinnest of thin plots about anything and everything.” That would do for a description of the present volume; but it would give little idea of its charm. Imagine *The Upton Letters* written in collaboration by a woman and a shaggy and misunderstood genius of the new down-with-everything school, and you have a very fair idea of the nature of *April's Lonely Soldier*. Mr. MAIS, who wrote *A Public School in War-Time*, is at home in the atmosphere he has chosen. There is a reality about the portraits of the members of the staff which recalls Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill, a book, by the way, to which the author seems greatly attached. My only quarrel with Mr. MAIS is that, interesting as his book is, he has missed a great chance by making April's attitude to Winchborough one of superior aloofness. A woman introduced by magic into the interior of the most masculine institution on earth, a public school, should have had more absorbing things to write about than the comparative merits as novelists of Mr. VICTOR BRIDGES and Miss ETHEL DELL. It is true that every now and

again she touches on school-life and its problems, but for the most part she dismisses them with raised eyebrows and a contemptuous smile.

It will, I am sure, be welcome news to a great circle of friends that the clever WILLIAMSON couple have written another motoring story. Its name, *The Lightning Conduress* (METHUEN), pleasantly recalls an earlier triumph in the same material; indeed the present might be regarded as a kind of sequel to the former tale. It displays again that blend of the informal motoring guide and exciting adventure story of which C. N. and A. M. hold the recipe; so that, as before,

you are torn between a desire to go slow over the delightful descriptive parts, and to hurry on towards the sensational revelations that always seem to be impending in the next chapter. Perhaps in the present volume the landscape is a little too good for the intrigue. One of the joint authors owns a wonderful gift for realizing what he (or she) calls “the personality of places.” On the other hand, the mystery about which the plot revolves is never conspicuously opaque. This time the action passes in that land flowing with petrol and prosperity, the proudly pacific neutral, in short (as Mr. Micawber would put it), in America. Thither come Molly Winston and her English husband, and Patricia Moore, the heroine, and the Mystery Man who calls himself Peter Storm, but of course really isn't. To these, on the further side, are added a husband-hunting widow, Patricia's easy but unreliable father, and a wicked ex-Socialist who wants to marry her. So you see there is plenty to keep the pot a-boiling. The story is told by means of a series of letters—a rather needless device, which, however, the authors handle with much dexterity; though for my own part a sense of the extreme bulkiness of these communications always makes it a struggle to believe in them.



Civilian Passenger (to sailor, who has been beguiling the way with lurid accounts of war experiences). “WELL, I'M SORRY YOU MUST GET OUT HERE. YOU HAVE GIVEN ME A MARVELLOUS INSIGHT INTO THE WORK OF THE NAVY. WONDERFUL! I CAN SCARCELY CREDIT IT.”

Sailor. “WELL, YOU NEEDN'T TRY, SIR. AS A MATTER OF FACT THERE WEREN'T A WORD OF TRUTH IN WOT I BIN TELLEN' YOU. YOU SEE, WE AIN'T ALLOWED TO TELL THE TRUTH, NOT TO STRANGERS.”

CHARIVARIA.

It is announced that the new Treasury Notes which are to appear early in the New Year will be the same size as the present ones. Notwithstanding the general increase in prices they will be obtainable at approximately the same cost as now. * *

Hackney Workhouse officers are to be allowed to have half-a-crown's worth of extra rations at Christmas. They have practically decided to club together and buy an egg. * *

General CARRANZA has announced himself as a candidate for the Presidency of Mexico. The enunciation of his platform, especially that part of it which deals with the annexation of the United States, is awaited with interest. * *

South London children are knitting socks for members of the police force at the Front. There is great rivalry between the various schools as to which of them will complete a pair of socks first. * *

An evening contemporary, in discussing the Labour problem in its relation to the potato shortage, says, "It would be interesting to know what the potatoes are saying." Our own opportunities for intercourse with really representative potatoes are rather limited nowadays, but we can assure our contemporary that one or two to whom we mentioned the matter showed so much warmth of feeling that they had to have their jackets removed. * *

Some publicity has been given of late to the question of combing out of the police force the many thousands of young unmarried policemen who could be better occupied serving their country in arms. It is therefore with pleasure that we hear of the foundation of a League of Patriotic Cooks, whose members pledge themselves not to concede rabbit-pie to any single policeman below the age of forty-one. * *

The City Guild of Musicians have founded a Trust for apprenticing choristers to some trade connected with music, and the hope is entertained that this will not only result in a more effective house-to-house distribution of milk and fish, but also to an improvement in yodelling, which under present conditions is in danger of becoming a lost art. * *

Failing this, the choristers should at worst have no difficulty, as protégés of a City Guild, in learning to play a good knife and fork.



"WHAT ARRANGEMENTS HAVE YOU MADE IN CASE ZEPPELINS COME?"

"IF ANY BOMBS ARE DROPPED ON THE 'UTS, SIR, THE CAMP WILL BE ROUSED BY THREE BLASTS ON A WEISTLE."

In connection with the recent account from Italian sources of a duel between an armoured train and destroyers off the Dalmatian coast, caution should be exercised in accepting the statement that the combatants were only separated with difficulty. * *

We read of a "large gathering" of representatives of County Clubs that was recently held in the Midlands to protest against the Liquor Control Regulations, and how the chairman and principal speaker were absent, being "confined to their residences through attacks of the gout." Though far from suggesting a sinister cause for these attacks we cannot but regard it as a kindly irony that prevented these gentlemen, through gout, from demand-

ing greater facilities for the acquirement of that disease. * *

Commercial messages may now be sent by wireless from Germany to the United States for 9 cents a word. The reduction is due to the fact that the official German War News, the transmission of which to the German Embassy at Washington has hitherto monopolized the wireless service, is now manufactured largely at the receiving end. * *

The Germans have announced that the appointment of General VON BESELER as regent of the new Kingdom of Poland will be "merely temporary." It is not often that we find ourselves in full agreement with the enemy's forecasts.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The German KAISER and the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH.)

The Kaiser. So that is done. We have re-created a nation. Let us congratulate one another on the feat we have accomplished and give instructions about the carrying out of the details. *Hoch! hoch! hoch!* Poland!

Francis Joseph. I am sorry, but I am not inclined to shout *Hoch! hoch! hoch!* just at present. I have agreed and have signed, but beyond that I am not at this moment prepared to go.

The Kaiser. Then, my dear Emperor, I must say I cannot understand what is in your mind. Do you not feel that it is a glorious privilege to help in this new work of Nation-building? Do you not—

Francis Joseph. No, I don't, and I say that emphatically. Where is that sort of thing to stop? We shall be asked next to put Serbia on her legs again, and Montenegro might well profit from a little nation-building.

The Kaiser. Oh, don't talk to me of Serbia and Montenegro. Those two wretched countries are inspired by a bitter malevolence against everything German. Even my own name is not sacred to them.

Francis Joseph. Then there is Belgium too. It is true I have not heard you suggest the restoration of Belgium. The nearest you got to it was when you told the Americans that your heart bled for Louvain. But other people—the French, for example, or the English, or even the Belgians themselves—might suggest this to us, and where shall we be then?

The Kaiser. I don't want to hear any more about Belgium. I'm perfectly sick of the mere name of the place. Never was there a more ungrateful people. Out of the kindness of my heart I give the Belgians the opportunity of doing some good honest work, and they refuse to stir a finger on the ground that they must not work against the lives of their fellow-countrymen. I give them a brand-new University, filled with all the latest splendours of German *Kultur*, and they refuse to take professorships in it or even to study in it. If this kind of thing is to go on I shall end by not troubling myself about Belgium at all. I shall abandon Belgium to itself, of course keeping an army of occupation there; and I shall have to leave off praying for Belgium every day and endeavouring to forgive that stiff-necked country for all the ill it has wrought against us.

Francis Joseph. Dear me, dear me, how angry you are! Had I known you were so sensitive on the matter I should perhaps not have mentioned it.

The Kaiser. Oh, do not mind me. I have long since given up the hope that anyone will consider my feelings or even attempt to understand them.

Francis Joseph. Let us return to this plan about Poland. We are to set up Russian Poland as an independent kingdom and make LEOPOLD of Bavaria king over it.

The Kaiser. Or my own son JOACHIM. You don't object to that, do you?

Francis Joseph. I can't say I'm enthusiastic about it. It will mean perpetual enmity on the part of Russia.

The Kaiser. That's nothing to me.

Francis Joseph. I daresay not, because Austria will have to bear the brunt of it. But you will be involved in it too, and a time may come when it will not be so pleasant for you.

The Kaiser. But in the meantime we can make the Russian Poles fight for us and thus we can get a few hundred thousand more men into our armies.

Francis Joseph. Then Galicia, which belongs to me, is to have—I forget what you call it.

The Kaiser. Autonomous institutions under Austria's aegis.

Francis Joseph. And I tell you plainly I don't like these autonomous institutions. They sound all right, but in practice they do not work. However, have your own way about it.

The Kaiser. Thank you. I mean to.

Francis Joseph. But why is no word said about Prussian Poland? Why should not Posen be joined to Russian Poland so as to make a bigger Kingdom for the new King?

The Kaiser. What the Great FREDERICK won for Prussia must remain Prussian to the end of time.

Francis Joseph. Very good. I say the same about MARIA THERESA and Austria. But at least Posen might have autonomous institutions just to balance Galicia.

The Kaiser. Never. They would want to speak Polish and not to have their estates confiscated, and I couldn't possibly consent to that.

Francis Joseph. Then I am to consent to everything and you to nothing?

The Kaiser. Yes, that is the long and the short of it.

Francis Joseph. Your nobility and your generosity positively overwhelm me.

The Kaiser. Pray do not mention it. I am like that by nature.

THE HAPPY DEFAULTER.

THE regimental jackdaw 'as a bright an' beady eye,
'E sits upon the tent-pole there an' winks both bold an' sly;
'E says, "You bloomin' idiot, you, to go an' get C.B.!"
An' I wish I was the jackdaw, an' I wish that 'e was me!

The regimental jackdaw 'e can always speak 'is mind,
'E tells the Colonel what 'e thinks when thus 'e feels inclined;
'E saucos of the Adjutant as 'andy as can be,
An' I wish I was the jackdaw, an' I wish that 'e was me!

The regimental jackdaw, 'e is like a bloomin' lord,
'E 'ops it when he thinks 'e will an' no one speaks a word;
'E takes 'is 'ook without no pass, 'e don't come 'ome to tea,
An' I wish I was the jackdaw, an' I wish that 'e was me!

The regimental jackdaw 'e's the jolliest thing I've seen;
'E 'as no pack to carry an' 'e 'as no 'ipe to clean;
'E 's breakin' rules the 'ole day long an' never gets C.B.;
An'—I wish I was the jackdaw, an' I wish that 'e was me!

Hot Stuff.

"Small wonder that Mrs. Mustard was warmly supported at our Caxton Hall meeting."—*The Vote.*

"The Salonika District, with a population of half a million Lemons."—*The Briton (Bombay).*

Even TINO could not squeeze them all.

"The bride and bridegroom left for a short honeymoon, the latter travelling in a tailor suit of deep dahlia-coloured cloth trimmed with skunk and worn with a picture hat of black panne and handsome overcoat of musquash."—*The Queen.*

He must have looked a perfect dream.

"In the months January to September 584,000 claims were received for a refund of income tax, and 585,000 were allowed."—*Evening Standard.*

Has the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER taken to paying as well as receiving conscience-money?

"No one with eyes to see and ears to hear, and a heart to feel, can go through the great munition factories without realising that there is always thrilling through them a mysterious call to the battlefields, and that a kind of invisible hand-clasp is constantly being made between the women at the lathes and the men in the trenches."—*Mr. HALL CAINE.*

We are glad to find that the "hidden hand" is not always maleficent.



A MORAL OBLIGATION.

MR. WILSON (*actual President and alleged President-Elect*). "DURING THE BRIEF REMAINDER OF MY PRESENT TERM OF OFFICE I MUST CURB MY FATAL TENDENCY TO HASTY ACTION, LEST I SHOULD COMPROMISE MY SUCCESSOR."

"THAT THING IN TWELVE."

I LAY in a private ward in a London hospital awaiting my operation. The name of my little ward was 13A. That distinguished it from the big ward, which was just 13. Ward-maid 13 came in to give the floor its morning polish. She was armed with a brush, a great heavy polisher and an enamel basin filled with pink wax. She was slight and short—a little thing for such strenuous work.

"Good morning," I said.

"G' morning," she answered gruffly.

I felt that she was weighing me up, deciding whether I was a person with whom she would care to be on sociable terms or not. After some minutes' silence she decided in my favour.

"Are you an operation case?" she asked.

I jumped (mentally). Of course I knew that to the professional mind I was a "case," but I hadn't thought I should be called upon to describe myself as one.

"Er—yes," I said, "yes."

"So am I," she said, and she gave her polisher a vicious push.

Heavens! were we all "cases"? Was the very ward-maid a "case"?

"Are you?" I gasped.

"Yus," she said; "but I haven't the pluck."

"Oh, come," I ventured, "surely you don't mean that!"

"I do," she affirmed. "Awful timid-hearted, I am. But mind yer, I can do anything for anyone as is bad. But it's killin' work, this is." Swing, swing, went the polisher. "I wouldn't stay here, not another hour, if it wasn't for Sister. She's a good un, Sister is; and I'd hate changing ward-maids if I was a Sister. You'd never know what you were getting."

"No?"

"No—why, she might get some girl like that thing in 12. She's a fair sarpint, that thing in 12 is, and she's that ugly you never saw!"

"May I ask what your name is?" I said.

"Clara," said my friend. "And I don't believe she's even *English*. She don't look it."

I felt that here was war indeed.

The next morning Clara made her appearance armed as before.

"Good morning," I said. "How are you?"

"Bad," she answered.

"I'm so sorry."

"Yus," said Clara as she swept up the dust. "You see, it was turn-out in 12 yesterday, and I have to go and help the girl there turn-out days, and she won't do no work—not her! She catches hold of the beds—so (the action was illustrated for me), but she don't lift. It's me that has to lift, and she puts that much wax on her floor as yer can't polish it."

"Why should *you* polish *her* floor?" I asked.

"She won't polish it—not turn-out

work this is, and that thing in 12, when she's daubed all her wax on her floor, she comes and pinches mine."

It was the day I was going down to the theatre. A pile of blankets lay on a chair ready for me.

"I shouldn't like to have to lie and look at them things!" she exclaimed.

"You'll perhaps come to it," I said.

"P'raps shall—some day. But I can't yet, yer see. My mother's only got me now. If I was laid up she'd be in the Union."

"Oh," I said, "that's the sort of pluck you haven't got, is it?"

Clara swept the polisher through the door.

"Can't abide operations, I can't," she said. "Seen too much of 'em." And the door shut behind her. It opened again and Clara's head came in.

"Wish yer good luck!" she said gruffly, and disappeared.

The next morning, and the next, and the next, I lay without speaking as she cleaned my room, terrified lest she should move my bed or at least knock it with her polisher. She did nothing of the sort. On the fourth day I was almost sure she would consider me sufficiently recovered to be moved.

"You *wouldn't* move my bed, would you?" I pleaded.

"No," she said, "I won't move yer *bed*. I'm sorry for anyone as is bad. I ain't moved you, have I? nor won't."

A wheel chair stood in the passage.

"What 'ud I give yer a ride for?" I heard Clara say as she pushed her broom out. "D'yer think I ain't got enough to do?"

"Ah, but come on, Clara," said a childish voice.

"Get in, then, be quick!" And the delighted laughter of both of them rang down the passage.

"It's queer how kids hang on to me," she said when she returned. "I can't abide 'em."

That dinner-time Clara came into my room carrying her basin of pink wax, which she proceeded to hide behind the screen.

"It's my half-day," she said, "and that thing in 12 'll be coming to the ward tea-time. She always pinches my wax if I don't hide it. Found it last time too, she did! I always know when she's been at it by the marks, 'cause I'm left-handed and she's right. There—she'll never think of coming in here for it. I'm going to the Empire, I am."

The next morning, after she had



Enterprising Dentist (to prospective client). "AH, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, MANY A SMART YOUNG OFFICER HAS SUR-RENDERED TO A SMILE FROM THE 'GERTIE'!"

days; we'd never get done! And I don't like to see such a floor, I don't. She puts the wax on thick, and it gives the floor a sort of shine, you see, but it ain't real polish. If I didn't do that floor once a week I dunno what it'd be like."

"But doesn't Sister 12 see?"

"Oh, *her* Sister always sticks up for that thing, no matter what she does. Now our Sister wouldn't, not if I was wrong, she wouldn't."

"Well," I said, "you wouldn't want her to, would you?"

"Should think I wouldn't. No, if I'm wrong I get told off—same as anyone else. She's a good un, our Sister is. I wouldn't stay here if it wasn't for her—killin' myself. It's killin'



Rapt Spinster (at Society wedding). "ISN'T THE MUSIC DELIGHTFUL? WHAT IS IT THEY'RE PLAYING NOW?"
Gloomy Misogynist. "DON'T KNOW—PROBABLY THE WEDDING-MARCH IN 'SAUL.'"

swept up the dust, she sat deliberately down on the floor and turned round and round like a teetotum.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "whatever are you doing?"

"I often amuses them in the ward," she said, grinning from ear to ear. "I'm a terror, I am, when I ain't bad. Look here!" She whizzed round again.

"I went to the Empire yesterday," she said, as she rose to her feet. "My—you should have seen 'em dance!"

Clara picked up her skirt with the hand that was not holding the polisher and did a *pas seul*.

"It's our turn-out day to-day," she said as she left me. "That thing in 12 comes to help me. Fat lot of help she is—I don't think. What-o for fireworks!"

Next morning Clara entered my room with suppressed jubilation oozing from her.

"Got the sack, that thing in 12 has," she said. "I told yer there'd be fireworks in the ward, and there was! She got sayin' things about Sister and the doctors. No, I won't tell yer what, but I ups and gives her one in the mouth for her dirty lie. Fetched the blood I did, and glad of it! Awful fool, that thing in 12 is! She must needs go to Matron and make a fuss

cos I-'it 'er, and she's been found out all ways round. Got the sack, she has!"

And Clara straddled the handle of the polisher and ran round the room. "Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Crosse!" she sang.

I burst out laughing. Clara stopped and laughed back at me.

"Ah," she said, "I'm a terror, I am!"

Humour in the Army.

From a Tribunal report:—

"The wags of the military are past all comprehension," said Mr. ———, solicitor.

"Lost, small Green Gentleman's Purse, containing one £1 note and one ½d. stamp."
Portsmouth Evening News.

He particularly regrets the stamp; it just matched his complexion.

"The famous French boxer, Georges Carpentier, has been decorated with the Military Medal for bravery.
 Berar, says a Bombay message."

Daily News.

"Bravo" is the more usual ejaculation on such occasions.

"Major Money Down, Army Pay Department, will take over the post of Command Paymaster."—*Daily Chronicle (Jamaica).*

Our Tommies could do with some more officers of this name in the Pay Department.

FRANCE TO IRELAND.

1916.

You were not wont to be laggard in fight,
 Ireland, Ireland,
 In the olden-days, the golden days,
 When Ireland's sword flashed keen and bright,
 And together we put our foes to flight.
 Ireland, awake!

By the ghosts of your dead who died for France,

Ireland, Ireland,
 'Tis time to awake, for your honour's sake.

Where will you hide when the great advance

Brings Europe's day of deliverance?
 Ireland, awake!

If you still count England your enemy,
 Ireland, Ireland,

How will you bear to see her wear
 The crown of a stainless victory,
 While you sit shamed in the whole world's eye!

Ireland, awake!

Can you never forget your ancient woe,
 Ireland, Ireland?

Have you no heart for a generous part?
 By England's side give blow for blow
 In Freedom's cause, and proudly show
 Ireland's awake,
 The West's awake!

AUNT LUCY'S LAPSE.

THE milkman brought the rumour on the Sunday morning. Then Susan passed it on to Aunt Lucy. It seemed there had been another raid during the night, and Mill Hill had been damaged by bombs.

Aunt Lucy's favourite married niece lived at Mill Hill. Oh, dear! had anything happened to her? Susan said the milkman hadn't mentioned it.

"Such tales do get about," said Aunt Lucy, on the verge of tears, going upstairs to get ready for church; "very likely it wasn't Mill Hill at all."

"A signalman told the milkman," retorted Susan, "so it must be true. Shall I get you a paper, ma'am—for this once?"

Aunt Lucy turned at the top of the stairs and looked down upon her degenerate maid with mingled sorrow and anger.

"Certainly not. I'm surprised at you, Susan; you seem to forget it's Sunday."

Susan blushed and humbly retreated into the kitchen.

In a little while Aunt Lucy had prepared herself outwardly for church. But her mind was still full of the rumoured Zeppelin raid at Mill Hill. She finished buttoning up her gloves, slipped a sixpence for the offertory inside the palm of one of them and took up her Prayer-Book.

Dear, what a noise that boy was making! He shouldn't be allowed to disturb the Sabbath's peace in that way!

"*Sunday Trumpet!* Great Zepp raid! *Sunday Trumpet!*"

She looked out of her bedroom window. A man was buying a paper.

Was it at Mill Hill? Was it? The man didn't seem greatly perturbed.

The boy was still shouting out his papers. He left one at the white house opposite; but *they* didn't go anywhere, so it was what you might expect.

"Where at?" questioned a passer-by of the boy.

"Buy a paper and find out," came the rude answer.

"Wicked little boy," thought Aunt Lucy.

Another moment and he would be out of sight, and Aunt Lucy would not know if there had been a Zepp raid at Mill Hill.

She opened the casement window and put her bonnet and part of her head outside.

"Boy! Boy!!"

The boy came running back.

"*Trumpet*, Miss?"

"No, no. I just wanted to know if you'd heard rumours of a Zeppelin raid last night?"

"Ain't I been singing it out all the time? Shall I leave one?"

Aunt Lucy waved him away.

"What did you call me for, then—wasting my time?"

Aunt Lucy felt repentant. She had done the boy a wrong. She fumbled for the sixpence in her glove. Perhaps whilst making restitution she might at the same time hear if it was really Mill Hill.

"Here's a little present for you. Catch!"

The boy took the coin with unerring skill and spat on it for luck, too surprised even to express thanks.

"Did I hear you mention Mill Hill?" whispered Aunt Lucy, leaning out in a guilty manner, her conscience stabbing her terribly.

"No, Miss, that yarn's contradicted. It's all in here. Won't you have one?"

Aunt Lucy quickly closed the window, put a shilling in her glove and sallied forth to confess her sins.

THE FAIRIES' NIGHT OFFENSIVE.

THEY left the moonbeam swinging free,
They left the cream-bowl brimmin',
They scared no folk with shrill "Hee-hee!"

Nor salved the virtuous housemaid's knee,

Nor scattered scolding women.
From wild-rose brakes, from liliated lakes,
From links whereon the harebell shakes,
From junketings on lawn and lea,

From dells and river-sources,
Packed on a pounding T.B.D.
(Specially lent by A. J. B.),
Madly across the narrow sea
Went Mab and all her forces.

Magicking submarines and mines,
They flitted to the British lines,
And through and through and all about
In hospital and billet

They sought the sleeping soldiers out;
They soothed them with a secret dram
Of waters of sweet marjoram,

Or bound a fairy fillet

Of rosemary or St. John's wort
On aching brow or bloody hurt,
And ever whispered in their ears
Sweet dreams of bitter English beers
In little pubs with crimson blind,
And mentioned girls they'd left behind.

The straining soldier in the trench
Sniffed sudden the delirious drench
Of bean-flower scent, and with that sniff

Was wafted home to his missis,
Or saw his mother sit and sew
'Twixt cabbage and potato row,
Or met his maid with kisses.
They say no wounds have done so well

As those which felt the fairy spell;

That on the perfect model
Laid down in Merlin's *Art of War*,
When Arthur gave his foes what for,
A great galumptious grimly plan
Upon that very night began
In DUGGIE HAIG his noddle.

Now the fairy bugles blew!
Forth their sword-grass blades they drew!

Forth their bee-sting bayonets flew!
Straight upon the Goths and Huns
Puff-balls poured from pith-blown guns;
Straight upon the Huns and Goths
Spurred the elves their tiger-moths;
Goblins hurled mephitic stench;

Sylphs nipped in with newts and slow-worms;

Will-o'-the-wisps above the trenches

Dropped incendiary glow-worms;

Gnomes produced by excavations

Local seismic agitations.

Howled the Huns in wild affright,

Shot their rifles left and right;

In amongst them poured the elves,

More inhuman than themselves—

Downing every *dummkopf* (fathead),

Some they scatted, some they scatted,
Some they pricked and some they kicked,

And the necks of some they cricked;
Down their backs they shoved sharp prickles,

Maddened them with ear-hole tickles
(Really, I should hardly say we'd

Any further scores to settle).

With the juice of Stinking May-weed,

With the wholesome Stinging-nettle,

They were rubbed until they swelled,

They were stung until they yelled.

With a fierce afflatus,

Every chapter, all the verses

Of the direct charms and curses

Mab pronounced. . . (Hiatus.

Him who dared repeat such charms

Even before a babe in arms

'Twere the dole and dule of).

'Twill appear to England's joy,

When the next attacks deploy,

Whom the fairies would destroy

First they make a fool of.

Finely did they demoralize

The foe that threatens all they prize;

And then, an hour before sunrise,

Returning foot and horses,

Packed on a pounding T.B.D.

(Politely lent by A. J. B.),

Back to their beds in flower and tree

Went Mab and all her forces.

"The Cairo Assize Court has tried by default Omar Mohamed Higazi, on the charge of stealing a pair of shoes the property of a worshipper in the Hussein mosque, and sentenced him to three years' imprisonment. The man is an old hand at stealing worshippers, particularly in the above mosque."—*Egyptian Mail*.

It is supposed that he catches them bending.



Uncle James (out with his Niece). "TWO TO ST. PAUL'S, PLEASE. TAKE FOR A LADY INSIDE—DRESSED IN BLUE."

Bus Conductress. "DO YOU MEAN THE LADY WITH A PANNE FRENCH SAILOR, TÊTE DE NÈGRE GEORGETTE BLOUSE, ORGANDI COLLAR AND AN ALL-IN-ONE NAVY GAB WITH DYED RAT REVERS?"

JIMMY ON NEMESIS.

I WAS looking over Jimmy's report not as a critic, but as a friend and counsellor, and I asked him when he expected that he would be moved up into Form III.

Jimmy says whether you get moved up or not depends upon the "voce vice" examination, which is held at the end of each term.

Jimmy doesn't think he did very well in it.

Jimmy says he knows a lot of answers really, but he keeps on forgetting the questions they are the answers to.

Answers are very funny things, Jimmy says. One day his Form Master gave him five marks because he remembered that mica, felspar and quartz made up granite, and yet the very same answer given the following week to a question as to the names of the Minor Prophets was not at all well rewarded.

There is another answer you have to be very careful about, Jimmy says. He gave a boy two pen nibs for it. It is "Change the 'y' into 'i' and add 'es.'" The boy didn't tell Jimmy you had to be careful about it, but you have to, because there are two questions they

try to catch you with, one about nouns ending in 'y' and the other about towns on the Wye, and they want a different answer to one of them, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says that sometimes he is very unlucky with his answers, and you never can tell.

Jimmy says that his Form Master told him that the reason he was not moved out of Form II. was because of Nemesis. Jimmy says that Nemesis has something to do with earwigs.

You see Jimmy had got two earwigs, and he was training them very hard to run a Marathon race along the groove in his desk as far as the ink-well. Jimmy says earwigs are very difficult to train, because they keep making up their minds to do something else, and then you have to begin all over again.

Jimmy had removed the inkpot and placed it in the pocket of the boy in front of him, because it was full of ink and he didn't want the earwigs to rush to an inky grave in the excitement of the contest.

One earwig was a splendid runner, Jimmy says; it kept sprinting down the course and showing off like anything; but the other wasn't very good because it kept on stopping to scratch its nose.

Jimmy says it was a much better race, though, than he expected; but right straight in the middle of it the Master went and asked him what the Feudal Cistern was.

Jimmy says he knew all about the Feudal Cistern really, because they've got one in the roof to catch the rain-water in; but anyone would forget if he had got two earwigs to look after and keep from bolting off the course.

Jimmy says the Master asked him what he was fiddling about with, and then it all came out about Nemesis and not being moved into Form III.

Jones minimus told Jimmy that Nemesis isn't about earwigs, because you do it in Scripture lesson, and it is the name of the prophet right at the very beginning.

Jimmy wasn't sure if Jones minimus was right, because another boy told him it was the name of one of the Kings of Egypt and they kept him in the British Museum.

It turned out they were all wrong, because Brown minor, who is in Form IV., said the Kings of Egypt were called Spinks, and that Nemesis was the old name for the river Thames.

Jimmy says the other boy wanted to argue with Brown minor about it, but Brown minor got hold of him and stuffed



EXPECTING LITTLE, CONTENT WITH LESS.

Sergeant (who has discovered a celebrity in his squad). "NOW THEN, ME LAD, UNDERSTAND THIS. IT DON'T MATTER 'OW BIG A NIB YOU WAS BEFORE YOU JOINED. THAT DON'T IMPRESS US IN THE ARMY—SEE?"

Recruit. "QUITE. IT DIDN'T IMPRESS THEM IN THE VOLUNTEERS."

three ripe gooseberries down his back and soon showed him who was right. Now I am no schoolmaster, but I thought Jimmy ought to understand the meaning of Nemesis. So I took him to a shop he knew of and regaled him with buns, ginger beer and apples to the extent of half-a-crown. Jimmy thought something must have happened, and asked me if the German fleet had come out.

"Jimmy," I said, "before to-morrow morning you will understand what Nemesis means." But when the next day I asked him if he hadn't felt any pains beneath the pinny, his surprise was beautiful to behold.

He pondered deeply for about a minute, and then a bright ray lighted up his face, and he said, "I know now what Nemesis means; it means castor oil." I left it at that.

"GERMAN OFFICIAL.

In the Cerna bend and between Butkovo and Tahinos Lake the artillery lacticity has somewhat increased."—*Evening News*.

Having regard to the dairymen's exactions it would be interesting to learn whether the Government have taken any steps to milk our own guns.

"WHOSE DEBTORS WE ARE."

THEY held, against the storms of fate,
In war's tremendous game,
A little land inviolate
Within a world aflame.

They looked on scarred and ruined
lands,
On shell-wrecked fields forlorn,
And gave to us, with open hands,
Full fields of yellow corn;

The silence wrought in wood and stone,
Whose aisles our fathers trod;
The pines that stand apart, alone,
Like sentinels of God;

The stars that guard the quiet night,
Pin-pricked against the blue;
The wind-swept dawn whose tranquil
light
Is mirrored in the dew.

With generous hands they paid the
price

Unconscious of the cost,
But we must gauge the sacrifice
By all that they have lost.

The joy of young adventurous ways,
Of keen and undimmed sight,
The eager tramp through sunny days,
The dreamless sleep of night,

The happy hours that come and go
In youth's untiring quest,
They gave, because they willed it so,
With some light-hearted jest.

No lavish love of future years,
No passionate regret,
No gift of sacrifice or tears
Can ever pay the debt.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From a description (in advance) of the Guildhall banquet:—

"The committee whose duty it has been to comb out the good things from the bill of fare have done their work thoroughly. As recently as last night *Perdreux en Casserole* (pheasants with rich port wine sauce) failed to survive the final comb."—*Evening News*.

"The authorities will doubtless deal with night clubs according to their lights."

Weekly Dispatch.

This is only fair, since they have already dealt with our house on that principle.

An American paper solemnly describes the grafting of a tomato-shoot on to a potato-plant, so as to obtain a crop of fruit above-ground and of roots below. But it omits to say whether the plant should be known as the "pomato" or the "totato."



THE "INDEPENDENCE" OF POLAND.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE CABINET DETERMINES TO CONFIDE EVERYTHING TO THE PRESS.

Tuesday, November 7th.—Questions were hung up for quite an appreciable time to-day while Lord ROBERT CECIL fumbled with the key of his official despatch-box. Perhaps the incident was taken as typical of the difficulty which Members experience in extracting information from Ministers. At any rate complaints on this score ran like a thread through the whole of the subsequent proceedings.

Jealousy of the Press is no new phenomenon in Parliamentary history. Are not the reporters in the Gallery—but for whose labours nine-tenths of the Members would be unknown outside the limits of their constituencies—still regarded as technically “strangers,” not admitted to share the House’s brief devotions and liable to be turned out altogether at a moment’s notice? A new cause of complaint has now arisen. Ministers have taken to summoning these newspaper-fellows to private conferences, and there imparting to them information withheld from the House of Commons.

As one of the newspaper-fellows who has been privileged to attend some of these gatherings, I may say that so far I have heard very little that might not have been shouted from the housetops.

But I am looking forward to the time when I shall learn who owns “The Hidden Hand,” and why so much tenderness has been shown to TINO and Miss HOBHOUSE.

Both the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE hinted to-day that if the House insisted upon having fuller information than at present it receives another Secret Session might be held. But surely one would be very little use. Mr. OUTHWAITE, for example, who is so popular with his fellow-Members that they howled with delight for several minutes this afternoon when he rose to put a question, could not possibly find full scope for his patriotic curiosity within the compass of a single sitting. There should be a Secret Session at least once a week. Indeed, if the House were to sit permanently with closed doors, unobserved and unreported, the country might be all the better for it.

Yet, even under present conditions Members occasionally receive valuable information. It was comforting to learn from Dr. MACNAMARA that on the occasion of the recent Channel raid Admiral BACON had full authority, without awaiting instructions from the Admiralty, to engage enemy ships.

Mr. HOUSTON, who put the question, was apparently under the impression that no gun could be fired without Mr. BALFOUR’s express permission, duly minuted and wirelessly; and that during the FIRST LORD’s brief periods of repose a notice-board was hung up outside Dover Harbour, with the words, “Enemy destroyers are requested to keep away: Mr. BALFOUR is asleep.”

A proposal to set up a Woman-Power Board received no countenance from the PRIME MINISTER, who thought it quite unnecessary. But the suggestion that his decision was in any way connected with the fact that Mrs. PANKHURST was at that moment lying in wait for the FOREIGN SECRETARY in the Outer Lobby is quite unfounded.

Wednesday, November 8th.—It appears from the newspapers that the Americans are greatly exercised about the tenancy of a certain White House. If it would save our cousins any trouble I am sure that the Commons would be glad to let their WHITEHOUSE go cheap. As he happens to be in the United States at the present time, making pacifist speeches, and representing that he, and not his sometime chief, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, interprets the real spirit of Britain, the transaction could



Secretary at Labour Bureau (to patriotic school-girl). "WE MIGHT GIVE YOU SOME CLERICAL WORK, IF YOU THINK YOU ARE UP TO IT."

School-girl. "WELL, I—I MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO SOME OF IT, BUT—I—I DON'T KNOW. DO YOU THINK I COULD MANAGE THE SERMONS?"

be easily arranged. An offer from Mr. WILSON (or Mr. HUGHES) for the reversion will be favourably entertained, no matter how low the figure.

Himself a master of exact speech, the PRIME MINISTER is anxious that his fellow-Members should conform to his standard of accuracy. When Mr. HOGGE sought to learn whether the new scheme which Mr. HENDERSON—the handy-man of the Coalition—is to carry out as Minister of Pensions would be one of co-ordination or unification, Mr. ASQUITH observed that he would like to have a definition of each of those terms before replying. This put Mr. HOGGE temporarily out of action. A little later, when Sir H. DALZIEL asked for a return of the number of persons of enemy origin in the employment of the Government, Mr. ASQUITH was afraid he could not grant it without knowing exactly what was meant by the terms "enemy origin" and "employment." The new formula seems likely to be as useful as the old "Wait and see"—now a little moth-eaten.

The tide of War is gradually obliterating all the old party-landmarks.

In connection with the proposal to allow neutrals to bid for enemy properties in Nigeria we had the curious spectacle of Mr. STEEL MANTLAND, a Tariff Reformer of the purest Birmingham blend, advancing arguments strangely reminiscent of the late Mr. COBDEN, and being vehemently denounced therefor by that ardent Free-trader, Sir ALFRED MOND, who thought it most improper that foreigners should be allowed to help in the development of the British Empire.

Sir EDWARD CARSON was equally indignant with the Government for its slackness in suppressing "Prussianism," and for its "slimness" in putting up the Unionist members of the Coalition to reply to Unionist attacks. Mr. BONAR LAW mildly retorted that as his administration was impugned it was not unnatural that he should reply, and then proceeded to lay about his old Ulster crony in vigorous fashion, accusing him of relying on rhetoric more than argument, and warning him that if successful in the division he must take the consequences, *i.e.* form an Administration himself.

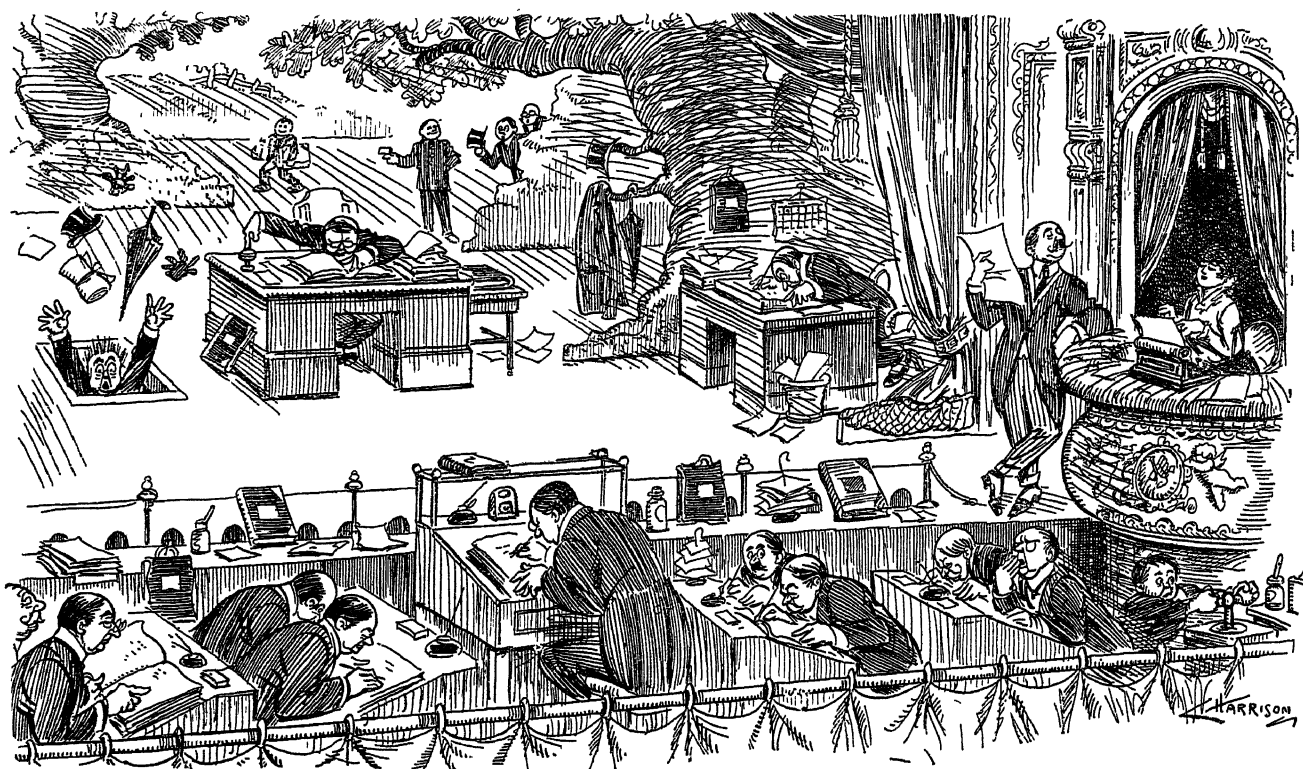
This transformation of the Resolution

into a Vote of No Confidence had an odd sequel. Mr. REDMOND's supporters could not resist the temptation to go agin' the Government, and helped to swell the minority to the respectable figure of 117 against 231. Their leader was heard to whisper as he passed Sir EDWARD CARSON on his way to the Lobby, "I could not love thee, Ned, so much, loved I not BONAR less."

Thursday, November 9th.—The PRIME MINISTER and several other members of the Administration were not in their places. It was understood that they had gone on a special mission to discover the facts about the alleged shortage of food in the City of London.

Later.—They have returned with the comforting information that the scarcity has been grossly exaggerated. Peace has not yet been declared, but the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Still grumbling at the partiality of Ministers for the Press, Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING contrasted the treatment of the freely-elected representatives of the people with that accorded to "hired editors." I understand that Mr. BILLING is now an editor himself, so of course he knows.



IF THE GOVERNMENT TAKE OVER THE THEATRES FOR WAR-WORK.

A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY.

I HEARD the order for the first time from the lips of a hardened-looking old-Troop-Sergeant-Major at the Curragh, but to the mere foot-slogger it did not convey much.

"'Pare to dismahnt! Dis-mahnt!! Muchyerorses!!!"

After which each trooper bestowed a couple of perfunctory pats on the neck of his horse.

Later I sought enlightenment from a cavalry friend, and learnt from him that the cabalistic command was intended to represent—"Make much of your horses!" Think of it. And yet some people call us an unsentimental nation.

I have seen the horses of a German battery, captured in Gallipoli, half of them dead from exhaustion and ill-treatment, with great gaping wounds in their flanks and withers, caused, not by our fire, but by goads used by their own drivers. I have seen the horses of some of our Allies ridden needlessly into a bath of foam and perspiration, their sides flaked with blood from the spur. As for us, we "make much of our horses." Time and familiarity have robbed the order of some of its appealing significance, but it remains the most beautiful command in use in the Army—and it *is* a command.

It is somewhat harder to make much of a mule. A mule is a self-sufficient philosopher, with more independence

and less temperament than a horse. Apparently oblivious of caresses, he stands in rapt meditation, semaphoring absently with his ears. The only other sign of life he gives is an occasional movement of his tail, which, shorn of hair except at its lower end, looks absurdly like an old-fashioned bell-pull. Of course it must be understood that this picture represents the mule at his best.

Nevertheless, in spite of his faults, the mule gets his meed of affection. At Suvla Bay, where the Indian Mule Corps did such splendid work, I often watched them, both men and mules, with interest and curiosity. The men were wonderfully cool and their attitude in the face of death was extraordinary. Many a shell plumped right into that long line as it made its way in single file along the ridge, and at each explosion they laughed heartily as at a really good joke.

One man in particular I noticed as I hurried past the column—a hale hearty old fellow of about sixty, leading a beautiful sleek mule. At the sound of each report he would roar with immoderate laughter and turn, jabbering merrily, to share his joke with his comrades.

It was half-an-hour later when I returned along the ridge, zig-zagging a path through the bodies of men and mules, for the day had been a hard one for us. About half-way back I came on the veteran kneeling beside his

mule, which had been hit by the nose-cap of a shrapnel shell, and the callous old fellow was sobbing bitterly. As I approached he was trying to pour water from his bottle down the mule's throat; but he soon saw it was useless. The mule was dead.

In a dazed way he took off the pack-saddle and harness, and, kissing the dead animal, tottered feebly back.

"Make much of your horses—and your mules."

ELECTION NOTES.

ACCORDING to *The Westminster Gazette*, "Mr. Hughes cast his vote at a laundry receiving office on Sixth Avenue." We are glad to say that little or no damage was done, the washing of dirty linen during the election being in no way interrupted.

Where Mr. ROOSEVELT cast his vote is not stated, but the intention was that it should hit Mr. WILSON.

Supporters of the defeated Candidate are of opinion that the granting of votes to women was a mistake. The thoughts of too large a section were concentrated upon the question of Whiskers *versus* No-whiskers, instead of upon the graver political issues of the fight.

So deadly was the strain during those tense hours of uncertainty as to who was to be the new President that, in New York alone, over five hundred tons of chewing-gum were consumed.

THE WAR ARTIST.



PAST.



PRESENT.

THE COMMON STARLING.

[Mr. A. KIPLING COMMON writes from Tooting Common to *The Westminster Gazette* :—
"Large numbers of starlings congregate round my house at this season. Their low and melodious whistle in the early morning is very soothing and agreeable."]

KIPLING COMMON lives at Tooting,
Where the matutinal fluting
Of the imitative starlings—
Merry green and purple darlings—
Proves agreeable and soothing
To that formidable writer,
From his brow the wrinkles smoothing,
Making all the landscape brighter.

Watch, then, airmen and searchlighters,
With a vigilance increasing,
Never faltering or ceasing,
Lest the horrid German blighters
Should essay to drop a bomb on
Tooting or on KIPLING COMMON;
Lest the merry matutinal
Voices of the starlings' chorus
Which so titillate the spinal
Column of that sage sonorous,

Should with their inspiring whistles
Cease to prompt those blithe epistles,
Which, since ASHTON's sad cessation
From his daily lucubration,
Lend, above all else that's scribbled,
Consolation to the ribald.

GEORGIAN BARDS AND VICTORIAN REVIEWERS.

SOME of our Georgians view the old
Victorians
Just as so many pre-historic Saurians
Whose skeletons, most formidably
gaunt,
The draughtiest courts of our Museums
haunt.

I sometimes wonder, were the tables
turned
And the Victorian idols (lately burned)
Restored in their full vigour to our view,
What would they say about the
Georgian crew?

Can't you imagine ROBERT, nobly harsh,
Comparing poets of the Lakes and
Marsh;

Or ALGERNON, hurling corrosive curses
At the new metreless and rhymeless
verses;

Or ALFRED, in a later *Locksley Hall*,
Scourging the Realists who rave and
squall;

Or DANTE GABRIEL writing Limericks
Upon our literary Cubists' tricks?

It wouldn't *all* be censure—that I'll
swear,
For men of genius sometimes have a
flair,

And BROWNING spotted talent ev'ry-
where.

But it might do the Georgy-Porgians
good

To hear their strident claims for once
withstood,

And go without—if only for two
days—

Their usual diet of "the pap of praise."

The Hun on Vaux Fort.

"*Vaut fort*" was what he used to say;
"*Vaut rien*" is what he says to-day.

AT THE PLAY.

"VANITY FAIR."

ONE advantage that the late JOHN BUNYAN enjoyed over the present delineators of *Vanity Fair* was that he was not immediately concerned to defend himself against the suspicion of impropriety. Mr. ARTHUR WIMPERIS and his collaborators found it necessary to make great play with their *Mrs. Grundy* and *Chadband* and the *Stiggins Brigade* and a sketchily-dressed lady rather crudely described as *Innocent Enjoyment*. In the absence of counsel on the other side the defence had things pretty much its own way, but when it came to illustrating what exactly was meant by "Innocent Enjoyment," I confess that there was certain dialogue which fell below the standard of that ideal entertainment to which "a girl of fifteen may safely bring a soldier friend." One doesn't, of course, go to a music-hall for lessons in logical consistency; but it seemed a little gratuitous for the defence to give itself away for the sake of one or two questionable passages, when it had so much clean wit at command. For *Vanity Fair* has some really excellent dialogue, and for once (and that is probably why they took care not to call it a revue) we were given an actual review of the topics and movements of the day—politics, the Stage, the War, and the War's influence on social conditions.

Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR was quietly irresistible; and Mr. NELSON KEYS (as a *Killjoy*, a *Snotty*, a *Hun*, a *Telephone-operator*, Sir WALTER RALEIGH, Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH and Miss LILY BRAYTON—especially Miss LILY BRAYTON) was a miracle of grotesque versatility. He was even romantic as a *Beau* in a very graceful *pas de deux* with Mlle. REGINE FLORY. Mr. STANLEY LOGAN, too, in his generous repertoire had many good things to say; and Miss MOYA MANNERING showed a nice quality of humour as *Mrs. Woolwich*, wife of a *nouveau riche* munitioneer.

Happily we had very little of the patriotic sentiment which in the Halls is apt to convey an air of hopeless banality. In the one episode in which this motive occurred (for I assume that the scene exclusively devoted to the advertisement of an artist named KIRCHNER was not intended to be peculiarly British in its appeal) the popular and light-hearted Miss GWENDOLINE BROGDEN was not very successful as an "Anzac." Under this designation she apparently represented (with

the smallest of singing voices) not only all Australasians, whether or not they have ever been near Gallipoli, but any gallant warrior from any of our Overseas Dominions.

The dancing was little more than moderate, with the notable exception of Mlle. REGINE FLORY, who moved with exquisite grace in the stately measure of the Sugar Scene, and with a gay abandon in the "Romance of a Dragon Fly," where she performed many feats of acrobacy with the assistance of M. JAN OYRA, who filled the part of an unusually solid and muscular *Grasshopper*. As for the chorus of "Palace Girls," their business was largely con-



THE NELSON TOUCH.

Mr. NELSON KEYS as *Zehrat Al-Kulub* (after Miss LILY BRAYTON in *Chu Chin Chow*).

fining to the exhibition of some very pretty colour-schemes and the perfunctory waving of arms or legs in close-order parade.

The Second Scene (with which the play began "so as not to embarrass any smart people who had inadvertently arrived in time for the opening") contained two excellent songs, "The Tory and The Rad" and "The Poor Working Man"; but some of the "Musical Numbers" were frankly dull and the soprano voices of the thinnest. On the other hand the dialogue was very fresh and piquant, and its author could well have afforded to sacrifice the motor-joke about "the quick and the dead" which dates far back in the ante-bellum age.

Altogether an entertainment well above the common, and catering (I think that is the word) for the sense of humour and the sense of beauty with a very happy alternation. O. S.

DEREK.

I ALWAYS knew that Derek was an absolute rotter. He hadn't in the least caught the idea of how an Officer ought to behave. But my sister could not see it. People are like that sometimes with their own children. She thought him the most wonderful hero in all the world. I shall never forget the ridiculous fuss she made when she saw him off. She would have gone all the way with him, I believe, only I dissuaded her. I pointed out that if she marched in with him and said, "This is Derek," it would be almost certain to prejudice the Staff against him.

Well, he was back again in less than a month. They had kicked him out. My sister was awfully upset and surprised. I wasn't a bit surprised.

"What can you expect?" I said. "I knew they'd never stand him, when they found he was always making remarks like 'Honour is more to me than life,' and 'The voice of Duty calls and I cannot disobey it.' When they found that, if he wasn't drawing himself up to his full height, his brow was darkening or his eyes flashing, I don't wonder they kicked him out."

"At least you will admit that it was a wonderful act of bravery that won him his V.C.?" said my sister indignantly.

"Yes," I said, "but too wonderful. When he carried seven wounded men on his back at one time he was overdoing it."

We passed into the next room, where we found Derek sitting on the edge of the table looking rather grubby, but otherwise the same as he always had looked.

With a cry of rage and disappointment my sister seized him and flung him into the fire.

"That's really the best thing you could do with him," I said complacently. And indeed it was; no editor of a decent monthly magazine would have looked twice at Derek. His full title was "Derek Delancy, V.C.; the Darling of the Regiment"; and he was my sister's first (and I pray he may be her last) contribution to the Fiction of the War.

Preferential Treatment.

"A guard of honour from the New Zealand Imperial Force received Mr. Massey in the Yard, where he was met by the City Lands Committee, and conducted to the dais. Mrs. Massey was presented with a banquet. . . . Mr. Massey was afterwards the guest of the Lord Mayor at lunch at the Mansion House."

Evening Paper.



Padre (reading letter to Pat). "BIDDY MALONE'S WALKIN' OUT WITH BIG TIM ROONEY."
Pat. "WEDE, HIVEN BLESS THE DAY I NIVER MARRIED THE GURL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. JOHN BUCHAN, who rushed us all at such a breathless pace up his *Thirty-Nine Steps*, now carries us in *Greenmantle* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) on a fairy carpet out to Germany and down the Danube and so to Erzerum, in company with our old friend, (now Major) *Richard Hannay*, *Sandy Arbuthnot*, a prince of travellers and secret service heroes, *Peter Pienaar*, an old Boer hunter and fighting man, and *John Scantlebury Blenkiron*, a dyspeptic nootral of Boston, Mass.—this last a creation of such gaiety and tactful perception on the author's part that it ought to produce an Anglo-American alliance right now. The four are on a great quest; to find out the meaning of some mysterious and fateful enemy move among the Mahomedan races. I daren't spoil your pleasure by babbling of the hustling details. It is a gallant book. Mr. BUCHAN makes his soldiers and adventurers so confoundingly plausible that you swallow them without any sense of the enormity of the unlikeliness of it all. If the picture would have turned out something widely different, had the eagle been the artist instead of the lion, yet Mr. BUCHAN has a soldier's tolerance for a tough enemy and real admiration when he happens to be a sportsman. I will just say this, that it was *Peter* who got through the lines to the Grand Duke's army before Erzerum; and the noble horseman in the turban and the emerald djibbah who rode triumphantly into the city, to the confusion of the Turks, was the honourable *Sandy*, while the gallant *Blenkiron* found eupepsia through the most gloriously improbable treatment.

Madame Prince (METHUEN) is much the kind of story with which Mr. PETT RIDGE has already added to the gaiety of the nation, but never more pleasantly. It is a happy and good-humoured tale, setting forth the life of a milliner "up Highgate village," and her successful efforts to bring up her not very difficult family of three girls and a boy in the way they should go. You know what Mr. PETT RIDGE can do with a theme like this: he makes it a thing of constant chuckles, with just an undernote of sentiment discreetly sounded. All the characters live, from *Madame* herself, shrewd and capable, to *Richard* the boy, whose struggles in the pursuit of letters are so slightly touched that I half suspect the author of holding them in reserve for another book. Of the girls, certainly *Phyllis* is, if not my only, my chief joy. She and her charm and wit are all so delightful that the fact that by no possibility could they have been the product of their environment troubled me not an atom. And if she would not in real life have married an amiable young baronet, amid the felicitations of both houses—then real life is the loser. But that, I fancy, is Mr. PETT RIDGE's little way; he disguises his fairy-tales with such an aspect of the sternest realism that we are tricked into believing them, and the happier in consequence.

I expect you have already made up your mind whether or not you like the formula to which Mrs. MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS works. As renewed in *The Distaff Dreamers* (HUTCHINSON) it requires an austere and mightily clerical hero to fall in love with a dainty and quite charming person of literary tastes. This is familiar ground to

the writer's friends and, although there is an unfortunate attempt to take the story to the Front for a few stiff pages, the setting in which it is placed is equally familiar. That, of course, is mediæval craftsmanship, WREN spires, City ghosts and nice fusty parchments. There was an old stump of a tower, all that was left by an encroaching brewery of the church of St. Ursula of the Distaff, and in this the hero and his secretary heroine used to meet, nominally only to burrow among old records for a collateral relative, but incidentally to climb into the belfry with the pigeons, or get locked in after dark, or simply have tea and toast over a brasier with solemn ancestors standing round. In tracing the lost branch, which as a matter of fact they did not want in the least, they gave themselves and me such a jolly time, as they will give you too, particularly if you happen to know that the best of London is still within the boundary of her old walls, that I nearly forgave the authoress her many failings, such as her false slurring of the differences between the English Church and Rome, her unworthy skit on the manners of a suburban family, and her split infinitives.

MISS CONSTANCE SMEDLEY has an instinct for the bizarre. Her principal characters in *Redwing* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) don't seem very likely, but they really move. Few courtships can have been as odd as that of *Mimsy* and *Redwing*, the precocious neglected son of a man who had served sentence for a commercial indiscretion, and a brilliant woman whose social genius was thwarted by this *contre-temps*. If *Redwing* doesn't settle down to a little less imperious manner of dealing with *Mimsy*, that gentle modernist woman will turn, and there will be the devil (and some lawyers) to pay. The fortunes and methods of an easily recognisable ladies' club figure in the story with perhaps rather undue solemnity and wealth of detail. Yet I don't think anybody need be bored by such a vivid book.

In *Mary Mirrilies*, a tome

Fresh from the press of HURST AND BLACKETT,
The heroine nearly wrecks her home
Because (see legend on the "jacket")
Her efforts proved quite ineffectual
To make her husband intellectual.

She would not yield the love he sought,
And so he left her broken-hearted;
And she, poor girl, a ticket bought
And for a distant spot departed,
Where she mistook for her affinity
A man who lived in the vicinity.

She must have known she played with fire,
But she continued still to flirt on
With what's-his-name, the country squire—
Peter it was, yes, *Peter Turton*—
Till, just as things were getting critical,
She heard the still small voice of pity call.

Her husband, that misguided chap,
Had gone and got himself in trouble;
And so she raced across the map
To extricate him at the double,
Aware by now that married unity
Cannot be broken with impunity.

The tale's from Mrs. CAFFYN's pen,
Who (in the nineties, was it?) wrote a
Successful book much talked of then,
A Yellow Aster, by "Iota."
The years that stale our best endeavour
Seem to have left her fresh as ever.

MR. GILBERT CANNAN is at once the most promising and the most provoking of our younger school of fiction. His literary style is admirable for its simplicity and directness, and I cannot think of any novelist of to-day who possesses a nicer judgment in the choice of the right word or a greater power of conveying character. But in *Mendel*



THE REGULAR STUDIO-CLEANER, HAVING JOINED THE MUNITION-WORKERS, SENDS AN AGED RELATION AS A SUBSTITUTE. THAT WAS A PORTRAIT IN PASTEL ON THE EASEL.

(UNWIN) these high qualities are wasted on a theme that is not worthy of Mr. CANNAN's attention. I admit that, in his picture of the young Austrian Jew and his relatives, the author shows again and again how closely and accurately he has observed the Jewish nature. This part of the story is far more "solid" (*Mendel's* favourite word) than that which is devoted to the bewildering extravagances of his artistic temperament. His London coterie of art-cranks may have had large and advanced views on love and life, but for all that, and in spite of the clever writing expended upon them, they remain small and unfragrant fry. If only Mr. CANNAN could be persuaded to

come out into a broader and healthier world, and let some fresh air blow over him, he would give us a book as attractive in substance as in style.

However fond you may be of children and of tales about them, I think you will at once be doing fuller justice to Mr. J. J. BELL and getting more satisfaction for yourself if you go slowly with *Kiddies* (MILLS AND BOON). The heroes of these stories are much of a type, and to read their exploits at a sitting is to risk a sense of surfeit. I have no other criticism to pass on Mr. BELL, except that he rather overdoes the number of children who are under the charge of uncles and aunts. By this time most of us know what to expect from the author of *Wee Macgreegor* when he is working his peculiar vein, and he has no surprises in store for us here. The BELL brand of humour may or may not be to your liking, but at least you will agree that it is innocent and wholesome.

The many admirers of the work of Sub-Lieut. A. P. HERBERT, R.N.V.R., in the pages of *Punch* will be glad to have his Gallipoli poems and other War verses in collected form. Under the title *Half-hours at Helles*, they are published by BLACKWELL (Oxford), at 1s. net.

CHARIVARIA.

A DEAR old lady, on reading in *The Times* that at a sale for War funds at Huntingdon a live cockerel was knocked down seventy-three times, expressed the opinion that this was worse than the cock-fighting of her youth.

A Colonial report describes the Falklands Islands as a "worker's Paradise," and points out that the conditions are such that there is absolutely nothing to grumble about. An early opportunity will be taken by a well-known Labour M.P., who is keenly interested in after-the-war emigration, to ask Mr. BONAR LAW to explain these mutually contradictory statements in an official document.

A correspondent has written to *The Daily Mail*, asking where mufflers should be sent. Our first choice would be Messrs. OUTHWAITE and RAMSAY MACDONALD, but there are others.

According to the German papers the proposed levy *en masse* will be of the most stringent nature. Even the KAISER, it is said, will be required to do some work of national importance.

The Government are erecting buildings upon the Victoria Embankment, in the gardens opposite the Playhouse. It is rumoured that a rival performance, entitled *The Misleading Gentleman*, will be staged there. It will be in the nature of a farce.

A man has been fined at Newcastle for trying to sell sovereigns for twenty-one-and-six each. Yet it would have been quite easy and perfectly legal for him to have purchased a small chicken or a brace of haddocks and offered the sovereign in part payment.

The Duke of ABRUZZI has given a silver cup to Admiral JELLICOE for presentation to the British warship which is most active in the Mediterranean. The exploits of H.M.S. *Janus*, now operating between Athens and Salonika, will not be considered.

Three hundred women - carpenters have left for France, where they will be engaged on army work. Later on they hope to be allowed to drive a few nails into Papa HINDENBURG.

Addressing the Poetry Society last week on the subject of the English language Sir JOHNSTONE FORBES ROBERTSON told his hearers that it was a beautiful language, but that there was a tendency to be careless with it, and advised them to "listen to an Irishman pronouncing the words 'when,' 'which' and 'where.'" An Irish politician interested in the prospects of Home Rule would, of course, make a good subject.

As the result of the new Shop Hours Order a brisk future is promised for the automatic machines, which do not come within its purview. One must not expect too much of them however, and it is probable that, for some time at



THE FINISHING TOUCH.

Maid (to Jones, who has come to grief while making frantic efforts to put up a new light-proof blind). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, THERE'S A CONSTABLE AT THE DOOR WITH A SUMMONS FOR YOU FOR SHOWING TOO MUCH LIGHT."

least, careless people who have been in the habit of running round the corner at the last minute for a new French hat or a basket of Pekinese will be wise not to rely on the automatics to supply their wants.

It is rumoured that the manufacture of French pastry is to be prohibited. Any move towards greater economy is to be welcomed, but it is only right to add that the order should be carefully worded if it is not to wound the sensibilities of our regimental cooks.

"Neutrals," says a contemporary, discussing the sales of enemy-owned properties in Nigeria, "should be required to look elsewhere for their tin." Unfortunately there is little prospect of their having to look beyond the British Empire as long as the War lasts.

A SEA CHANGE.

I BOARDED the leave-boat ten minutes before she was due to start, and found the general atmosphere exactly the kind that used to prevail at school on the last day of term. Particularly I noticed one man, a Tommy in my own regiment, whose face seemed literally to radiate joy. He smiled at the military policeman on duty at the gangway, embraced his fellow-passengers in one comprehensive grin, and gazed happily out at the turbulent strip of water he was so soon to cross. Undoubtedly this was one of his great moments, to be surpassed only at his journey's end, when he met whoever was responsible for putting that light in his eyes.

He disappeared below when the boat started, and as soon as we reached open water I forgot all about him and everything else except my personal welfare. Luckily I am a good sailor, but the Channel was at its cusseddest. Owing to my late arrival I had only with difficulty secured a deck-chair, and a very exposed bit of deck to put it on. Out of sheer pigheadedness I endured for a long time; but at last, thoroughly cold and wet, I deviated below.

Almost at once I found my happy warrior - but sadly changed. His face was the colour of his tunic, and he was helpless in the grip of the most awful cataclysm of sickness I have ever seen. As far as I could I made him comfortable, and to cheer him up I told him that half-an-hour would

see him in England with all his troubles at an end.

He turned his ghastly face towards me. "I - bin - out there - eighteen months now, Sir," he gasped. "This is - my first leave . . . an' I 'ope to Gawd I never get another."

"SCHEME FOR INDUSTRIAL CONSCRIPTION."

IS THE SCHEME LIMITED TO HUNITIONS? *Manchester Guardian.*

If it is, of course patriotic trade unionists will raise no objection.

From an official list of "Rules to be observed in case of attack by hostile air-craft": -

"Noises made in the streets are a source of danger, and will be punished." It is quite simple. You just shut them up.

A PAWN IN HINDENBURG'S GAME.

[The German CROWN PRINCE reflects upon a recent report that he was to be given a command in Alsace.]

A RUMOUR ran the other day—
Sending a thrill all down my spine—
That I was being moved away
To keep a watch upon the Rhine;
With very willing zeal would I
Have taken on this softer burden,
For, to be frank, I'll not deny
That I am sick to death of Verdun.

Lord knows that I have shoved and hacked
Till I grew purple in the face,
And yet, for all my brains and tact,
I couldn't take the beastly place;
Yes, though in point of cannon-food
No one can say that I've been chary,
It stands precisely where it stood
When I began last February.

Father, of course, still shoots a lip
About the Hohenzollern stock,
Won't hear of failure in a chip
Of our superb ancestral block;
But vain is all this Potsdam talk
(That's not an oath, though I might well swear),
While HINDENBURG is free to walk
Off with my troops and plant 'em elsewhere.

The fault is his, this new War-Nob,
That I'm so wan about the gills
And hanker for a cushy job
Among the blue Alsatian hills;
With half my veterans gone to show
Old What's-his-name the way to Bukarest,
My general health has got so low
It's time that LITTLE WILLIE took a rest.

O. S.

MARRONS RÉCHAUFFÉS;

OR, HOW TO WRITE SNAPPY TALES FROM THE FRONT.

By Our War-Cook.

TAKE any civilian story of known vintage—the episode of the "curate's egg," for instance. Dress all available characters in khaki (*e.g.*, substitute "Brigadier" for "Bishop," "Subaltern" for "Curate").

Place scene of action as near to battlefield as possible, and season with any martial terminology that you have at command.

Introduce phrase to convey impression of novelty (such as "A few weeks ago," "During the recent advance," "Talking of Tanks"), and serve as follows:—

"A certain Subaltern, who obtained his commission a few weeks ago, was invited to breakfast at H.Q. (Head-quarters) with his Brigadier, a soldier whose awe-inspiring manner is a by-word throughout the Service.

The Subaltern was naturally very nervous throughout the ordeal, but all went well until he had the misfortune to be served by the batman (soldier-servant) with an egg which was undoubtedly "na-poo" (*i.e.* too elderly for consumption).

The General, noticing the troubled expression on his junior's face as he discovered this fact, said, "I'm afraid that egg you've got is bad, isn't it?"

"Oh no, I assure you, Sir," said the unfortunate youth, attempting to make the best of it; "in fact, some parts of it are quite excellent."

Further examples follow:—

1. During the recent fighting two privates belonging to a certain North-Country Regiment which has lately added considerably to its laurels met in a narrow communication-trench.

"Hullo, Geordie," said the first, "where be going?"

"Ah be going nowhere," replied the other. "Ah be just cooming back!"

* * * * *

2. Through a little village in Flanders, situated a few miles behind our front, there runs a little stream. Notwithstanding the fact that but few fish have ever been seen in it, the fishing rights are most zealously guarded, and woe betide the luckless Tommy who is caught carrying a rod and line in its vicinity.

One day recently, in defiance of orders, a stalwart Kiltie was diligently flogging the water with a bent pin and a worm, when suddenly from nowhere appeared a military policeman.

"Hi, there!" shouted this latter. "Don't you know the regulations?"

"What regulations?" queried the Highlander innocently.

"Why, nobody's allowed to catch fish here without the General's permission."

"Och, awa' wi' ye, man," said Jock; "wha's catching fush?"

* * * * *

3. In one of our crack Cavalry regiments, now resting behind the lines, eagerly awaiting the revival of the "white arm," there is a certain Subaltern well known among his comrades as a wag. The following amusing story is told of him:—

While walking one day with a brother-officer in the streets of the town of X. (where they are at present quartered) he espied one of the regimental cooks carrying a remarkably fine hare, a species of game in which the neighbourhood abounds.

The Subaltern stepped across and placed himself in front of the trooper, who at once halted and saluted.

"My man," said the officer, fixing the cook with a stern eye, "be good enough to inform me—is that your own hare, or is it a wig?"

The cook's answer is not recorded.

* * * * *

4. A certain Infantry Major, whom I will call A., is noted as being somewhat of a misogynist.

A short time ago one of the officers of his battalion was due for short leave, during which he hoped to take part in an interesting ceremony.

Meeting the Major one day during the course of his duties, he stopped him and said, "I say, A., I'm hoping to get married when I go on leave. You know all about these things—give me a little advice, like a good fellow."

A. looked at him for a moment, and then said, "My boy, the only advice I can give you is—don't!"

"The Labour Unions are quite aware that the plan of inclusion is for the benefit of the Labour Exchange, and is designed to place all the Labour Unions under the thumb of the tottering walls of that institution."—*Shoe and Leather News*.

Well, if walls have ears why not thumbs?

"The Army Order issued at the commencement of this month directing the deletion of the words 'but not the upper lip,' in paragraph 1696 of the King's Regulations, will possibly come as a surprise to the older, and as a relief to some of the younger, members of the service. The paragraph originally read:—

The hair of the head will be kept short. The chin and under lip will be chaired, but not ther other life whiskers, if worn, will be of moderate length."—*Egyptian Mail*.

We are not surprised that this order was amended.



A DIVERSION FROM THE WEST.

HINDENBURG. "CONFOUND THESE BRITISH, TRYING TO PUT ME OFF MY STROKE!"



"Indispensable." "ANY LETTERS THIS MORNING, MOTHER?"

Mother. "ONLY ONE—FROM YOUR GRANDFATHER IN THE TRENCHES."

TOBY.

It will save trouble if I say at once that I know nothing about horses. This will be quite apparent to you, of course, before I have finished, but I don't want you to suppose that it is not also quite apparent to me. I have no illusions on the subject; neither, I imagine, has Toby.

To me there are only two kinds of horse; chestnuts, roans, bay rums—I know nothing of all these; I can only describe a horse simply as a nice horse or a nasty horse. Toby is a nice horse.

Toby, of course, knows much more about men than I do about horses, and no doubt he describes me professionally to his colleagues as a "flea-bitten fellow standing about eighteen hoofs;" but when he is not being technical I like to think that he sums me up to himself as a nice man. At any rate I don't wear spurs, and that must weigh with a horse a good deal.

I have no real right to Toby. The Signalling Officer's official mount is a bicycle, but a bicycle in this weather—! And there is Toby, and somebody must ride him, and, as I point out to the other subalterns, it would only cause jealousy if one of *them* rode him, and—

"Why would it create more jealousy than if *you* do?" asked one of them.

"Well," I said, "you're the Officer commanding platoon number—"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen. Now, why should the Officer commanding the fifteenth platoon ride a horse when the officer commanding the nineteenth—"

He reminded me that there were only sixteen platoons in a battalion. It's such a long time since I had anything to do with platoons that I forget.

"All right, we'll say the sixteenth. Why shouldn't *he* have a horse? Of all the unjust— Well, you see what recriminations it would lead to. Now I don't say I'm more valuable than a platoon-commander or more effective on a horse, but, at any rate, there aren't sixteen of me. There's only one Signalling Officer, and if there is a spare horse over—"

"What about the Bombing Officer?" said O.C. Platoon 15 carelessly.

I had quite forgotten the Bombing Officer. Of course he is a specialist too.

"Yes, quite so, but if you would only think a little," I said, thinking hard all the time, "you would—well, put it this way. The range of a Mills bomb is about fifty yards; the range of a

field telephone is several miles. Which of us is more likely to require a horse?"

"And the Sniping Officer?" he went on dreamily.

This annoyed me.

"You don't shoot snipe from horse-back," I said sharply. "You're mixing up shooting and hunting, my lad. And in any case there are reasons, special reasons, why I ride Toby—reasons of which you know nothing."

Here are the reasons:—

1. I think I have more claim to a horse called Toby than has a contributor to "Our Feathered Friends" or whatever paper the Sniping Officer writes for.

2. When I joined the Army Celia was inconsolable. I begged her to keep a stiff upper lip, to which she replied that she could do it better if I promised not to keep a bristly one. I pointed out that the country wanted bristles; and though, between ourselves, we might regard it as a promising face spoilt for a tradition, still discipline was discipline. And so the bristles came, and remained until the new order, when they were uprooted.

Now the Colonel has only one fault (I have been definitely promised my second star in 1927, so he won't think



G. L. S. 1916.

Pat (examining fare). "MAY THE DEVIL DESTROY THE GERMANS."

Sub. "WELL, THEY DON'T DO YOU MUCH HARM, ANYWAY. YOU DON'T GET NEAR ENOUGH TO 'EM."

Pat. "DO THEY NOT, THEN? HAVE THEY NOT KILT ALL THE HALF-CROWN OFFICERS AND LEFT NOTHING BUT THE SHILLIN' ONES?"

I am flattering him with a purpose): he likes moustaches. His own is admirable, and I have no wish for him to remove it, but I think he should be equally broad-minded about mine.

"You aren't really more beautiful without it," he said. "A moustache suits you."

"My wife doesn't think so," I said firmly. I had the War Office on my side, so I could afford to be firm.

The Colonel looked at me, and then he looked out of the window, and made the following remarkable statement.

"Toby," he said gently to himself, "doesn't like clean-shaven officers."

This hadn't occurred to me; I let it sink in.

"Of course," I said at last, "one must consider one's horse. I quite see that."

"With a bicycle," he said, "it's different."

And so there you have the second reason. If the Bombing Officer rode Toby, I should shave again to-morrow, and then where would the Battalion be? Ruined.

So Toby and I go off together. Up till now he has been good to me. He

has bitten one Company Commander, removed another, and led the Colonel a three-mile chase across country after him, so if any misunderstanding occurs between us there will be good precedent for it. So far my only real trouble has been once when billeting.

Billeting is delightful fun. You start three hours in advance of the battalion, which means that if the battalion leaves at eight in the morning, you are up in the fresh of the day, when the birds are singing. You arrive at the village and get from the Mayor or the Town Major a list of possible hostesses. Entering the first house (labelled "Officers 5") you say, "*Vous avez un lit pour un Officier ici, n'est-ce pas? Vive la France!*" She answers, "*Pas un lit,*" and you go to the next house. "*Vous avez place pour cent hommes—oui?*" "*Non,*" says she—and so on. By-and-by the battalion arrives, and everybody surrounds you. "Where are my men going?" "Where is my billet?" "Where's 'C' Company's mess?" "Have you found anything for the Pioneers?" And then one knows what it is to be popular.

So the other day the Major thought

he'd come with me, just to give me an idea how it ought to be done. I say nothing of the result; but for reasons connected with Toby I hope he won't come again. For in the middle of a narrow street crowded with lorries, he jumped off his horse, flung (I think that's the expression)—flung me the reins and said, "Just wait here while I see the Mayor a moment."

The Major's horse I can describe quite shortly—a nasty big black horse.

Toby I have already described as a nice horse, but he had been knee-deep in mud, inspecting huts, for nearly half-an-hour, and was sick of billeting.

I need not describe two-hundred-lorries-on-a-dark-evening to you.

And so, seeing that you know the constituents, I must let you imagine how they all mixed.

This is a beastly war. But it has its times; and when our own particular bit of the battle is over and the battalion is marching back to rest, I doubt if, even in England (which seems very far off), you will find two people more contented with the morning than Toby and I, as we amble along together.

A. A. M.

THE WATCH DOGS.

LII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—In those far-away days, when we used to fight about such things as Education Bills and Tariff Reform, do you remember meeting a young bravo of the name of McIver from time to time, but mostly at election times? In that uncivilised West Country borough, where you and I thumped the Tory tub with such persistence, you may recall his sudden arrival from nowhere in particular, with no excuse in particular, and how the more active element among our supporters at once loved him and made him the willing leader of all their greatest offensives on our behalf. He showed himself an honest fellow, always paying fully for all the windows he broke. He was a rich young man and liked spending his money that way. Most of our time was taken up in getting the local police to look kindly upon the results of his enthusiasm, and you will not have forgotten how, when you and I had got our man elected, McIver precious nearly got him burnt by way of celebrating the event. Though he was not the sort of right-hand man that every tactful Candidate would choose, never was a more ardent and sincere believer in the Conservative cause. He lived to down the Radicals, and it was his great regret that he could not meet them one by one in person. Even so, electioneering did not entirely satisfy his robust nature; he wanted something with loud explosions and burning oil in it. He has found exactly what he wanted in this War.

Rather, the War found him. Even if England had kept out of it, he would have gone in. As it was, the Nation and McIver declared within about an hour of each other. I wouldn't like to be certain which was first. In the earliest moments, while others were getting themselves used to the idea of war, he was getting himself drilled in the arts of it. Too keen to wait five minutes for a commission, he went into the ranks; and didn't jib at twelve months' delay in getting his first stripe. The first time I saw him out here was just before that great event. We met and parted stealthily, for I was an officer and he was a man. I didn't see any more of him for four or five months, strenuous and precarious months for him. At the end of them I fancy he was good for as many stripes as he cared to ask for; in fact, the powers, always keeping an eye open for good material, determined on their own to try him for a star. So they had him out of the trenches and sent him to a Cadet School.

I have read somewhere a beautifully

worded description of how they make officers out of the ranks. The process was depicted as a gentle, almost a homely one. You saw a gathering of earnest young men sitting round while a silvery-haired old gentleman discoursed pleasantly of virtue and ideals and traditions, passing round the cigarettes from time to time. "You must be brave, you must be unselfish; you must be human and just. But above all you must be good. For as it is by your kindness that you will lead your men, so it is by your Christian qualities that you will subdue the ruthless Hun."

From what McIver told me it was not quite like that. You arrive at the School full to the brim of your own future greatness; the first thing you bump up against is your own despicable insignificance. During your course you have less cause to think of your splendid future than of your miserable past; less of coming successes than of your one great mistake in ever having been born. It is a hard-bitten, short-spoken but entirely unmistakable Sergeant-Major, of quite the oldest and firmest school, who tells you all about it, and you don't loll about during the conversation.

McIver, having for his future good been put through it, came to the end of his period of probation and instruction. One day, as he was resting and recovering during an easy, a message came down along the wind to him that he was wanted at orderly-room. He braced himself up for some more of the worst, and went at the double. Arrived at the door, he stood to attention. The Sergeant-Major looked at him in a certain way. He stood to some more attention. The Sergeant-Major addressed him, conveying in a few well-chosen words what you and I could not have made understood without the use of a heavy axe. McIver became rigid all over. In that condition, regarded as miserably short of the standard, he was admitted into the outer sanctum.

"Number 1234567 Lance-Corporal McIver," said the Sergeant-Major.

"Here, Sir," said he.

"Brrrrrrrr," said the Sergeant-Major.

"Sir?" said McIver.

"The Commandant wants you," said the Sergeant-Major.

"Yes, Sir," said McIver.

The Sergeant-Major protested that he had never in his whole career been answered back in such an impertinent manner. Moreover, why was McIver's hair too long, his tunic too short, his boots not properly blacked, his buttons as unclean as his face, and everything about him utterly improper? He was undoubtedly a dirty scoundrel, but he

needn't look it. Five minutes to put himself right.

"Very good, Sir," said McIver.

"Silence!" shouted the Sergeant-Major. "I don't want any of your confounded approval."

The refining process complete, "Ten—shun!" said the Sergeant-Major, very much more in anger than in sorrow. "Qek—mrch!"

McIver found himself in the Presence, with a sharp pain in the middle of his back, by way of a reminder from the Sergeant-Major.

"Hlt!" said the latter, and, with a parting look of pity and contempt, withdrew.

The Commandant, the kind gentleman of the picture, told him he had his commission, wished him luck and advised him to go round to the Officers' Stores and get dressed for his new part. Almost reduced to tears by such kindness, McIver went out, and found himself again confronting the Sergeant-Major.

No sooner had the latter seen him than there was a loud report. It was the Sergeant-Major's heels coming together. The whole atmosphere became violently taut. It was the Sergeant-Major at attention, such attention as had never before seemed possible. There was a tense silence. It was the Sergeant-Major waiting for the favour of Second Lieutenant McIver's next remark. McIver was too moved to speak; he could only whisper something about the Officers' Stores. The air became moist with subservience. It was the Sergeant-Major's anxiety to serve.

"May I come with you myself, Sir, and show you the way?" said he, as a man hoping against hope for the last and greatest privilege. . . .

I have a later tale to tell of McIver, but that must wait.

Yours ever, HENRY.

Commercial Candour.

"For five days only costumes at one price will afford satisfaction to buyers at this attractive Oxford Street centre."

Morning Paper.

Most ladies like their dresses to remain fashionable for at least a week.

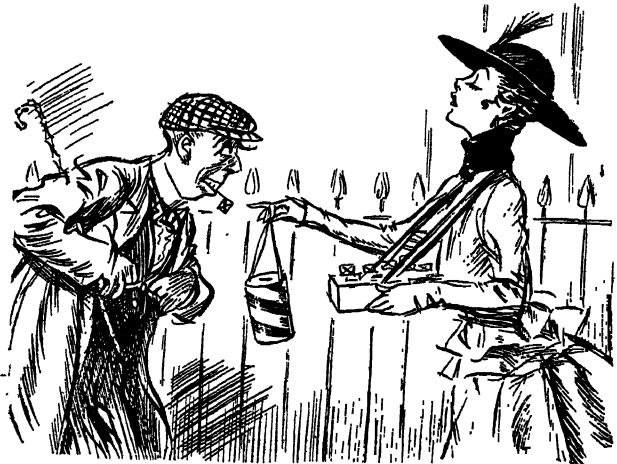
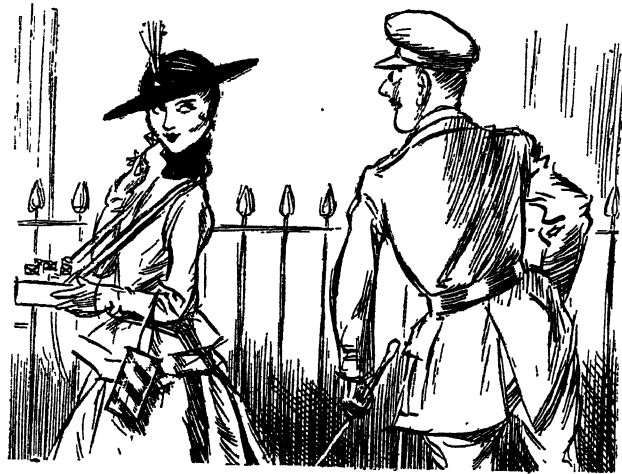
"Mr. Forster states that the bread served to the troops in this country costs about 2d. a lb.; when it is baked in the field batteries the cost is slightly less."—*The Times.*

In the batteries, of course, nothing is charged for firing.

"A GREAT BARGAIN."

PRICE JUST REDUCED FROM £8,000 TO £40,000."

Personally we shall wait until they raise it back again.



THE ART OF EXTRACTION.



"KAMERAD! KAMERAD! MERCY. VE VOS POMERANIANS."

"POMERANIANS, ARE YOU? WELL, YOU'RE BLOOMIN' LUCKY TO DROP INTO MY 'ANDS. I'M A DAWG-FANCIER."

THE JAEGER'S LAMENT.

[The German Government has announced that in order to supplement the supply of fresh meat the killing of all wild game will be undertaken under military control.]

No more, alas! through Schwarzwald's fragrant thickets
Shall I pursue the coney to his lair,
Or supplement the daily dole of tickets
With toothsome blackbirds captured in a snare;
No longer with my hungry children's benison
Shall I depart in search of boar and stag;
Returning later with, not actual venison,
But robin redbreasts bulging in my bag.

No more I'll eat my frugal *Wienerschnitzel*
Among the glades I loved to wander in;
No more, my trusty little dachshund, Fritz, 'll
Beg with Teutonic patience for the skin;
No more among the Taunus' rugged passes
I'll stalk the fleetfoot goat as was my use,
Nor hear by lovely Swabia's dank morasses
The distant honking of the Strasbourg goose.

Instead, through waste and woodland once verboten,
My brave platoon pursues the game in flight;
Their individual shooting's worse than rotten,
But their rafales are simply out of sight;
No longer in the dangerous rôle of supers,
Plugged by the WAR LORD's sporting friends from
Town,
But armed with Mannlichers, my honest troopers
Let off, für Gott und KAISER, at the brown.

And it is mine to organise this slaughter

On the large lines that suit the German taste;

The life-blood of the red deer flows like water,

I wade through stricken rabbits to the waist;

But what avails it that their ranks grow thinner,

Of what account the wild swine's dying squeal?

It's still a crime to take one home for dinner;

Potatoes still provide our every meal! ALGOL.

A Candid Warning.

"——'s Stores. The Stores that Serve You Right."
Advertisement in Provincial Paper.

"In an interview Pte. Jones sold the story of how he captured single-handed 102 German prisoners."—*Provincial Paper.*

We hope he got a good price for it.

From a description of the Guildhall banquet:—

"The removes included pheasant en casserole and a variety of cold dishes, chiefly fame."—*Daily Paper.*

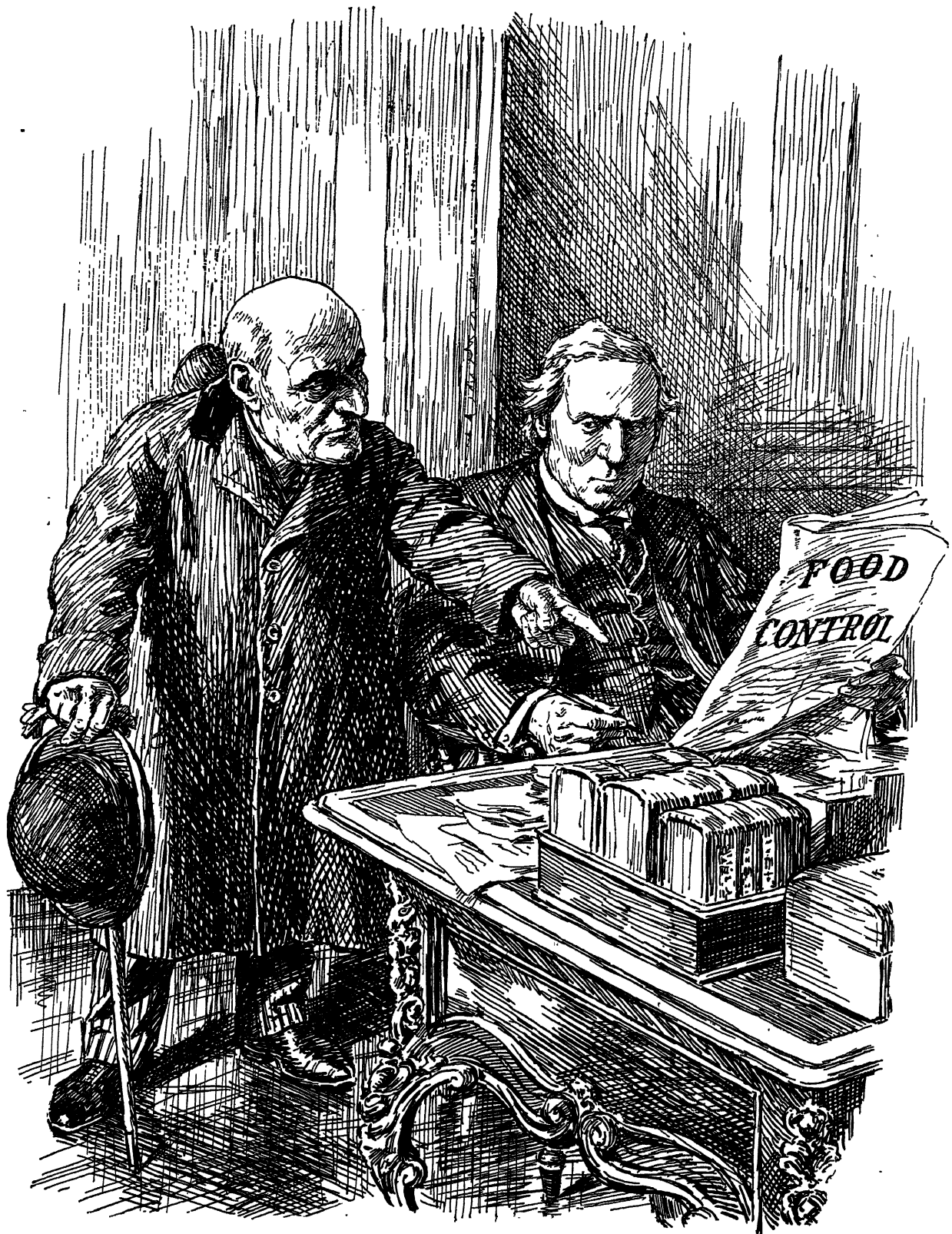
Some of the distinguished guests, it is believed, consider that PORE was well inspired when he wrote:—

"Fame is at best an unperforming cheat,
But 'tis substantial happiness to eat."

From the report of a Perth Military Tribunal:—

"On the application of Messrs. —— for one of their foremen, the manager said they were faced with an extraordinary state of affairs, having given 75 per cent. of their qualified dyers to the colours."

Not a bad place to send them, since the British colours do not run. Still, from the manager's point of view the expletive before "dyers" was quite pardonable.



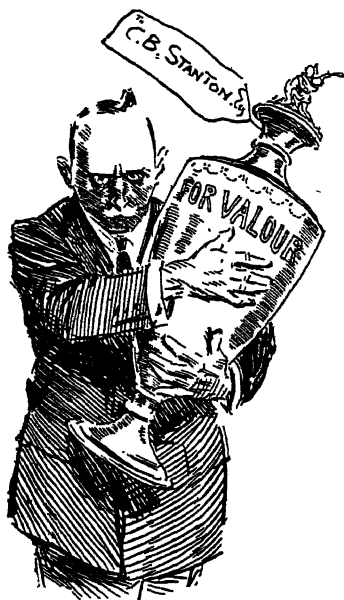
THE WINTER CAMPAIGN—AT HOME.

MR. PUNCH (to Mr. Asquith). "THAT'S A GOOD START, SIR, BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH. YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE A LEAF OUT OF THE ENEMY'S BOOK, AND ORGANISE THE WHOLE NATION."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, November 14th.—For reasons hitherto concealed the British public has not yet been allowed to enjoy pictures of the famous tanks, although they have already been published in American newspapers. "If the Germans have seen them why can't we?" cried one hon. Member. The House gathered from Mr. FORSTER's reply that Sir DOUGLAS HAIG would consider this very important question, but at the moment he was rather busy giving a further free exhibition to the pampered Huns.

Mr. KEATING complained of the harsh treatment accorded to an Irish recruit



THE BATTLE OF CARDIFF.

COLONEL CRAIG SEES THAT THE VICTOR DOES NOT GO UNREWARDED.

"with an imperfect knowledge of the English language" for answering an officer in Gaelic. As the culprit subsequently boasted that he had "pulled the officer's leg" it looks as if both his ignorance and his innocence had been exaggerated. But Mr. DEVLIN thought the incident required the issue of a circular inculcating a sense of humour in the Army. Copies might, I think, be also presented to the Nationalist Members—Mr. HEALY excepted.

The great battle of Cardiff was re-enacted in the House to-day, with all the principals specially engaged. Mr. STANTON once more delivered his Boanerges-like denunciation of the Pacifists, and dared them to attack him in his stronghold at Merthyr; Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD again rebutted the charge of Pro-Germanism in a manner absolutely convincing to himself; and the HOME SECRETARY,

attacked by one side for not prohibiting the demonstration and by the other for not protecting the demonstrators, adroitly combined a general defence of the right of free speech with a particular condemnation of its employment by Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD and his friends.

What are the precise functions of the PAYMASTER-GENERAL, and whom, if anybody, does he pay? To give an exact answer to these questions would puzzle most students of our Constitution. But if the Bill which Mr. HENDERSON, the present holder of the post, introduced to-day becomes law we shall be able to say that his function is to pay pensions to the disabled soldiers to whom the country owes so much. Not sailors, be it noted. Sailors' pensions will still be allocated by the Admiralty, for, as Dr. MACNAMARA put it, "the Navy is a little family, and the Lords Commissioners are the little fathers of the Fleet."

There are one or two other exceptions which will prevent the new Pensions Board from exercising complete "co-ordination" (a blessed word much beloved by Ministers); and there is still room for improvement in the machinery. Is it really necessary to write on the average nine letters about every pension, and to employ two thousand clerks to deal with 146,000 pensioners?

Wednesday, November 15th.—Both Houses were engaged with the intriguing question of our bread-and-butter. The Lords dealt with it on the principle that "prevention is better than cure." Warn Germany, said Lord SYDENHAM, that we should exact "ton

for ton," and she might think the game of sinking merchant ships not worth the candle. Strengthen the Board of Admiralty and let the FIRST LORD stop talking to distinguished journalists was Lord BERESFORD's solution of the submarine problem.

Meanwhile the Commons were also employed in discussing how to remedy the consequences of the under-water campaign. Professor HEWINS delivered, in livelier fashion than ever, his celebrated lecture on organisation, and found an unexpectedly apt pupil in the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE. Until recently it was believed on the Unionist benches that Mr. RUNCIMAN's motto was, "What Manchester thought in 1846 England ought to think for ever." But news of the War has penetrated even into the peaceful purlieus



MEATLESS DAYS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

COURGE FARCIE DE MARRONS À LA COLONEL LOCKWOOD.

of Whitehall Gardens. "Did I ever believe in *laissez-faire*?" Mr. RUNCIMAN must have wondered as he proceeded to expound to an eagerly-listening House his proposals for conserving and increasing our food supply.

Gone is the white flour of a branless loaf. The historic miller who cared for nobody, no not he, must in future take his orders from the Government Food Controller. So must the potato-merchant and the dairyman. Even the sweetstuff shop—and quite time, too—will have to do its bit. Mr. RUNCIMAN has a special objection to the large boxes tied up with bright ribbons to be seen in the West-end confectioners'.

From an otherwise comprehensive speech there was one thing lacking—the name of the dictator who is to direct this social revolution. The PRIME MINISTER is to announce his choice later. Perhaps Sir EDWARD CARSON, whose only complaint against the Government on



THE SUGAR-SNATCHER.
MR. RUNCIMAN.



Great Grandmamma (ferociously to the family circle). "WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE TROUBLE THAT THAT KAISER HAS BROUGHT INTO EUROPE, I COULD BOX HIS EARS!"

this occasion is that they are doing what they ought to have done months ago, will step into the breach. As he is believed to be prepared to conscript every potato in his native land, he is obviously the man for the post.

Thursday, November 16th.—It has been said that there is no subject in the world on which you will not find an expert in the House of Commons. I don't know about that, but there is no doubt that all the Members are experts on food. Perhaps that is why no particular enthusiasm greeted Major NEWMAN's suggestion that the economy campaign should begin in the Members' Dining-room. Mr. DILLON was so much surprised at this proposed invasion of individual rights that he ejaculated, "Oh, my godfather!" The identity of this distinguished personage was not revealed, but it is understood that Mr. JOHN REDMOND, for one, disclaims the honour.

The further debate on Mr. RUNCIMAN's proposals was chiefly utilised as a means of advertising Members' particular fads. Sir JOHN SIMON was quite convinced that the food shortage was due to compulsory service. Mr. HOLT ascribed it to the mismanagement by

the Government of our mercantile marine, and incidentally remarked—intrepid fellow!—that sailors were much less afraid of submarines than people who read about them in drawing-rooms.

For some time Mr. CHURCHILL has been unaccountably silent. But now he remembered that in the course of a varied official career he had once been President of the Board of Trade, and proceeded to give a few hints to his successor. Why had he not long ago laid down a "standard merchant-ship, like the FORD Motor-car—no allusion, of course, to the *Oscar II.*—and turned them out by dozens? Mr. PRINGLE gave Mr. CHURCHILL, as one might say, "ton for ton," reminding him that as First Lord of the Admiralty he had commandeered nearly all the slips for naval construction, and had made tremendous demands on merchant-shippping for his overseas expeditions.

From this conflict of individual views two conclusions emerged—first, that the Government was at last moving on the right lines, but ought to have started earlier, and, secondly, that the Food-Controller, whoever he may be, will have a very invidious task. From

Mr. RUNCIMAN's eloquent description of the difficulties he will have to encounter I gathered that he at least is not hankering after the job.

Healyography.

"Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., said that the Irish Parliamentary party could make neither peace nor war. . . . The day before they were voting with Sir E. Carson in the House of Commons on some question about Nigeria, some place in East Africa."—*Observer*.

"A man applied for exemption on the ground that he couldn't open his mouth wide enough to eat Army food. He was given three months' grace."—*Scottish Paper*.

We remember a rather protracted grace that we used to read to the Dons in Hall, but it was nothing like the length of this one. It should give him plenty of time to get an appetite for any food.

"Not the least infliction on Andromache in the legend was having to endure the neighbourhood of the dragon in its dissolution."

Westminster Gazette.

But her sufferings were nothing compared to the discomforts endured by Perseus when dragged round the walls of Troy at the chariot-wheel of Achilles.

THE AGRICULTURAL CENSUS.

THERE has been a good deal of excitement in our household during the last day or two, and it has been entirely due to a paper delivered to us by the local policeman. This paper is of a buff colour and a foolscap size, and simply clamours for particulars of an imaginary agricultural holding (or farm) which is supposed to belong to me. I am commanded under various terrific penalties to fill in a return of these particulars, all highly agricultural and none of them, so far as I can judge, in the remotest degree applicable to the garden which is my only title to be considered as a landed proprietor. This drawback, I am bound to add, in no way affected the two younger children, who, having heard the discussion about the paper, promptly started agricultural operations on a large scale in their own quarters and the passages adjoining thereto. They ploughed (with a chair), they harrowed (with a fire-fender), they reaped (with the poker and the tongs), and finally enjoyed an elaborate harvest-home celebration of bread-and-jam in the nursery. This, however, though it afforded them some relaxation, didn't help me much to fill in the form. I had tried to argue with the policeman when he delivered it. "This is no farm," I had said. "Why leave an 'Agricultural Census Paper' (England and Wales) on me? I've got no 'sheep running on mountain or hill pasturage,' and no sows of any kind. I ought, therefore, to have been omitted. If it had been cabbages or Brussels-sprouts I might have done something for you, but cabbages and Brussels-sprouts are not even mentioned. Take the paper away." However, the policeman had insisted. He knew, he said, what his duty was. He had to leave one of them papers on everyone who had five acres or more. He didn't want to disoblige anyone if he could help it, but he'd got to obey his orders. With that he departed, leaving the inquisitive paper behind him.

Matters, then, having come to this pass, it was plain that I had to fill up the paper by hook or by crook. So I summoned Francesca to my side and set to work.

"Francesca," I said, "tell me what you know about clover and rotation grasses."

"I will," she said. "All I know about them is that I've got a four-leaved clover in a crystal locket and it's never brought me the least little bit of good luck. The day after I got it I sprained my ankle at tennis."

"I don't think," I said, "that I'll trouble Mr. ASQUITH and the Government with the story of your sprained ankle. Anything about rotation grasses?"

"No," she said, "I never heard of them. I don't believe they really exist."

"How like you! You've never heard of them, therefore they don't exist. I bet they're most important.

Probably we couldn't carry on at all without them. However, if we don't know there's an end of it. Now then—cows in milk. How many?"

"We must put down some, mustn't we?"

"Yes," I said, "otherwise we shouldn't be a farm."

"Of course," she said. "Let's have one each—one for you and one for me, and one for each of the children. That makes six. What's your cow's name?"

"They don't ask that."

"Never mind," she said; "we'll throw the information in for nothing. My cow's called Sweetlips, and Muriel's is Dewlap, and Nina's is Softeye, and Alice's is Kindheart, and Frederick's is Flicktail. Now hurry up with yours."

"Moomoo," I said, "is her name. She was called so after her god-mother, who was a pedigree cow in Herefordshire, and was sold to the Argentine Government for five thousand pounds. There was a great outcry about it at the time."

"What a lot you remember," she said, "when once you begin."

"Yes," I said, "my memory's very good. I hadn't a notion I was going to fill up this form so well. Now tell me—how many plough-teams do I usually work?"

"What do they want to know that for?"

"How can I tell you? All I know is that it's one of their absurd questions."

"Very well," she said, "write down, 'We have not ploughed up our lawn this year, but we are quite willing to do so, in which case four plough-teams might be necessary.' Have you got that?"

"No," I said, "I shan't put that down. Either it's too flippant, in which case it'll offend the permanent officials, or it's a serious suggestion, in which case I should like a little more time to think about it."

"Have it your own way," she said. "Anything else?"

"Yes," I said, "there's a lot more about 'sows and other pigs,' and 'sheep grazed on enclosed land,' and wheat, and 'cattle, stall and yard fed,' all intimately applicable to our garden ground—but we've broken the back of it."

"That means you don't want me any more," she said. "Well, so long, and good luck with all the other answers!" Still I don't quite know how I'm going to explain it all to our policeman when he calls for the filled-in paper.

R. C. L.

A Light Costume.

"A charming turn was provided by ———, Parisienne poser, who gave a series of chic studies, her costumes being provided by lantern."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

From *The Sunday Chronicle's* report of the Cardiff Peace Conference:—

"Then came Captain Tupper's turn. He took off his coat and bat and squared his shoulders for a characteristic burst of oratory." Even without his bat he seems to have made a big hit.



IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Punch ventures to appeal once more in a cause that has always been nearest his heart—the cause of suffering children. The East London Hospital for Children at Shadwell stands in urgent need of help. The economy of its management has been commended by those who control the King Edward's Hospital Fund, and further reduction in current expenses is impossible. Therefore if no help comes it will have to close its doors. This is unthinkable in these times when the care of the children of our fighting men is an obligation laid upon us all, and the health of the new generation is more than ever of vital importance to the nation. Mr. Punch begs his generous readers to help this Children's Hospital that serves the needs of a very poor district, isolated from the natural sources of charity. Gifts of money, great or small, will be gratefully received by The Secretary of "Punch," 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

THE PETULANT POETASTER.

IN spite of education and police
 Our fairy godmothers, compact of mirth,
 Moved by the very spirit of caprice
 Bestow on us all kinds of boons at birth:
 Some they design for indolence and peace;
 Others they spur to wander o'er the earth;
 On me, almost as soon as I could think,
 They gave the deadly love of pens and ink.

I blacked my fingers with the sable tint
 Before I reached the dignity of teens,
 And made my first appearances in print
 In school and even parish magazines;
 And fond relations thought they saw a hint
 Of real genius in the Odes and Scenes
 That placed me, like a versifying Horner,
 In a provincial journal's Poet's Corner.

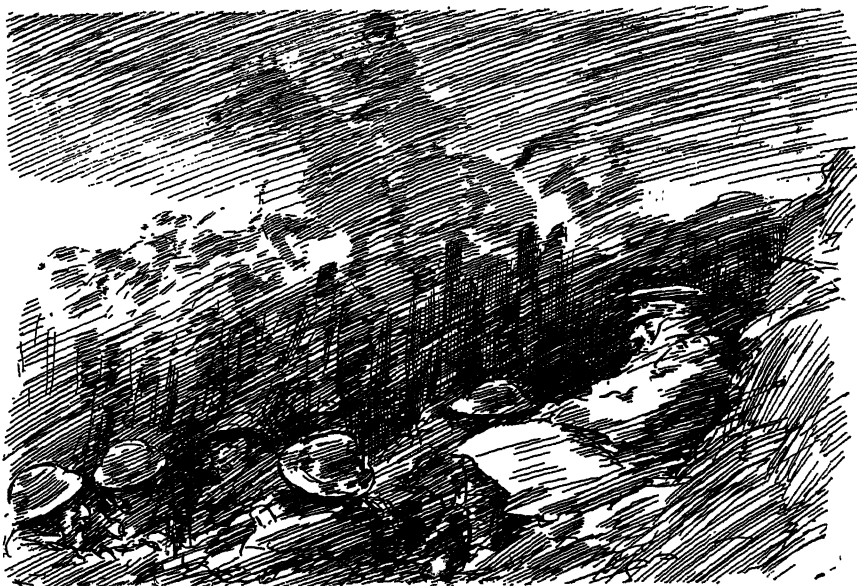
Henceforth the fatal passion of ink-sliding
 Beset me steadily from youth till age;
 Not that it meant a genuine gift of singing
 Or the authentic gadfly-bitten rage,
 Nor that it ever did succeed in bringing
 The satisfaction of a living wage;
 It merely pleased my vanity and did
 Earn now and then the "jingling tingling quid."

But, since so few of modern poets thrive
 Solely on their excursions into metre—
 At least if they are anxious to arrive
 At the possession of a seven-seater—
 And though I feel when I am moved to drive
 The rhyming quill a pleasure vastly sweeter,
 Whenever editorial doors were closed
 To my poetical attempts, I prosed.

It didn't prove a gold or silver mine,
 Or reach the splendour of a big bonanza;
 But still a certain halfpenny a line
 Is better than a casual bob a stanza;
 And though I never could afford to dine
 Or lunch at the Hotel Extravaganza,
 I managed, like some thousand other men,
 To make a modest living by my pen.

Unhappily, as strength and fervour flag
 And critics grow increasingly censorious,
 The chariot-wheels of poetasters drag,
 Their humour grows distressingly laborious;

FORWARD AWAY!



THE DREAM.



THE REALITY.

To know you are an ineffectual wag—
 Could any mental state be more inglorious?
 Besides, when once with failure you're infected,
 Your confidence is seldom resurrected.
 From verse to prose eternally to range
 When nobody for either cares a button,
 Because you offer nothing new or strange,
 And for new things the world is still a glutton,
 Recalls the well-known craving for a change
 Excited by eternal beef and mutton,

And makes me long for some new magic medium
 Some efficacious antidote to tedium.
*'Tis hard a lifelong habit to forgo,
 Yet there is little virtue in surrender,
 When age has evidently checked a flow
 Of fancy that was always rather slender.
 And since, as your confessions clearly show,
 Your verse is neither witty, wise, nor tender,
 O Rhymester, cease your plaintive ebullitions,
 Seal up your stylograph and make munitions.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WIDOW'S MIGHT."

I TAKE it that the authors of this light comedy, Mr. LEONARD HUSKINSON and Mr. CHRISTOPHER SANDEMAN, are new to the difficult game of playmaking. They may well be encouraged by their friendly reception, and perhaps, if they care to come and look at their amusing show from our side of the curtain, our side in mind and mood as well as in body, they may pick up a hint or two.

The Widow's Might deals with the connubial business of an oldish stockbroker, a stupid and violent kind of ass, preposterously jealous of the dull soldier who is philandering with his wife. This lady is of the kind that bores her cavalier to death, signs herself "love-lies-bleeding," and in postscripts makes assignments, innocent in fact but capable of the most sinister interpretation in Sir SAMUEL EVANS'S COURT, especially when several crosses are added—and the letter is left in the blotter and stolen from your bedroom by an unchivalrous husband while you are in your bath. Enter then the widow, "mellow but not frumpish," who saves the situation by cutting out the *Major* for herself under cover of an action for the defence of the indiscreet one. Another married couple, a bright little thing and a silly ass, are the commère and compère of this little revue; while a Balham Jewess in the crystal-gazing business (dropping over the edge of comedy into extravaganza) wanders in and out of the picture.

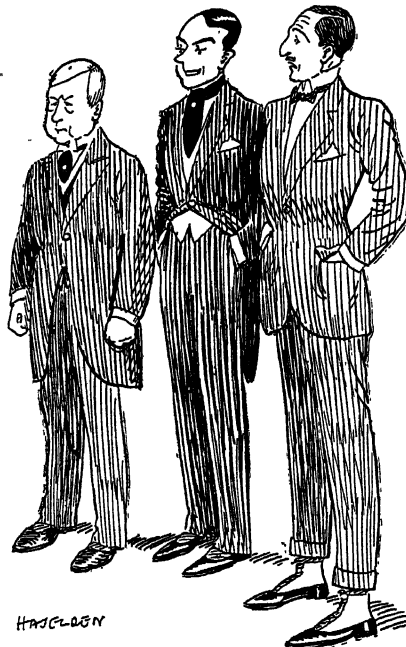
On which I note that three asses is too large a dose for one play. The only man with a vestige of a brain was the widow's manservant. And next I would implore the authors to observe what a difficult, indeed impossible, task they set their players by mixing the credible people, like *Lady Deborah* and the *Major*, and the amusing silly ass and his wife, and the improbable but amusing *Mabel* of the postscript, with the frankly impossible stockbroker and soothsayer. They will also see that a joke about the dampness of water (which was made by ADAM to EVE in the days of her innocence, and repeated by her to the Serpent in the small-talk stages of their acquaintance) has lost its freshness.

That said, and in the friendliest mood, bouquets may now be handed. There were plenty of really humorous lines. The general idea was sound, and certainly a ripple of spontaneous laughter, the sincerest of all tributes, punctuated the performance.

Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, as the widow, was dealt a really good hand by the authors, and she played it very skilfully.

There was nothing crude in *Lady Deborah's* method. She wouldn't necessarily, but she *might* if you pressed her—I take it that was the idea. I sometimes wonder what would happen if this experienced and charming actress had a part in which that delightful silvery laughter of hers was barred. But why go into this? It never will be the case.

MISS ATHENE SEYLER depends for her success less than most of our actresses on her mannerisms. There is an admirable variety in her characterisations, and she can make the supreme sacrifice on the altar of Art—can make herself as plain as plain when, as in this "love-lies-bleeding" instance,



THE "THREE ASSES."

Tollinder, Maynford and the Major.
MESSRS. ARTHUR, ASH AND STUTFIELD.

it helps the play. I shouldn't dare to say such a thing if I didn't think that she looked as charming as anybody when she liked! Miss NANCY PRICE can't be blamed for overdoing her necromanceress. The author had done that already. And I didn't see how she could have dealt with it better. Her Hebrew Cockney was a delight. Miss MARIE HEMINGWAY was, as always, pretty and agreeable. Her part demanded little else. Mr. GORDON ASH cleverly made a pleasant ass of himself, and I liked Mr. STUTFIELD's quiet awkward *Major*. A nut behind me assured his friends that the *Major's* clothes were not really quite the latest thing, and, as this is most frightfully important, I hand on the tip to him. No use being an actor, you know, if your clothes aren't just right. *Verb. sap.* Our audiences are like that. T.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

(SECOND SERIES.)

WHITEHALL.

CHILDREN, children, cheat the dawn
And pick the daisies on the lawn,
Pick them while the dew is on
And carry them into the White Hall.
The Bride is waiting for her boy,
Kiss her slippers and wish her joy,
Scatter your daisies under her feet
And sing and dance in the White Hall.

Maids, maids, to the garden go
And gather the lilies pure as snow
Until your aprons overflow,
And carry them into the White Hall.
The Bride is waiting for her boy,
Kiss her hands and wish her joy,
Put your lilies into her arms
And sing and dance in the White Hall.

Wives, wives, go down to the bower
And break a branch of orange-flower,
Make a wreath within the hour
And carry it into the White Hall.
The Bride is waiting for her boy,
Kiss her brow and wish her joy,
Place your wreath upon her head
And sing and dance in the White Hall.

Groom, groom, go into the grove
And find a rose as white as a dove,
Find another as red as love
And carry them into the White Hall.
The Bride is waiting for her boy,
Kiss her lips and wish her joy,
Lay your roses on her heart
And wed your Bride in the White Hall.

"Lady — states that the Arabia was struck on the starboard side. She immediately opened fire on the submarine, and is believed to have hit her."—*Scotsman*.

We congratulate the intrepid lady on her excellent marksmanship.

"When the Russian bear keeps quiet and nothing is heard of him for a while, as at present, he is invariably up to some special devilment of his own—a 'surprise' which comes as a pleasure to his friends and as a taste of Japhet to his foes."

Financial Opinion.

Who would doubtless prefer HAM.

"According to the *Tägliche Rundschau*, Turkey is henceforward to enjoy a police system closely modelled on the Berlin system, of which so much has been heard lately. One Beaheddin Bey, director of the Constantinople criminal police, is said to have spent the past year in Berlin studying the whole organization, and is now returning to Turkey thoroughly informed and equipped."—*Times*.

The very man for Lord High Executioner.



THE RECTORIAL "WE."

Lady Parishioner. "GOOD MORNING. HAVE YOU JUST COME FROM THE CHURCH?"

Rector's Wife. "YES. WE'VE BEEN BAPTISING AN INFANT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Wonderful Year (LANE) is a story of twelve months that start in August, 1913. So I suppose I need hardly tell you what the climax is. But I may say that Mr. W. J. LOCKE has made of it a book that for interest and charm and general vitality beats his own excellent record. The chief character is one *Martin Overshaw*, ex-teacher at a dreary commercial academy—hardly another fortunate youth; one, rather, who has to court fortune for himself, which he does in various ways, partly as a waiter in a small Provençal town (a quite adorable little town, and caught to perfection in Mr. LOCKE's sympathetically humorous picture of it); partly as a conscientious adventurer and squire of dames; lastly, despite his English blood, as a soldier of France. But such a list of his activities gives you no idea of their effect here. There is, of course, a heroine; to be precise indeed there are three; and for my own part (so nicely balanced is the triple intrigue) I was kept to the end as uncertain as was *Martin* himself which of them would prove the authentic She. But after all the real central figure of the book is not a person but a nation. Never was the essential spirit of it more admirably caught. Mr. LOCKE's study of what he finely calls "the solid French stock that makes France unshakable . . . that in peace may be miserly of its pence, but in war is lavish of its blood," is a most happy achievement. These are the people whom, with appreciation and wonderful skill, he has

put into his pages; and for them alone it has a value above much fine speaking. Since it is the German aim to create and foster misunderstanding between our splendid neighbours and ourselves, I should call *The Wonderful Year* nothing less than an Allied victory. Bravo, Mr. LOCKE!

Tales of the Great War (LONGMANS) strikes me as essentially an avuncular volume—and I suppose that, with Christmas already in sight, I need not explain what kind of book that is. No one owning even a part share in a jolly nephew (by birth, marriage or courtesy) need look further for one of his purchases than this most fascinating book. The true tales in it, of great deeds by land and sea in this time of greatness, have been written by Sir HENRY NEWBOLT and pictured by Messrs. NORMAN WILKINSON and CHRISTOPHER CLARK. What need one say more? You know already what touch the author of *Drake's Drum* can use in sounding "the strength and splendour of England's wars." Mr. CLARK's handsome lads in khaki and the magnificent battleships of Mr. WILKINSON are the best possible illustrations to the heart-stirring text. With a right instinct Sir HENRY has—as he explains in his preface—avoided all fine writing and the use of glorifying adjectives. This is as it should be. The best nephews prefer their tales of heroism as dry as possible; they themselves (thank Heaven!) can supply all the enthusiasm and appreciation needed. Such a story, for example, as one among many that you will find here, of how the men of the doomed *Monmouth* cheered the consort-ship that was compelled by duty to

leave them to certain destruction—well, what possible embroidery of words can be of use for this? There will be bright eyes and tight lips over that story; and for the heroes of it their only adequate reward, deep down in many generous young hearts. A most timely book.

In *William by the Grace of God* (METHUEN), that capable romancer, Miss MARJORIE BOWEN, gives us a study of the great WILLIAM who wrested the independence of the Netherlands from that prince of fanatics, PHILIP II. of Spain. As to how closely she has followed her documents she is frankly a better judge than I. It seems to me that her fidelity to the letter has a little cramped her flamboyant spirit, which is as great a proof of general honesty as could well be given. Her *William* is a portrait of such a kind that it is not ridiculous to call him a great man. The subsidiary love episodes are pleasantly done. Miss BOWEN creates a plausible atmosphere of battle and intrigue, save that perhaps the manoeuvres of her princes, cardinals and Jesuits in the matter of removing enemies are a little crude. By the way, Jesuits never had a habit of furnishing their rooms with tables of ebony and malachite, nor are they governed by "regents." It's worth while getting the local colour right, however unconquerable one's prejudices may be. Miss BOWEN gives the impression of being steeped in her subject, but I can't sufficiently admire her impenitently modern habit of splitting any stray infinitive at sight without quarter.

Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD last March went near to convincing me that something serious lay behind his eyes which he was trying to get across to his readers, and wasn't merely working a device. *The Wave* (MACMILLAN) sweeps me back again into a doubting mood. Here once more there are three folk who have met in a previous existence. It is *Tom Kelverdon*, engineer, who from boyhood is threatened by a Wave (which, of course, is not quite a wave), accompanied by a Whiff and a Sound and two pairs of eyes, one very sweet and the other very cruel. Two of the eyes were the eyes of *Lettice*; the other two, blue and cruel, of *Tony*, a philandering naturalist who came between the lovers, as, many centuries ago in Egypt, a blue-eyed Theban General, married to a former incarnation of *Lettice*, came between his wife and her Syrian slave who couldn't keep his place. *Lettice* also had her visions of a river of floating faces which she apparently was destined to fish out of danger. It seems all very confused, and the author when in difficulty is always riding off on his three steeds, Somehow, Somewhat and Somewhere... What I do feel is that Mr. BLACKWOOD needs as a mental discipline to write a straightforward story without pseudo-psychic manifestations and keep it in one century—ours for choice.

I have read novels by Miss M. HAMILTON which would compare very favourably with *The General's Wife* (PAUL). *General Bruce*, a widower with two children, married a

young wife who was just waiting for a chance to spread herself. On arriving in India she committed a series of indiscretions which made her husband very tired of her. I fancy that we are intended to sympathise with the harassed *General*, but when a middle-aged man, with ample experience both of India and matrimony, marries an underbred woman, I cannot help thinking that he is asking for trouble and deserves to have his request granted. *Mrs. Bruce* eventually decided to attach herself to a young cavalry officer called *Lord Marling*, and freely discussed arrangements for the flitting. There was indeed no situation under heaven that she was not prepared to discuss, but she amazed me—hardened though I was by now against her garrulity—when she chose to discuss her future plans with the *General* himself. This, for all I know, may be the right way of embarking upon such adventures, but here it was not a success. The *General* contrived to persuade her that a flight with *Marling* would end in disaster, and so she is left as wife to a man who quite obviously did not want her. It is fair to add that the dialogue is natural and often amusing, and that the children are sympathetically treated.



Owner of piano (to man who has made an initial bid of two shillings).
"ERE, WOT D'YER THINK YOU'RE BIDDIN' FOR—A MOUTH-ORGAN?"

When a book as mild and virtuous as W. RILEY'S *The Way of the Winepress* (JENKINS) comes into my hands I stifle criticism by telling myself that it will interest and possibly elevate a multitude of people with literary tastes which do not happen to be mine. When first we meet *Louis Turner*, who tells the tale, he is tramping along the road with a bundle too heavy for him, a mother and a limp. They are overtaken by a man in a carriage, who then and afterwards gives them a lift. *Louis*, like all good

young heroes, is bent on improving himself, and his ambitions succeed so well that ultimately he marries his benefactor's charming niece. And he deserved his good fortune; for if at times I was a little troubled by his priggishness there is no doubt whatever that he was very, very good. But before we reach the happy ending not only had much misery befallen the benefactor, but I too had suffered from having to absorb more moral lessons than I could comfortably digest.

Theatrical Candour.

From an advertisement of a new play:—

"In some fine passages as the climax approaches the actor rises to great heights of passionate declamation, to which the succeeding silent bathos of the stricken father affords a striking contrast."

Daily Paper.

We have seen plays in which the bathos had not even the redeeming feature of silence.

"Bahamas hemp, more commonly known as sisal, showed a satisfactory increase of over £26,000, due entirely to the unrest in Mexico."—*Financial Times*.

The revolutionists have certainly had an extraordinary amount of rope from the American Government.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has stated that the photos of the "tanks" which appeared some time ago in the American papers bear no resemblance to the actual machines. The suggestion that, rather than wound American susceptibilities, it would be better to alter the machines to conform to the photos in question is said to be under consideration.

* *

"New Laid Eggs or Munitions!" is the title of an article recently appearing in one of our contemporaries. Patriotism or no patriotism, there is a good deal to be said in favour of the new-laid kind.

* *

HENRY FORD, it is said, will undertake a new Peace Crusade in 1917. When interviewed on the subject the automobile magnate is understood to have remarked that the belligerents must soon realise the folly of prolonging the struggle just to spite him.

* *

The owner of the tug sunk by the *Deutschland* has compelled the owners of the submarine to put up a bond for seventeen thousand dollars to cover damages, and it is rumoured that a place in President WILSON's Cabinet has already been offered him if he will undertake to show them how it's done.

* *

Irish locomotive men are threatening to strike unless they are paid the same War bonus as in England. Their evident desire that English and Irish shall be placed upon an equal footing in matters connected with the War is most encouraging to those who are in favour of the inclusion of Ireland within the Military Service Acts.

* *

A clairvoyant who informed a client that she "saw her (the client's) husband in khaki with a red band on his collar," the actual fact being that the husband is employed in a store, was recently fined at a London police court. In justice to the Staff we hasten to say that it was not a libel action.

* *

The price of cockles has been raised from fourpence to sixpence a pint at Leigh-on-Sea, and as a first step towards economy the managers of our leading West-end restaurants have decided to remove this delicacy from their menus.

* *

A man told the Middlesex Tribunal that as the result of an accident his head goes round and can only be brought back into position by an effort of strength. We want more of this



Officer (to Tommy, who has broken every rule of the hospital). "You DON'T SEEM TO REALISE THAT THERE'S A WAR ON."

type at the front—men who can deceive the enemy by looking to the rear during the course of an advance.

* *

It is complained by the dramatic critic of *The Times* that as *Pierrot* in the new wordless play Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL "leaves his eminently expressive countenance unfloored." There are however a lot of people who think, with Mr. MCKINNEL, that in these days of national economy the slight sacrifice of artistic effect is amply justified by the saving in the most important constituent of the staff of life.

* *

Ten thousand sets of the popular game, "Biff," have been furnished by the Red Cross Society to our wounded soldiers, and we have it on good authority that a distinguished newspaper proprietor is preparing to pro-

vide Biffs for the Cabinet, the War Office, the Admiralty, the Tribunals, and all contractors, naturalized Germans and conscientious Radicals.

* *

The German Government has decided that in the future a specially trained professional journalist shall be an integral feature of their diplomatic establishments. This, it is expected, will do away for ever with the unworthy suspicion entertained in certain neutral quarters that a German diplomatist prefers to do his own lying.

* *

According to a contemporary a system of Juvenile Boards has been established in Germany to deal with the increasing number of young offenders. We ourselves continue to prefer the strap, which makes less noise than a board and is just as effective.

"IT IS THE CAUSE."

I took a flat in Whitehall Land
Whence I could watch with native
pride

The bridge of Charing Cross that
spanned,

A thing of grace, the admiring tide;
Commanding also, from its rear,
The effigy of BARTLE FRERE.

And when above the trammy marge
My open casement wooed the breeze
And faint from many a seaward barge
Floated the gay and ribald wheeze,
Something—I can't say clearly what—
Recalled *The Lady of Shalott*.

Fair was the prospect (few, I ween,
So smile upon a Cockney's gaze),
And best at evening when the scene
Included Phcebus' final rays
Reflected in the wharves that flank
The mud upon the Surrey bank.

And now on my astounded eyes,
And flush with my protesting nose,
Behold a sudden street arise
Of Governmental bungalows,
Like to the gourd that in a night
Rose on the prophet's staggered sight.

Here, posted by the humorous Powers,
Masses of Transport Service scribes
Will dream away the laggard hours
And interchange familiar gibes,
Being paid—with my War-taxes, too—
To sit and block my river view.

With miles of local golfing links
And wastes of park in which to herd
The Great Uncombed, the flapper minx,
Official cussedness preferred
To waive all eligible sites
And intercept my Ancient Lights.

But do I murmur? No, not I.
A sense of Transport in the air
Uplifts my patriot soul—I fly
To seek a less congested lair,
Proud of the Cause, and greatly cheered
To have my scenery commandeered.

O. S.

A Competition in Profundity.

From a concert programme:—

"Miss Dorothy — will sing 'Deep in my
Heart.' Mr. Ben — will sing 'Deeper and
Deeper Still.'"—*Liverpool Echo*.

"Wexford Agricultural Committee, by resolution, declared that sows held for the purpose of improving live stock and produce, and encouraging utility and neatness amongst cottagers, should be exempt from the entertainment tax."—*Irish Paper*.

Unless of course the sows want to play at frivolous games like "Pigs in Clover."

More War Economy.

"At Leeds Assizes Mr. Justice Darling dispensed with the usual charge to the Grand Jury."—*Westminster Gazette*.

TEN MINUTES IN GERMANY.

THE CURTAIN LIFTED.

AMAZING REVELATIONS.

(With apologies to a certain neutral.)

I.—How I GOT IN.

GETTING inside Germany when you're outside Germany isn't dead easy these times. Getting outside Germany when you're inside, but were formerly outside, would just tickle an insurance company to death.

I'd brought off the double event three times before. Once I just stepped over the frontier, remembered a pressing engagement in Sunnyville, Ohio, and stepped back. Next time I'd put in about five seconds in Hunland when I got a hurry call to go to China to see a man about a dog. And on the third occasion I stayed nearly half-a-minute, by which time I'd found the local lager unpalatable. So I quit.

Then the Duke of Ludgate Circus asked me to make a fourth sally to study the flora and fauna.

"Duke," said I, "these three trips have made me a marked man. It's a tough proposition."

Whereupon the Duke just handed me a blank cheque, a loaf of standard bread, and told me to get a move on.

Previously I had got into Germany from —, by way of —, crossing the frontier at —, and recrossing it at —. This time I was taking no risks.

I booked a passage to San Francisco, burnt the tickets, and booked to Shanghai. Arrived at Shanghai, I disguised myself as a Mandarin of the Second Class, took out a Chinese passport, and sailed for Valparaiso. Next I travelled up and down North and South America, collecting passports, letters of introduction and impenetrable disguises. Finally I got into the Arctic Circle, where I shipped in a whaler for Leith. From Leith I walked to Manchester, cycled to Potter's Bar, and drove in a four-wheeler into London. Here I lay *perdu* for three days. On the fourth I made a dash for the nearest Underground station and travelled continuously for six hours over the entire system. At times I crawled stealthily through subways, hid behind automatic machines, or lurked in lifts. Late one night I slipped down to the Embankment and swam backwards and forwards across the Thames for two hours, afterwards taking train to Liverpool, whence I sailed for New York. Here I stayed a week, changing my residence and disguise every three hours. Then I booked a passage to Naples, boarded a tramp bound for Holland, transhipped in

mid-ocean to a sailing vessel, landed at —, and two nights later was on the German frontier at —.

I had chosen the loneliest spot on the whole boundary. It was so lonely that you could pretty near hear yourself think. For some hours I lay flat on my stomach, peering through my telescope, spectroscope, microscope, periscope and kaleidoscope. I also sounded myself with my stethoscope. I saw and heard nothing. There was as a matter of fact absolutely nothing to see, for it was one of those nights on which old Count ZEPP had not only painted out the moon, but had also pulled down the safety curtain over the Milky Way.

I decided to dig myself in. Although no sound broke that awful silence, I knew that less than two hundred miles away guns were roaring, shells bursting, bullets flying. In that utter quiet, where neither bird sang nor commissionaire whistled for taxi-cab, I could truly sense the meaning of war. All that night I spent in making a dug-out, in which I lay doggo throughout the following day.

When dark fell I arrayed myself in the costume of a peasant of the Bolivian Andes, and swallowed a hunk of my standard loaf. Then, carrying a Japanese passport, a Mexican registration card and a Peruvian birth certificate in one hand and the remains of the standard loaf in the other—this last alone, I felt certain, would ensure me a warm welcome—I took the great step. And even as I crawled across the frontier I made my first amazing discovery.

The whitewashed boundary line was scarcely visible!

I shook from head to foot with excitement. A shortage of whitewash in Germany! Proof positive before my eyes! Here was news for the Duke!

After shaking with excitement for a considerable time I resumed my advance. Suddenly a dark mass loomed up before me. Seizing my penknife, I began to dig myself in, swiftly and silently. Then a light gleamed through the darkness and I saw before me a small building.

In that building I was to find a man whose knowledge of Germany, could it be published throughout the Fatherland, would shake the nails out of HINDENBURG's statue.

(To be continued.)

"WANTED, Three Days a week."

Advt. in "Norwood Press."

A distinct advance upon the Eight Hours' Day.



NECESSITY AND LUXURY.

A PROBLEM FOR THE FOOD-CONTROLLER.

UNTAPPED RESOURCES.

Sinclair certainly succeeded in giving us a nasty little shock. He has been out for some months now, but he didn't want to talk about the Somme. Neither did the Reverend Henry, who was on leave at the same time and had come down for the same week-end. What they wanted, perversely, was to talk about finance.

"I see they are now paying six per cent. on Exchequer Bonds," Sinclair had begun.

"Yes," said I (I had just been applying for some). "It's a very good return."

"Disgraceful thing," said Sinclair. "I'm hanged if I see why I (the tax-payer) should pay you (the investor) six per cent. because I need your money for the War."

"Why not?" said I.

"Well, there's something wrong somewhere. It's beastly unpatriotic on your part, Forman, sitting tight and drawing six per cent. It's a foolish, extravagant, modern idea. It wasn't always so. In the old days of **ETHEL-RED**—"

"The Unready?" suggested the Reverend Henry.

"The same," said Sinclair. "If **ETHELRED** wanted to make war on the Danes—"

"Stop a bit," said I. "Didn't the initiative generally rest with the Danes?"

"Well, anyhow, if there was a war on and **ETHELRED** wanted money he used to go (unless I am mistaken) to the Treasury and open the lid and grope about inside (with the aid of a candle) till he found it was empty. Then he allowed it to be known that he wanted contributions, and people came and chucked in gold and silver trinkets and poured in coins, and ladies brought their jewels and bracelets and rings—and there you were. There wasn't any question of six per cent."

"People have sent money direct to McKenna," said I. "It can be done."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Sinclair impatiently, "cheques payable to the British Empire and all that. They call it conscience-money and the receipt is put in the papers. What we need is a quiet unobtrusive method of paying for the War, suitable for the home circle. You fellows that are collecting six per cent. are not paying for the War. You are battenning on the War."

"Well, how is it to be done?" said I.

"There are several ways. One is to falsify your income-tax returns."

"But I have been doing that all my life," said I.

"Quite so; but I mean the other way on, Forman," said Sinclair severely. "Make out your income to be double what it is and pay accordingly. Push it up to the super-tax level; scorn deductions; throw in excess profits. But there are objections to that plan. It is a mistake to tamper with the faith of the tax-gatherer. He will never believe you again. And you will have

crocks, but he wouldn't believe it, so I referred him to the Military Representative."

I began to be rather ashamed of my Exchequer Bonds, and I could see that my wife, who had just come in, was more than a little puzzled. She has never quite understood Sinclair.

The Reverend Henry was listening with great attention. "I wish you would sell me a cigarette, Sinclair," he said.

Sinclair handed him his cigarette-case, took a pound-note out of his pocket, lit it at the fire and offered him a light.

It gave us a shock. It was all very well for Sinclair to talk, but, hang it, to see good money burning in that way—it was like watching a baby drowning without lending a hand.

"Jim!" cried my wife (she only calls Sinclair Jim in moments of great emotion), "what on earth are you doing? And now of all times when it's every one's duty to economise!"

Sinclair was quite unmoved. "I merely do that by way of illustration," he said calmly. "By that simple act, without the slightest dislocation of trade or industry, I have paid the Treasury the sum of one pound. It is however open to you to say that that does not help this year's revenue. A more direct course is to destroy postage stamps, postal orders, money orders, prepaid telegraph forms. Really, if you come to think of it, there is all manner of inflammable stuff about a post-office. Another form of patriotism, vicarious and therefore likely to be more

popular, would be to post your letters unstamped, and then the fellow at the other end would have to pay double. The thing is sure to catch on, and the revenue will come rolling in."

It was at this point that my wife went away in despair.

But, after all, it does look as if there was something in it. I don't feel so pleased about my Exchequer Bonds as I used to do.

Still Sinclair is a silly ass; and he's become much more frivolous since he went to the Front. I believe my wife really thinks he is partly off his head. Just after he left us, he sent her a letter (containing a small chunk of lead) without a stamp. Then came one with a palpable penny inside it, on which we had to pay a double regis-



[News of the "Tanks" has just penetrated to East Africa.]

Nervy Hun. "KAMERAD! KAMERAD!"

to explain things after the War. It is better to take out licences. That I have already tried. At this moment I am in a position to keep, without any question being raised, three motors of varying horse-power, nine dogs, one carriage (drawn or adapted to be drawn by two horses or mules), and seven man-servants. I can also kill game and use armorial bearings. I am, you will observe, in a very strong position. I am licensed to sell tobacco too, and to hawk—though a falcon would scare me to death. I didn't get a marriage licence. They wanted too many particulars. And I must say I had a lot of bother over those seven man-servants. The fellow evidently thought they ought to be serving. It did look rather fishy. I told him they were all



Tommy (ready to go "over the top"). "I SUPPOSE WE SHALL BE MAKING HISTORY IN A FEW MINUTES, SERGEANT?"
Sergeant. "HISTORY BE BLOWED! WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE IS GEOGRAPHY."

tration fee. Finally, before he started for France, leaving no address, he sent her a telegram on which he had prepaid a reply of forty-eight words.

But I fancy it would take more than that generous allowance of language for my wife to tell him exactly what she thinks of him.

Bis.

An Optimist.

"£5 REWARD.—Lost in London or in Cairo in the year 1874 two rings, one half-hoop two rows of diamonds, the other an anchor set in turquoises on a coil of rope in gold."—*Times*.

A tactless advertisement;—

"Do the women of your household know —'s Powder? . . . Delightful for use after shaving."

"Dr. Mohammad Ibrahim who was drawing through the Chowk road the same evening got seriously injured from a few hard kicks when one of the back feet of his horse being escaped from the compass suddenly sprang over the driving seat. The doctor though put in a dangerous position skilfully controlled the full excited animal till quarter of an hour when the front check (Arani) of the trap fell broken and its foot came down. We hear he is much improving since yesterday."—*Indian Paper*.

Nothing is said about Arani's condition, but we trust that he is going on as well as could be expected.

THEIR NURSES.

We rocked their blue-lined cradles, we watched their smiles and tears;
With toil-worn hands we led them along the helpless years;
They brought to us their sorrows, to us their broken toys;
We were their first fond mothers, they—just our baby boys!

The years went by. From Sandhurst' clean-limbed broad-shouldered men,
To us in lodge and cottage would come our boys again,
In from a long day's hunting or wet walk with the guns,
To take their tea with "Nana." These were our grown-up sons.

Then came the calling bugles that drew them as with cords;
Our boys came home as soldiers in buckled belts and swords;
'Twas "Wish me luck, then, Nana; I'm off to join the crowd!"
What luck did we not wish them! And oh, but we were proud.

We shared their every hardship; we knew, we knew how well
The boys we nursed would bear them in face of shot and shell;

By memory's fireguard shadow flung o'er a white cot's fold
We, with the hearts of mothers, knew when our boys slept cold.

We shared their every triumph, admired as from afar
Each new toy as they showed it—each medal, clasp and bar;
Our babes were grown to Captains; we saw them crowd the lists
With wooden swords of boyhood held firm in dimpled fists.

At last, long feared and waited, the casual word came through:
We knew them "killed in action"; no more their mothers knew;
The world may speak of motherhood; we felt its pangs for these
Who learned to play at soldiers long since beside our knees.

Their medals to their mothers—the honour and the pride;
We, too, with arms as empty, remembering, have cried;
They were our dimpled babies whose laugh and lisp we keep;
We watched their infant cradles—God guard their soldier sleep!

W. H. O.

WARS OF THE PAST.

(As recorded in the Press of the period.)

I.

From "The Mycenaean Mirror."

On the ninth anniversary of the declaration of war we have received the following special messages from the chief leaders of the Allies:—

The Commander-in-Chief.

G.H.Q., Plain of Troy.

In response to your invitation to send a message to your readers on this the ninth anniversary of our declaration of a just war, I write the following:—

The various Expeditionary Forces and Punitive Expeditions, now enjoying to the full the benefits of complete co-ordination and co-operation, are more than ever determined to push on to that complete and final victory which alone can vindicate the public law of Hellas and the sanctity of marriage treaties. (Signed) AGAMEMNON.

General Menelaus (G.O.C. the Spartan Punitive Expedition).

There is no surer sign of the ascendancy which our arms have now obtained than the internal dissensions which begin to manifest themselves among the enemy. Already there is a strong anti-annexationist party in Troy, led by the Chancellor, Antenor, who, foreseeing the fatal consequences of their act of brigandage, advocates the offer of peace on terms which comprise the surrender of what they perceive they will be unable to hold. Even the annexationist party and the leader of the annexationists, that firebrand Prince Paris himself, are willing to offer concessions of some sort. But I possess the renewed assurance of the Allies that they will be satisfied with nothing less than the final overthrow of the military and amatory power of Troy.

General Ulysses (Chief of Staff).

The skill and ingenuity which the allied scheme of attacks displays is our best guarantee for final victory. And the enemy will find to his cost that we have new weapons and new methods of attack up our sleeve, of which—as your correspondent would say—I may at present tell you nothing. Meanwhile keep the home fires burning.

Ven. and Very Rev. Calchas (Chaplain-General to the Forces).

Notwithstanding the impious assumptions of Divine patronage which our enemies make, we are steadfastly convinced that (at least) the majority of the gods are with us in our just quarrel. Chronos, at any rate, is on

the side of the Allies. "The boys" are wonderful.

Colonel Achilles (late of the War Council).

As I am no longer associated with the conduct of the campaign, I can only express my opinion that the present condition of affairs is deplorable and is going from bad to worse. With regard to my own past policy I would say that my critics are well aware that the full tale cannot now be told; but history will vindicate me. . . .

From "The Mycenaean Mirror" (advertisement columns):—

"NINE CHAPTERS OF THE WAR."

Whatever your opinion of Colonel Achilles' policy (which, however, has just been warmly defended in our pages by Lord Patroclus), there is no doubt about his fascinating personality. Whether you agree or disagree with him, he commands your attention. The above series of articles written (in his tent) by this brilliant man, who appears invulnerable to every attack which is made upon him, includes the inner history of the Briseis scandal and a complete exposition of the Iphigenian affair, rumours of which have so long shocked the public. They commence in next week's

MYCENAE PICTORIAL.

Order it at your nearest agora.

THE RIBBON.

UPON fine mornings it is my habit to walk at my elderly leisurely pace upon a certain pathway in Kensington Gardens.

Among the few frequenters of this pleasant spot is Marjory, who is five years old and my very good friend. She is wonderfully patient when my imagination fails to follow hers in all its flights. She holds, I think, that much should be forgiven me on account of my age.

Some months ago Marjory confided to me that she was very dissatisfied with her father's taste in dress.

"He will wear that stuffy old uniform," she said, "and it's simply hidjus. It's such a hidjus colour. If it wasn't for the bright buttons he simply couldn't wear it at all. I said to him, 'Why don't you have one of those dear little bits of ribbon on it? It would look much nicer.'"

"And what did he say to that?" I asked.

"Oh, he just laughed," Marjory replied. "He said, 'If they gave me one of those ribbons it would only be by mistake.'"

That, as I say, was some months

ago, since when her father and his "hidjus" coat have been somewhere overseas.

This morning, as I was taking my usual stroll, I became aware of small but rapid footsteps behind me, and, turning, found Marjory in hot pursuit.

"Daddy's come home," she cried, almost before she was within earshot, and she proceeded to drag me to the nearest seat. When Marjory has important news to impart she must be dancing, first on one foot and then on the other, but she prefers her audience to be seated.

"Daddy's come home," she repeated, "and what do you think?"

I said I couldn't think at all.

Marjory stopped dancing for a moment and spoke with tremendous emphasis.

"You know what Daddy said about that bit of ribbon? Well, they've made that mistake!"

SEA FEVER.

If a Dreadnought's routine leaves you sick of the sea,

Or you're threatened with submarine cramp,

If you feel a sardine in a T.B.D.,
Don't "request" for a Naval Camp—
Not a draft-forming, leave-stopping camp!

Take a spit of low sand swept by all the best gales,

Add some tents of an obsolete stamp,
Find some work to keep Jack out of harm till he sails,

There's your perfect Auxiliary Camp—
Quite a perfectly comfortless camp.

The motor-launch man needs the hide of a duck,

The "controls" of a cruiser are damp,
But you'll never live wetter than when you get stuck

In the mud of an Admiralty Camp—
Inches deep in a slush-smothered camp.

For the fly bites by day and the rat gnaws by night,

After Lights-out the earywigs ramp;
When I get off to sea the best part of me

Will be left in an R.N.R. Camp—
In a blood-sucking, gnat-breeding camp.

So whether you're broiling off Barbadoes

Or waltzing round mines in a tramp,
Be advised by a grouser—a grouser
"who knows"—

Steer clear of a Naval Camp—
Of a shore-loafing, land-lubber's camp!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.



"I SAY, YOU KNOW, THOSE PEARS OUGHTN'T TO BE WASTED—WE OUGHT TO MAKE JAM OF THEM."
 "VERY WELL, DEAR."



"YESSIR. IT'S BIN A DAY'S JOB, WOT WITH BRINGIN' THE LADDER TWO MILE EACH WAY—THAT'S FIVE SHILLUN—AND THEN THERE'S FRIPPENCE INSURANCE MONEY."



"WHAT THE DOOCE IS ALL THIS?"
 "IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. THEY'RE SOME OF THE GROCERIES I HAD TO BUY BEFORE THEY WOULD LET ME HAVE THE SUGAR FOR THE JAM."



"YOU WON'T MIND HAVING RATHER A SCRAPPY DINNER TO-NIGHT, WILL YOU, DEAR? COOK IS USING ALL THE KITCHEN THINGS FOR THE JAM."



"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! IS THE HOUSE ON FIRE?"
 "OH, NO, DEAR, IT'S ONLY THE JAM BOILING."



"WOULDN'T IT BE SPLENDID IF WE COULD THINK OF SOME MORE WAYS IN WHICH WE COULD ECONO— WHAT DID YOU SAY, DEAR?"
 "ONLY 'JAM'!"



HINDENBURGITE, OR THE PRUSSIAN HOME MADE BEAUTIFUL.

WASTE.

THE *Lokalanzeiger*, in announcing to its readers the fall of Beaucourt, employs as usual its well-known powers of subtle strategical insight to put the matter in its proper light. "It is the old story"—such is the conclusion—"that no position is impregnable so long as one is willing to incur sufficient waste of material."

That is a point that has never been clearly understood in this country. It explains many things; among others, the failure of the Verdun offensive. It was *not* that Verdun proved impregnable. No position is. The attack simply broke down under the burden of the cheese-paring parsimony of the CROWN PRINCE, taught to abhor the sin of waste from his childhood up. It was his iron economy alone that frustrated all his plans. It is the old story.

And again it can have been nothing else than a stern refusal to incur sufficient waste of material that took home the High Sea Fleet prematurely from Jutland Bank, before it had fully completed the destruction of the British Navy.

We have been so lectured in this country about the avoidance of waste

that we do not readily recognise the true value of it. But they know all about it in Germany. It is understood that Count REVENTLOW's Ginger Group in the Reichstag is about to rally the opposition to the CHANCELLOR under the striking motto, "Wanton Waste will win the War."

"M.P.'s DINE ON NUT CUTLETS.
FEWER COURSES MEAN MORE SHELLS."
Not with nut cutlets.
Daily Express.

"DAMAGED CORSETS 1/11½.
Some having been blown up the street, those which are soiled, but not damaged, to clear."
Western Morning News.
An unfortunate example, as sailors say, of "missing stays."

"Lord Courtney, an uncle, spoke on Mr. Hobhouse's strong religious convictions for some years."—*Eastern Daily Press.*
But even this protracted effort did not avert conviction.

"The exportation of all spices and odiferous substances from the Netherlands has been prohibited as from the 11th November."
Board of Trade Journal.
That puts the lid on the Limburger cheese.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, 1830-1916.

Bowed down by that intolerable yoke
Of age and woe—was ever lot like
thine
Since the avenging fate of Pelops'
line
Smote the blind victim with its thunder-
stroke?
In blood thy reign began, and blood
awoke
The curse that dogged thee till thy
life's decline;
Death struck thy nearest with a hand
malign
But left thee standing, like a riven oak.
Hated thou wert, then pitied, then
revered;
And some scant laurels might have
decked thy pall
For steadfastness of heart, though
scarred and seared,
But for the crowning mystery of thy
fall—
That one so deeply versed in state-
craft's school
Should sink to be the Assassin's dupe
and tool.

"LARGE DOUBLE PRAMETTE, one laying,
one sitting."—*Bath Herald.*
A new species of poultry, we presume.



HONOUR SATISFIED.

FERDINAND. "WE'VE LOST MONASTIR!"

WILHELM. "NEVER MIND; WE'VE SUNK TWO HOSPITAL SHIPS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, November 21st.—Amid much talk to-day of the conditions under which the services of German prisoners of war might be utilised, Mr. SHIRLEY BENN gently inquired, "Would there be any objection to employing them on peace-work?" and Members by rapturous cheers indicated their approval. But lest this should be taken as a proof that the House is turning Pacifist I ought to mention that cheers even more vigorous greeted Lord ROBERT CECIL's statement that the only effective reply to the abominable deportations in Belgium was to prosecute the War with all our power.

MARK TWAIN, describing the condition of the Southern States after the Civil War, said that in Charleston he threw a stick at a dog and hit six colonels. A somewhat similar state of affairs exists in the House of Commons just now. Annoyed by a question as to recruiting in Connaught, put by a warrior-statesman who hails from Ireland, Mr. DEVLIN pointedly inquired "whether some better occupation could be found for Majors in the Army than asking questions reflecting upon their own country."

In the ever-shifting morass of Irish politics I was under the impression that there was just one tiny little piece of solid ground—the long-standing enmity between Mr. HEALY and Mr. DILLON. But even that is beginning to slide from under me. The latest injustice to Erin, according to Mr. DILLON, is the application of Greenwich time to Ireland, by which that country has been compelled to surrender its previous privilege of being twenty-five minutes behind the times. The HOME SECRETARY said the matter had been decided by Parliament. Then it was that Mr. HEALY came to Mr. DILLON's assistance. Mr. SAMUEL, observing the occasion of this renewing of love between the old opponents, was heard to murmur facetiously: "*Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.*"

One of the most engaging features of the Coalition is the air of detachment which its members exhibit towards their colleagues' measures, and even their own. The theory of collective responsibility, formerly regarded as the chief pillar of the Constitution, has now given way to a much more agreeable doctrine—from the point of view of

Ministers, at least—that of collective irresponsibility.

We have had several speeches from the Front Bench this year of the kind which used to be called "Manipurring," after a famous example given by Sir JOHN GORST. To-day it was Mr. HAYES FISHER's turn to essay the new art, and very well he did it.

His business was to move the second

that the proposer had successfully dissembled his love for the Bill he was supposed to be recommending.

But there was, perhaps, more art in Mr. FISHER's rhapsodies than his hearers supposed.

"The merchant to secure his treasure
Conveys it in a borrowed name.
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame."

At any rate he had the satisfaction of seeing the opposition crumble away, and the Bill pass its second reading without a division.

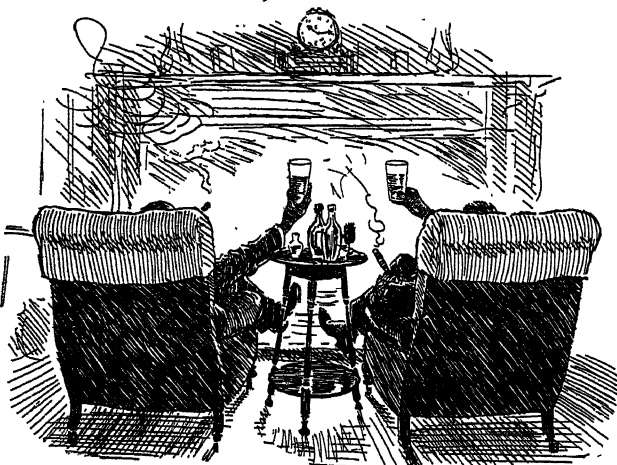
Wednesday, November 22nd.

—Some day or other we are to have a debate on Man-Power. A certain number of Members are anxious that it should take place in Secret Session, so that they may speak their minds about Ministerial shortcomings without fear of the reporters. But the PRIME MINISTER and, so far as I can gather, the majority of the House are opposed to the notion. It is understood that Mr. ASQUITH has a vivid recollection of the speech delivered by a right hon. baronet during a former secret sitting, and thinks it a pity that his refined eloquence should be withheld from a curious world.

The PRIME MINISTER adds constantly to his store of useful phrases. Yesterday he put off a pertinacious inquirer with the remark, "That is a hypothetical question, to which I can only give a contingent answer." To-day Mr. HANDEL BOOTH, who wanted to know if Ministers would be able in open session to be as candid as they could be in private, received the following reply: "I think my answer provisionally is in the affirmative." Mr. BOOTH is believed to be still pondering the exact value of this pledge.

Those who hold that in present circumstances the House of Lords is the really representative Assembly will be encouraged by the proceedings on the Acquisition of Land Bill. Under one of its provisions, passed "in another place," our parks and commons might have remained for ever disfigured by the hideous structures that the Government have erected for war purposes. In the interests of the general public Lord PARMOOR moved to amend this section, and by 48 votes to 24 the House agreed with him. Thus, not for the first time, the commons were saved by the Lords.

Thursday, November 23rd.—For a man with a natural shrinking from the limelight this must have been a trying day for Lord NORTHCOTE. First the obligations of friendship obliged him



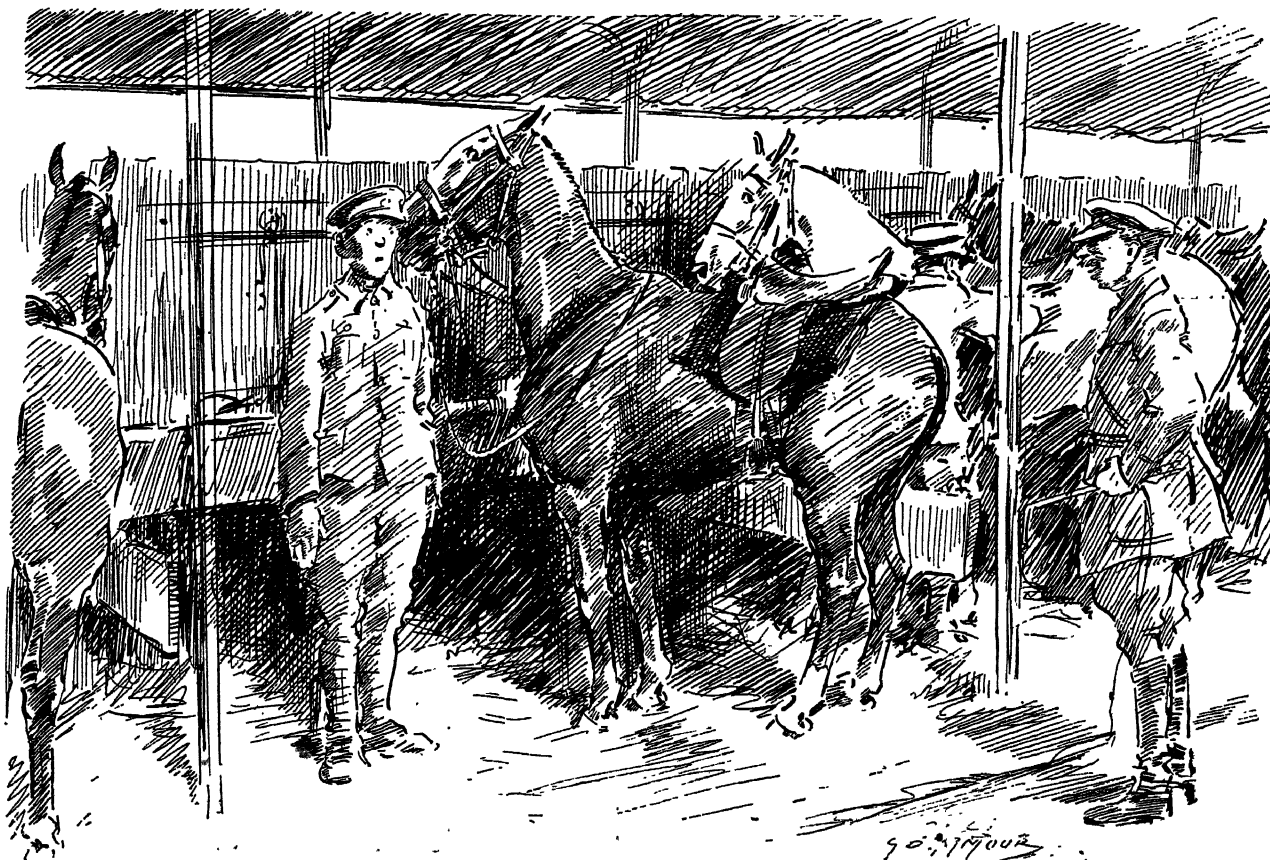
The House of Commons' Smoke-room. Time: 10.15 P.M.

First Member to Second. "WELL, HERE'S TO THE ACT WE PASSED THAT STOPS EVERYBODY ELSE FROM DRINKING AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT."

reading of the Board of Pensions Bill. His pleasure was to deliver an eloquent eulogy of the Statutory Committee which the Board in question is intended partly to supersede. As he proceeded with his praises of what the Committee had done and could do, provided that it was given plenty of money, his speech was punctuated by cries of "Why not the Board?" Sir HENRY CRAIK was justified in asserting



MR. HAYES FISHER "DISSEMBLES HIS LOVE."



Officer. "WHAT THE MISCHIEF HAVE YOU PUT YOUR SADDLE ON THERE FOR?"
 Recruit. "PLEASE, SIR, MY REINS WAS TOO LONG YESTERDAY."

to figure in scarlet and ermine at the introduction of Lord SHAUGHNESSY in the House of Peers; and later he was the subject of a debate in the Commons.

It seems that his Lordship recently had a secret session all to himself and some five hundred other gentlemen at a certain club-luncheon. Mr. OUTHWAITE does not appear to have received an invitation, but being just the sort of person to whom anyone would be disposed to impart confidential information he knows all about what happened there. According to his story Lord NORTHCLIFFE made a number of disclosures for which, if he had been a poorer man, he would have been prosecuted.

Mr. OUTHWAITE is not vindictive, however. His desire is not that the noble Lord should be clapped in jail, but that he, the humble commoner, should be accorded the right to talk with equal freedom to his constituents at Hanley.

I think Mr. LLOYD GEORGE made a mistake in not closing with this offer at once, for from what I have read about the present feelings of Hanley towards its representative I imagine that the first speech of the kind foreshadowed by Mr. OUTHWAITE would also be the last.

The anti-climax to this tale of mystery was provided by Mr. HOUSTON who declared—faith of a teetotaler!—that he was present at the luncheon, and never heard a word from Lord NORTHCLIFFE that might not have been published broadcast. The rumour that the editor of *The Daily Mail* declined to print the report on the ground that it was lacking in public interest is probably untrue. But I notice that he describes to-night's debate as a "gross waste of time." Is this not almost a case of *lèse-majesté*?

THE WIDOW.

My heart is numb with sorrow;
 The long days dawn and wane;
 To me no sweet to-morrow
 Will bring my man again.

Yet must my grief be hidden—
 Life makes insistent claim,
 And women, anguish-ridden,
 Their rebel hearts must tame.

For while, my vigil keeping,
 I face the eternal law,
 Here on my breast lies sleeping
 The son he never saw.

The Journalistic Touch.

"The Bishop [of Guildford] gave an address in his usual stylish manner."

Andover Advertiser.

"It is the failing of many people to say what they think without thinking."

"*Epicurus*" in "*The Evening News*."

Sometimes they write that way too.

"Lieutenant Daucourt closes his story by relating how he came down hoping, but not at all sure, that he was in France, how he was ready for instant flight again if he proved to be in enemy country, and how delighted he was when the pheasants told him he was at Champaubert."

Manchester Evening Chronicle.

Very sporting birds.

"A resident at Brookland has grown a monster winter radish of the Black Nigger variety and weights 8½ lb."—*Sunday Times*.

We suppose it was the exertion of pulling up the radish that so pulled him down.

"In Australia several single men have been sentenced to imprisonment for refusing to unroll under the Home Service proclamation."

Evening News.

We ourselves have shown the same modest reluctance when wearing puttees in public.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

WOMEN'S WAR-WORK.

Broadacres Park.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Thinking over some of our national problems lately, it came to me that the biggest of them all is *coal*, because, there being no one to take the miners' places, they hold us in the hollow of their hand. I'm beginning to see *so far* into things and to state them so clearly that sometimes I'm afraid I shall get a *judicial mind*, or some fearful growth of that kind! Staying here with the Broadacres, with their great collieries only a few miles off, I've solved the problem. Beryl, Babs, Hilda Broadacres and I are all studying *coal-mining*, and your Blanche is the pioneer of a scheme for training *women* to take the miners' places, go down into the mines, and get as much coal as everyone wants. *Isn't that wonderful?* Of course we haven't got the thousands of women we shall want—not yet; we've only got *ourselves*. But we've had perfectly *dreamy* coal-mining suits made (black linen, with jet buttons, and immensely becoming *porteur de charbon* hats), and we go over to the collieries every day and go down in the cage and along the galleries, and we've learned all about the different kinds of coal—cannel and anthracite and choke-damp. One day when we arrived at the pit there was a crowd of miners there, and I said to them, "Now, you men, you won't have things all your own way in future. We women are getting ready to take your places if you strike." And they gurgled and nudged each other, and one of them said, "What, *fower* lasses take oor places?" "Well," I said, "certainly there are only four of us *at present*, but there'll be *thousands* of us soon, and when once we've got possession of the mines we won't let you come back, so you'd better be careful, and not *down* things, as you call it."

So there's *one* great national problem settled! I'm going to turn my attention to the *railways* next . . .

Shaking hands is never done now. It's quite utterly *démodé*. The idea is that the hands are busy doing war-work, and the greeting of the moment is the *War-waggle*, done with the right elbow. When it penetrates to your remote fastnesses, dearest, remember to keep your hands low, raise the right elbow, point it outward, and give it two little waggles. Properly done, it's quite a subtle little affair; but oh,

Daphne mine, to see *some* people do it! The Bullyon-Boundermere woman, for instance. *A propos*, I must tell you a little *conte pour rire*.

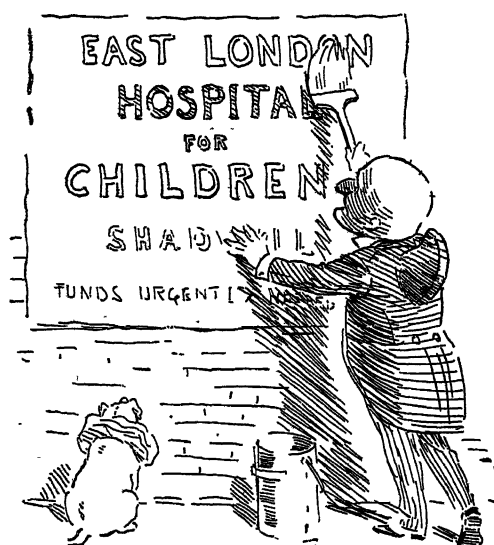
The B.-B. woman has long sighed to visit at Eastshire House, but mere money could never get in there, the Eastshires being enormously old-fashioned and full of notions about "high birth" and "the duties of one's station" and all those funny old ideas that went out with bows and curtsies and sedan-chairs. (It used to be the rule that

tenance in the drawing-room.) The B.-B. woman had no intention of slaying at sandbags, but she turned up in the drawing-room at tea-time. There were the sandbaggers feeding, and there was Jane Eastshire (who, be it understood, simply *loathes* the War-waggle and will have none of it), with her profile, and her haughtiness, and her feudal notions, standing drinking weak tea out of one of the famous Eastshire porcelain tea-cups, and bestowing an occasional word on the sandbaggers.

"So sorry a previous engagement prevented my being in time to make any sandbags!" cried the B.-B. as she bustled up to the hostess she had so long coveted; "*how* do you do, duchess?" and, pointing her elbow, she gave the Boundermere version of the War-waggle, knocked Jane Eastshire's cup out of her hand, spilt the tea, and caused a vacancy in the famous Eastshire porcelain tea service!

Some of those who've kept possession of their town houses are *showing* them for the benefit of the country. As for *us*, my dear, we've given up practically the whole of ourts and tuck ourselves away in an immensely tiny corner of it when we're in town. Yvonne scarcely has room to do my hair. Which reminds me that *some* people, as a War economy, are actually *doing their own hair*, and, though many of them only look fit to be presented to the Zoo, one can't help admiring their patriotism and pluck!

I hear that, when showing one's town house was being discussed somewhere the other day, another of our rich impossibles, Mrs. Golding-Newman, said, "Oh, I *couldn't* have just anyone and everyone coming into our house in Grograve Square and looking over our art treasures and *heirlooms*!" *Isn't that tasty?* (The G.-N.'s are cotton people, and are much more at home among *power*-looms than *heirlooms*!) The Oldparks not only show their town house, but every Wednesday a certain number of people at a guinea each may lunch with them, and every Thursday a certain number, at three guineas each, may join them at dinner. They're making quite a nice little sum in this way towards the nation's War-bill, and Eleanor Oldpark has received congrats from Ministers (she may even be *décorée*) on having "tapped a new source of revenue." It's a source, too, my dearest, that apparently won't be exhausted till *practically all* the suburbs are able to say, "I dined (or lunched) with Lord



IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Punch ventures to appeal once more in a cause that has always been nearest his heart—the cause of suffering children. The East London Hospital for Children at Shadwell stands in urgent need of help. The economy of its management has been commended by those who control the King Edward's Hospital Fund, and further reduction in current expenses is impossible. Therefore if no help comes it will have to close its doors. This is unthinkable in these times when the care of the children of our fighting men is an obligation laid upon us all, and the health of the new generation is more than ever of vital importance to the nation. Mr. Punch begs his generous readers to help this Children's Hospital that serves the needs of a very poor district, isolated from the natural sources of charity. Gifts of money, great or small, will be gratefully received by The Secretary of "Punch," 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

nobody that didn't quarter the arms of Plantagenet ever dined at Eastshire House; and ghastly dinners they were, my dear!) The War, which has made such upheavals, has even modified the exclusiveness of Jane Eastshire, for, like everyone else, she has her pet War Fund, and the Bullyon-Boundermere woman, having given an immense donation to it, got, as a set-off, an invitation to a Sandbag Tea at Eastshire House. (The poor dear things make sandbags for two hours in the ball-room, and then enjoy weak tea, bread-and-butter, and the light of Jane Eastshire's coun-



Mabel (her first experience of pigs feeding). "Now I know why they are called pigs."

and Lady Oldpark last week. What charming people they are!"

Oldpark nearly wrecked the first of their War-Fund dinners. He's rather absent and tremendously short-sighted, and, as he looked round the table, he mistook the three-guineas a-head people for a lot of cousins and cols., and said to a prim and rigid suburban at his right hand, "Well, old girl, how's the dyspep? Awfully plucky of you to tackle that plate of soup! Of course you've taken one of your digestive pellets as a precaution?"

My poor Josiah is suffering from being too many things at once. As a Special Constable he had to arrest himself for exceeding the speed limit when scorching along in his little two-seater to a parade of the Home Defenders; and as Colonel of the Home Defenders he had to court-martial himself as a Special for hindering an officer on duty. Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"LADY will Re-model Gowns, Furs, Fur Coats to fashionable style. Children's neatly made from parents (smart and reasonable)." *Bolton Evening News.*

At last we understand that other cryptic announcement, "Ladies' Own Skins Made Up."

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

(SECOND SERIES.)

II.

LAVENDER HILL.

LAUNDRYMAID, whither?—Up Lavender Hill

With a pocket of dimity bags to fill
For bolster and coverlet, pillow and sheet,

To keep the linen smelling sweet.

I'll lay them up in lavender,

I'll lay them up in lavender,

I'll lay them up in lavender,

And you'll sleep sweet.

Laundrymaid, linger! the sun's so hot!
Sit with me on a shady plot
And promise come Sunday to be my wife,

For I love you better than I love life.

And I'll lay you up in lavender,

I'll lay you up in lavender,

I'll lay you up in lavender

The rest of your life.

"MUNITION WORKERS.

EXEMPTIONS FOR UNBADGED HEN."

Govan Press.

In reward, of course, for her production of shells.

"Noblesse Oblige."

"The Earl took a deep draught of black coffee, noiselessly, with distinction, as becomes a nobleman."—*Diamond Fields Advertiser.*

Memorandum from the Postal Censor:

"As announced in the Press all letters addressed to neutral or enemy countries are returned to sender unless the full surname and address of the writer is given."

Aren't they clever!

From an article on "Jewish Cookery":

"The milk and butter were used to replace an egg, which in pre-war days was part of the stuffing."—*Daily Paper.*

In the interval the egg had probably become a little tired.

"The marriage took place on Thursday (at very short notice owing to the bridegroom being away on active service) of Lieutenant-Commander," etc.—*Daily Paper.*

By proxy, we presume. One of those rare opportunities that fall to the lot of the "best" man.

"A Catholic Clergyman wanted immediately, Charge of Mission Church. Daily Mass. West Riding. Eastward position. Evangelical. No Higher Critic. No spike. Married or single. House or lodgings: Mining population. Zepps. occasionally."—*Church Times.*

So the Higher Criticism will not be entirely lacking.

BALLADE À LA MÂÎTRE D'HÔTEL.

[The suggestion that diners in fashionable West-end restaurants should be limited to two or three courses is being seriously considered.]

I AM the master of many courses,
Plats and rôtis and entremets;
Taking toll from the world's resources
Of fowls that flutter and beasts that graze;
Cooks at my bidding must boil and braise,
Roast the pheasant and jug the hare,
And the gourmet gives me his meed of praise
As he works his way through the bill of fare.

They talk of needing the best for the forces—
That's like the Government's purblind ways;
Why can't they do something with all those horses,
Or feed the troops on alternate days?
"The War is reaching a critical phase!"
Well, I'm Swiss myself, so it's not my scare;
And I'd keep the food for the man who pays
And works his way through a bill of fare.

Shall I heed if the panicky Press discourses
On war economy's latest craze
As long as Society's choice endorses
My quails in aspic and mayonnaise?
The gallant lads with the silver trays
Who man the trenchers are all my care,
And the fellow who purchases orchid sprays
And works his way through my bill of fare.

ENVOI.

Sir, they are playing the *Marseillaise*
And *Rue, Britannia*, a martial air;
But the man to win is the man who stays
And works his way through the bill of fare.

ALGOL.

WOMAN ON THE LAND.

"WHAT do you make of her?" said Daisy.

"Oh, not bad," Janet said lazily, shifting what she was munching from one side of her mouth to the other. "She's got nice hands, and her voice is certainly in her favour."

"You've got a horrid habit of talking with your mouth full," said Daisy; "but, as you say, Miss Wilson's voice is undoubtedly an improvement on John's, although I hear he was in the choir at that chapel we pass every afternoon."

"I know the one you mean," said Janet. "The door was open the other day, and I looked in; but Miss Wilson wouldn't let me go in. She got quite excited about it. I should like to have seen inside."

"Yes," said Daisy, "she gets a little officious sometimes. But she waits on you nicely, and doesn't chuck the food at you, and hit you when she's making your bed."

"What do you think of her hat?" said Belle. "Simple, but rather smart, I think."

"Yes," said Janet. "She didn't get that at Mugford's in the village, I know. Do you remember the ones that Bessie and May wore last summer? Those were two of Mugford's creations."

"Yes, pretty frightful," said Daisy. "But what do you expect when a man chooses your millinery? Ninepence each I should say he paid for them at the outside; and fancy May with her colouring wearing a hat trimmed with red. Blue's her colour."

"Undoubtedly," said Janet. "Still she seemed to fancy herself in it no end."

* * * * *

"Here's Miss Wilson," snapped a small and rather squeaky voice from the door.

"Oh, get out, Fifi, you little beast," said Belle, "or we'll kick you out. We know perfectly well she's coming. She's never late, I will say that; and she always attends to me first."

Daisy and Janet were engaged in an angry altercation, apparently about something to do with their lunch, when Miss Wilson entered.

"Oh, you silly pair," she said. "If you don't stop quarrelling one of you will have to change places with Belle."

"Yes, for goodness' sake shut up," said Belle, "and get on with your hay. If there's one thing I like it's perfect quiet while I'm being milked."

THE OVERWORKED IMPERATIVE.

THERE are various words much in need of a rest;
They've been horribly hackneyed, remorselessly stressed;
And there's one that's so stale that it moves my disgust—
'Tis the sadly misused monosyllable "Must."

It was worn pretty thin several seasons ago,
When the *National* shouted that "Balfour Must Go,"
But now there's no problem that's ever discussed
Without a profuse repetition of "Must."

It's the slave of the headline, that curse of the Press,
Which forces the note to the vilest excess;
And there's never a day we're not fretted and fussed
By some new and absurd and hysterical "Must."

All the grouzers and cavillers, leathern of lung;
All the parrots that only can fight with their tongue;
All who want to win laurels without any dust—
Are at one in their cheap iteration of "Must."

For the things that they tell us must promptly be done
As often as not are already begun,
And they know it, but afterwards blatantly thrust
In their claim to the credit, because they cried, "Must."

Exhortations addressed by the sober and sane
Don't always appeal to the average brain,
But it makes my blood boil till I'm ready to bust
When the voice of sheer Blatherskite bellows, "We Must."

The Censor's activities often excite
Words of animadversion more frank than polite;
But he'd earn our respect and he'd cease to be cussed
If he strictly tabooed this provocative "Must."

Christmas Plans.

"We are going to see 'High-Jinks' twice daily at the Adelphi during Christmas week,"—*Daily Mirror*.

The mornings will be devoted to light editorial duties.

"The reception-room at York House, St. James' Palace, which the King has placed at the disposal of Sir William Robertson. . . . This will enable the Chief of the General Staff to keep in close touch with the War Office,"—*Daily Paper*.

Always a good arrangement.

"Lady —, I hear, has recently converted her famous and magnificent house into a hospital for officers, for whom she arranges concerts two or three times a week. They are quite 'al fresco' functions, I believe, pyjamas and dressing-gowns for our wounded fellows being entirely de rigueur kits,"—*Evening News*.

In this weather "de rigueur" is quite the right expression for these *sub Jove* entertainments.



THE FOOD CRISIS.

Algernon (as our well-matured Sunday "joint" immeasurably exceeds expectations). "HURRAH, DAD! MINE'S A WING!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *With Cavalry in 1915* (SAMPSON LOW), Mr. FREDERIC COLEMAN continues the thrilling account of British warfare which he began in *From Mons to Ypres with French*. I can promise the numerous readers who took pleasure in the first book that they will find this sequel not a whit less exciting. Mr. COLEMAN drove a motor car for General DE LISLE and daily risked his life without hesitation in the most perilous adventures. He is an American citizen and was therefore under no compulsion to be in the firing line, except the compulsion that danger exercises upon an intrepid spirit. Wherever hard fighting was going on, there was Mr. COLEMAN with his battered car, shell-proof and unperturbed in the midst of death and destruction. And his account of what he did and what he saw is at the same time vivid and modest, picturesque and restrained. It must not be supposed from his title that he saw cavalry doing work with which that arm has been associated in other wars, the intoxicating charge, the cut and thrust and the pursuit on horseback: That may come in good time. Mr. COLEMAN saw horse-soldiers doing the work of foot-soldiers, and doing it splendidly. His book is the prose epic of their deeds.

It is a sad fact that, though dogs and gardens are among the richest of human delights, conversation about them has a fatal tendency to grow tedious. The sagacities of

another person's terrier, like the dimensions of his sweet-peas, need not only sympathy but tact in the telling. That is why I call certain attractive dogs, who were so happy as to own Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR for a mistress, doubly fortunate in having her engaging pen to chronicle their virtues. She has embodied the tale of them in a volume happily entitled *Dog Stars* (UNWIN). The greater part of it is devoted to the history of *Max*, the stately black-and-tan collie, whom many persons about the House of Commons no doubt remember as the constant companion of T.P. When full allowance has been made for the writer's very natural prejudice, the fact remains that here was a four-footed gentleman of the first nobility and intelligence. Just now and then, perhaps, Mrs. O'CONNOR's estimate of his gifts (as a connoisseur of old furniture, for instance,) may move you to a slight protest of incredulity. I should hesitate to accuse her of telling tall stories; but let us admit that there are moments when her enthusiasm rises to a rather giddy height. Myself, I liked as well as any part the account of poor *Beau*, the ill-treated cur whom the author rescued and transferred to a life of enviable felicity. I must not forget to mention the five spirited and sympathetic pictures by Mr. WILL RANNELLS which add grace to a very handsome volume.

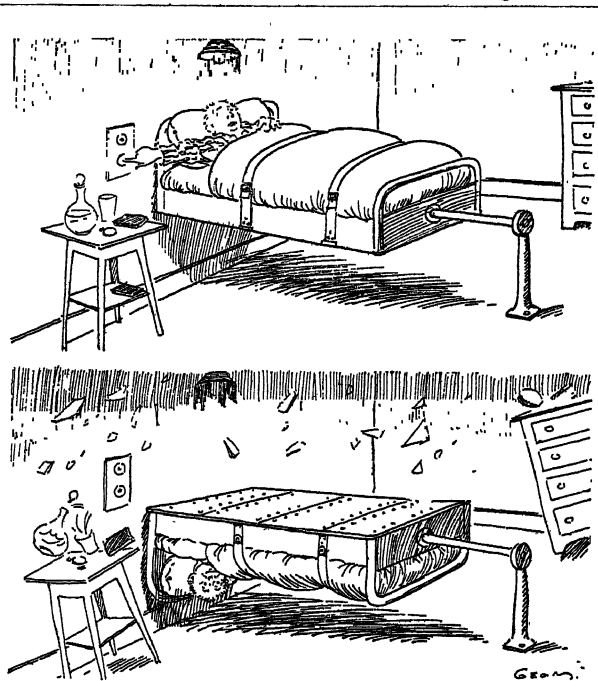
In Denmark *Klokke Roland*, by the distinguished Danish poet, JOHANNES JØRGENSEN, has become justly famous. It has run into some twenty editions, and is stated to have had a greater success than any book ever produced in the

Danish language. It has now been translated into English and published under the title of *False Witness* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). It is a most moving and remarkable book, and should be sure of a very wide circle of readers. In a white-heat of scorn and indignation the author examines the origins of the German war-policy and the shameful atrocities by which it was supported in Belgium. He takes the *Appeal to the Civilised World*, composed by the ninety-three German "intellectuals," and *The Truth about the War*, "published by ten distinguished Berlin personages," and subjects them, paragraph by paragraph, to a close and merciless analysis in the course of which he exposes to the contempt of all the world outside Germany the falsehoods, the flatulent whining self-laudation and the wretched prevarications which make up these characteristic German brochures. The book is written with a passionate vehemence of feeling, but every accusation is sustained by carefully-marshalled evidence of foul deeds that cry to Heaven for vengeance. "What right," says the poet-author, and we may echo his question—"what right have the Germans to demand that they should not be hated and despised?" The translation is done in good English, which is manifestly inspired by the nervous intensity of the original.

"LUCAS MALET'S" heroine *Damaris* (HUTCHINSON) is a child, very childlike and winning. And I suppose it to be the author's idea to show off pretty *Mrs. Jimmy Pereira* through the child's adoration of her. A good device. Yet *Damaris* fills little of the stage, which is set, in the period following the Indian Mutiny, at Bhutpur, in the old palace which in former days had seen orgies of lust and luxury, and still harboured a lurking spirit which assaulted the virtue of its later inmates. So *Mrs. Pereira*, herself a virtuous flirt, seems to be carried into deep waters, while her host, the Chief Commissioner, *Colonel Charles Verity*, is like to throw prudence and ambition to the winds; and one of his secretaries goes out of his head all for love of chafing *Mrs. Pereira*, whom he doesn't know from Eve, while the other has to argue seriously with himself to keep within due bounds. True, this kind of thing happens in houses that are not haunted by spirits of desire—but that is broadly the idea. War coming out of the North carries the *Colonel* away from danger, and the beautiful lady goes back to her too clubbable *Jimmy*, and all ends wholesomely. I don't know my India, but it all seems very true and persuasive, which, at the worst, is more amusing than dull accuracy. LUCAS MALET, almost professedly, doesn't take her models from life (even in retrospect), but somehow they live. And they talk!

Mr. HERBERT RAE, in his *Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields* (SMITH, ELDER), gives us a thoroughly robust account of the first contingents of the Canadians from the moment War was declared until they had proved their valour on the battle-field. He is at his best when he describes their translation from a crowd of independents into as fine a body

of soldiers as this War has seen. "It was," he says, "like some slow sweet evolution, the systematic formation of our character as a battalion." Mr. RAE does not go out of his way to excuse the lack of discipline of which we heard so much when the Canadians first arrived in England, but he does contrive to explain it. These men of the virgin forest could not, for instance, understand how sacred a tree was on Salisbury Plain; when firewood was short they thought the best thing was to go out and cut down "the nearest stick of timber." Looking back we must acknowledge that by the very nature of their free and self-dependent habit of life they were bound to find strict rules and regulations troublesome to assimilate. Mr. RAE has not the literary gifts which stamp the circumstance of war indelibly upon the mind, but without any fuss or flummery he writes of things that actually happened, and for the time being at any rate his gift of reality seems to be just the one quality worth considering in the literature of the War. His characters (drawn, I believe, from life, but veiled under fictitious names) are brave men who do brave deeds, and this record serves at once as a tribute to them and a tonic to the rest of us.



THE ARTS AND CRAFTS REVERSIBLE BED FOR ZEPF NIGHTS.

I rather fancy that the appeal of *Olga Bardel* (METHUEN) will depend very largely upon the prejudices of the individual reader. Should you incline to the sentimental you will be as moved as the author intended you to be by *Olga's* failure to find her soul-mate till both she and he were no longer of an age for the *grande passion* that should have been theirs. On the other hand, the sympathies of the prosaic will be given rather to the man whom she in fact married. To be precise, there were two of these *de jure* husbands in the course of *Olga's* career as wife and mother, and it cannot honestly be said that either of them drew a

prize. For my own part, as a reviewer who has, or should have, no prejudices, my idea is that Mr. STACY AUMONIER has written a life of his heroine that is somewhat formless and full of superfluities, even at times a little boring, but relieved by flashes of real dignity and tenderness. These are in the few scenes where *Olga*, who is a musician and married to a composer who lives in Hampstead, meets the painter, *Brayle*, whom she knows to be the only real love of her life. Though she is perfectly willing to act up to this conviction, and count Hampstead well lost, circumstances are always against her taking the plunge. Not till *Olga* has exasperated one husband to infidelity and another to death do the soul-mates find union. Well, as I indicated above, you pay your money and you take your choice whom most to pity.

Ominous.

"For Sale—Dog, eight months old; also Sausage Machine and Filler."—*Guernsey Evening Press*.

"The sport generally reached a fairly high standard. The 10 yards dash for instance was won by C. F. C. Jayatilleke in 10.2-5 secs. which was remarkable considering the heavy going."—*Times of Ceylon*.

The sprint was not so remarkable as the misprint.

CHARIVARIA.

THE German KAISER was prevented from being present at the funeral of the late Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH by a chill. He is believed to have contracted it through treading on FERDIE's toes. The Bulgar Monarch is known to suffer from cold feet.

According to a Berlin telegram there is to be a restriction of travelling in Germany in order to save coal and spare the locomotives. Strangely enough the idea of compelling the Belgian women and children to pull the trains does not seem to have occurred to the authorities.

The Italian Government's early-closing regulations are to be applied to clubs, and the problem of where one could have been spending the evening is said to be growing acute.

The statue of CLIVE has been removed from Whitehall. It has long been felt that some step should be taken to counteract the impression that his rough-and-ready methods were in any sense representative of the best British diplomacy.

A taxicab driver, whose passenger at the time was none other than Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON, was fined last week for not lowering his flag. We cannot help thinking that the fare, had he been aware of it, would have sympathised with the spirit, though not, of course, with the actual conduct, of the delinquent.

"One of the urgent needs," says a contemporary, "from which the country is suffering and will continue to suffer after the War is the need of better and cheaper canal facilities." If it is the alimentary canal that the writer refers to we are in agreement with him.

The Oxfordshire Agricultural Society has decided not to hold a show next year. It was feared that the only available exhibit would be the yearling farmer class.

"The humour of London," says Mr. PETT RIDGE, "is now confined to the lower middle classes, because they are the only people left who say exactly what they mean." Exception has already been taken to this by several Irish Nationalists, who claim to have been at their funniest when they did not

know, and therefore could not possibly have said, exactly what they meant.

The idea of a simple Christmas is rapidly gaining acceptance, and by way of dispensing with non-essentials several West End hotels have practically decided to eliminate from their *menus* all dishes costing more than five shillings per portion.

A correspondent writing from the Athenæum Club informs *The Times* that at some hotels champagne is being sold in ginger-beer bottles "to evade the economical regulations." A hotel manager, on the other hand, informs us

The Berlin police have decided that whale meat may be lawfully used as an ingredient of sausages. The high price of hay has already caused several proprietors of performing whales to place their pets at the disposal of the butchers.

A discharged soldier has been sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment at Glasgow for trying to rejoin the Army by passing himself off as a deserter. It is high time people realised that in these stirring times the Army is not for every idle young man that comes along.

The Board of Trade's appeal to the public not to make unnecessary use of the trains has met with a prompt response in the City, where a number of clerks have expressed their readiness to ease the strain upon the nation's rolling stock by limiting their visits to town to three days a week for the duration of the War.

"We are prepared for everything," the CROWN PRINCE OF BAVARIA has informed an interviewer. Even Peace has no terrors for this brave and resourceful soldier.

"The area of liberated Serbia is now 1,200 square millimetres." *Irish Independent*.

"According to a Serbian communiqué published to-day, the area of the national territory already freed from enemy occupation is 12,000 square millimetres. This is the most cheering piece of news received from the Balkans for a long time."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

In Ireland they seem to be thankful for very small mercies.

Even on the larger computation the recaptured area is rather less than a quarter the size of a page of *Punch*.

According to *The Edinburgh Evening News* General SMUTS describes his troops as having been "almost daily in conac with a brave enemy, led with skill and courage in a mos difficult and dangerous country where enervating ropical diseases are rife." And how they must miss their "t's"!

"The Venezelist press agency at Salonika . . . promises us '100,000 Greek volunteers in the spring'—a season to which we are all looking forward, it is to be hoped for the last time."—*South Wales Daily Post*.

Is the climate as bad as all that? We saw, only the other day, a leader in one of our contemporaries headed "The Curse of South Wales."



THE MILK CRISIS.

COSTER PARENT EXPERIMENTS WITH COKERNUTS.

that this is done in order to release the empty champagne bottles, which are then filled by the R.A.M.C. with cod liver oil and sent to the hospitals at the Front.

The question of prohibiting the manufacture of high-legged boots for women is being considered, and one patriotic manager has already decided to change the name of his forthcoming pantomime to *Puss in Puttees* as being more in accord with the spirit of the times.

Steps are being taken to establish a censorship of Parliamentary questions that are calculated to give comfort and information to the enemy. Personally we should prefer to see our more curious Members given plenty of rope.

A ROYAL REST-CURE.

TINO, my boy, I cannot, as I write
(Not being furnished with sufficient data),
Flood with the journalist's authentic light
The issues of that brace of ultimata
Of which the first is due December 1,
Some days before this doggel sees the sun.

But, since the dullest diplomatic worm
Is bound at last to turn and bite the offender,
And patience now has reached her limit's term,
I dare forecast that either you'll surrender
Or be conducted firmly to the door
And Athens look upon your face no more.

You might, for choice, be given a change of scene
To one of those delightful watering-places
Where for a time the friends on whom you lean
Received facilities for U-boat bases;
Or you might like to join the little batch
Of Bosches we removed to Dedeagatch;

Or go to Potsdam, getting leave to hitch
On to the Balkan-Zug your special carriage,
And sponge a billet in the spare-room which
WILLIAM reserves for relatives by marriage;
Or seek, by routes infected with malaria,
A home from home in neighbourly Bulgaria.

Or you might try Vienna, FERGIE's haunt,
Whose absence means a bitter, bitter loss for us;
Or else, as MEHMET's guest, enjoy a jaunt
To some seraglio on the balmy Bosphorus,
And muse upon your namesake's Christian sign
Within the city called of CONSTANTINE.

Indeed, though you should now repent your sins,
Wallow in sackcloth and remark, "*Peccavi!*"
The Entente might be sniffy; it begins
To view your methods with a very grave eye;
So, lest you go too far and really vex it,
I recommend a voluntary exit.

You say your single aim is just to use
Your regal gifts for your beloved nation;
Why, then, I see the obvious line to choose,
Meaning, of course, the path of abdication;
Make up your so-called mind—I frankly would—
To "leave your country for your country's good."
O. S.

THE BUN SLEUTH.

"Of course our work had been very arduous for a long while," said the Inspector of Police, "but when the order prohibiting the consumption of pastry was first issued—the Ban on Buns Act, we called it—it nearly drove us off our crumpets, if you will excuse my little pleasantry. It was so hard to prove a case. You see one of our men might bring in a prisoner with his breath actually smelling of vanilla and with flaky crumbs on his moustache, and looking as if he had been living on cream-tarts for a month—sort of pasty look, you know. A clear case, you'd say. But no! If we couldn't produce a section of unconsumed cream-tart and show that the teeth-marks fitted, the man would get off. Of course when they gave us power to arrest on suspicion any person suffering from indigestion it made it easier for us, but I'm speaking of when the Act first came into force.

"We had to be pretty cute. For instance, one day I saw a man coming out of a house in a suspicious manner, and I

noticed a brown stain on his cheek. So I made a note of the house and walked the chap into the police-station to have the stain analysed. It was as I thought. We raided the house—nice respectable villa it looked—and captured a whole nest of them eating chocolate cakes and coconut macaroons as happy as you please. Another time it was a fellow with a sprinkling of white powder on his shoulder. Of course he *might* have been kissing the typist, but I doubted it. I just damped my finger-tip and bumped into him in a crowd. It tasted sweet—sugar-icing. But we couldn't bring it home to him, although we discovered the empty cake-box in the garden neatly buried.

"We had an annoying experience once. A man was caught red-handed eating a Bath-bun in a railway refreshment-room. We made quite a full-dress case of it: two waitresses as witnesses, exhibit of a fragment of the Bath-bun under glass, photographic enlargements of teeth-prints and so on, and pressed for the maximum penalty. But the fellow engaged a clever lawyer, who argued that eating pastry made before the War did not constitute an offence, and he actually secured an acquittal.

"You'll notice all the cases I have quoted are men. Men are ten times worse than women. A woman won't risk a fine for the sake of a raspberry-tart, but I've known men whose downfall has been due to nothing else but their craving for cream buns and mince-pies. Look at that chap they brought in just now. He was a J.P., wealthy, highly respected and a regular terror to habitual drunkards. But one day after the court rose I found some crumbs under the magisterial bench. That roused my suspicions, and I got the usher to keep a steady eye on him. We found out that he was a secret nibbler. Used to smuggle jam-rolls into the court and hide them behind the ink-wells. Of course there was a terrible scandal and he got a thumping fine. He's been here heaps of times since, not on the bench, but in the dock, and he seems quite unable to pull himself together and go straight. I expect he'll have to go to a home eventually.

"Do you remember the cake riots, when the munition-makers paraded the town singing, 'I do like a nice mince-pie' and 'Make me a cake like mother used to make'? That was a hot time. But I've got to go now to raid an illicit bunnery, so I'll tell you about that another time. Good morning."

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Punch begs leave to appeal once more in a cause that has always been nearest his heart—the cause of suffering children. The East London Hospital for Children at Shadwell stands in urgent need of help. The economy of its management has been commended by those who control the King Edward's Hospital Fund, and further reduction in current expenses is impossible. Therefore if no help comes it will have to close its doors. This is unthinkable in these times when the care of the children of our fighting men is an obligation laid upon us all, and the health of the new generation is more than ever of vital importance to the nation. Mr. Punch begs his generous readers to help this Children's Hospital that serves the needs of a very poor district, isolated from the natural sources of charity. Gifts of money, great or small, will be gratefully received by The Secretary of "Punch," 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

Up to last Saturday, donations ranging from sixpence to £500, and amounting to £1,680, have been received and acknowledged. Mr. Punch tenders his sincere thanks to the generous friends who have responded to his appeal, and ventures to hope that this sum may be at least doubled before Christmas.



A HYPHENATED PROPOSITION.

UNCLE SAM. "GUESS I'M NOT TAKING ANY. I'VE BEEN NEUTRAL ABOUT THE WAR AND I'M GOING TO BE NEUTRAL ABOUT PEACE."



Mother. "NOW, THEN, YOUNG ALBERT—YOU COME INDOORS."

Hero. "NO—O! WANTS TO SEE ZEPPELINS."

Mother. "'ERE, IF YOU AIN'T A GOOD BOY I'LL TELL THE ZEPPELINS NOT TO COME ANY MORE."

WARS OF THE PAST.

(As recorded in the Press of the period.)

II.

From "The Athens Argus."

WE cannot too strongly denounce the insensate Chauvinism which, basing its appeals on the plea of sovereign nationalism, has dragged us into a hopeless conflict with the Persian Empire. It is surely only too terribly apparent that with the arrival of the Persian army on the coast of Attica nationalism will cease to exist for us; whereas, as we have always pointed out, under the safe protection and merely nominal authority of KING DARIUS, we should be free to work out our own destiny in our own way.

Nationalism, to our way of thinking, is no petty parochial affair doomed to throw itself into the jaws of the first great Power whose course it obstructs. Its own instinct for self-preservation should teach it to absorb the higher nationalism implied in its admission into the comity of some great enlightened Empire, such as Persia is

to-day. We are not blinded with the dust thrown into the eyes of so many of our compatriots. The Persian Empire is a great, beneficent, and cultured Power. Its military prestige is unbounded and unassailable. The mere idea of resisting it is national suicide.

To what a state of financial ruin has our obstinacy already brought us? We have only to consider the current quotations on the Stock Exchange. Ionian and Dorian securities are, of course, valueless. Chian Wines have already gone into liquidation. Rhodian Pottery has come down with a crash, and the Apollo Didymus (Miletus) Oracle Syndicate will certainly announce no more dividends.

The one course open to us is to make our peace with DARIUS as speedily as possible and on any terms . . .

From "The Athens Advertiser and Piræus Post."

WE cannot too strongly denounce the unscrupulous pusillanimity of those pro-Hippian papers which seek, by playing on the baser fears of the people, to drag us once more at the heels of

despotism. To the plain man it is unquestionable that our national interest and honour alike demand that we should stand firm at the side of our Allies and resolutely encounter the brutal barbarians who now menace our very existence.

We do not seek to gloss over the seriousness of the military situation. On another page our Military Correspondent estimates the Persian force at probably not much under a million of all arms. We ourselves can put no more than 10,000 men into the field. We have taken the precaution of eliminating Sparta from our calculations, as it is exceedingly doubtful whether they can mobilise before a decisive battle has taken place. Where the Persians will strike cannot, of course, be foreseen, but we may rest assured that wherever it is our army will be on the spot. As Athens is their immediate objective, our Naval Correspondent (whose opinion we print on another page) considers that for strategical reasons they will land somewhere on the coast of Attica; and when we reflect that General DATTIS has with him the unspeakable HIPPIAS



Expert Trichologist. "WE MUST DEVOTE OUR ATTENTION TO IT IN THE HOLIDAYS, MADAM. A BOY'S HAIR INVARIABLY GETS INTO A WRETCHED CONDITION, AT SCHOOL—IN FACT, I'M CONVINCED THAT IT IS THEN THAT THE SEEDS OF THE LITTLE BALD PATCH ARE SOWN."

(now the avowed creature of DARIUS), who knows the country almost as well as the country knows him, we may take it that this will be the case.

It will be seen from the above that the odds are somewhat against us. But we have every confidence in our leaders, and in this connection are pleased to note that political considerations have not been allowed to prejudice the appointment of MILTIADES to supreme command. Deploping as we do the civil control of the army by political amateurs, we trust that Mr. CALLIMACHUS will go on as he has begun and leave the military machine in the hands of those competent to direct it. . . .

From "The Athens Advertiser and Piræus Post":—

GREAT VICTORY AT MARATHON.
PERSIANS ROUTED.
DECISIVE TRIUMPH FOR OUR ARMS.
MANY OF THE ENEMY NO DOUBT
KILLED.

We have received the following brilliant despatch from PHIDIPPIDES, the official courier at the Athenian Headquarters, Marathon:—

"Rejoice, we conquer!"

[We regret to add that in delivering

this despatch, PHIDIPPIDES, who was well known for his brilliant work in this connection and will be particularly remembered for his extraordinary despatch from Sparta not more than a few days ago, fell down dead. In another column we give a short biographical account of him. This is the first indication we have received of any casualties on our side in the magnificent victory just recorded, but we must warn our readers that later information will probably extend the list.]

From "The Susa Star and Saturday Satrap."

The following communiqué has been issued by the Field-Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief Persian Expeditionary Force:—

In conformity with our general strategical design we have made a slight withdrawal of our forces in the coastal region of Marathon (Attica).

"It will be too late to cry out should famine, stalemate, or any other overwhelming disaster occur, and the Unseen Hand will then have the laugh of us."

Letter in "The Daily Mail,"

The Unseen Hand, of course, laughs up its sleeve.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

(SECOND SERIES.)

III.

MILE END.

How far to the mile end?—

Never ask me!

It may be less than five mile,

It must be more than three.

If I catch the old man

That led me astray,

I'll thrash him with a tape-measure

The whole of the way.

ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS.

Saint Martin's in the Fields,

Saint Martin's in the Fields

Considering the Barley

To find what it yields;

If the yield is scanty

He's going to plant Oats

And sell the crop for Lamb's-wool

To make Beggars' Coats.

BEVIS MARKS.

Bevis marks the blackboard, Bevis
marks his socks,

Bevis marks the time o' day by the
City clocks;

Even if a pin drops Bevis says, "Hark!"

There's nothing worth mentioning that
Bevis *doesn't* mark.

TEN MINUTES IN GERMANY.

THE CURTAIN LIFTED.

AMAZING REVELATIONS.

(With apologies to a certain neutral.)

II.—How I GOT ON.

[In a previous article, "How I got in," the writer has described his arrival at the German frontier and his passage across it in the dark. Before his eyes looms up a small building whence shines a light.]

HAVING rapidly filled in several insurance coupons against sudden death and one against unlawful assembly, I approached the building and peered through the window. Apparently the place was an inn. I could see a small counter on which stood half-a-dozen bottles. Behind the counter sat a man with an absolutely expressionless face. I have, in fact, seen more expression on the back of a hansom cab than appeared on that man's countenance. He was eating a sausage. I resolved to enter the inn.

I entered.

To be precise, I caught my foot in the doorstep, looped the loop and nose-dived into the counter. When I arose the sausage-eater stared at me. Then he spoke:—

"Vos you fallen or vos you pushed?"

In fluent German I rapidly explained the situation, exhibiting my Chinese passport, my Mexican registration card and my Peruvian birth certificate. He did not seem interested.

Feeling that at all costs I must make a good impression, I produced six other passports, forty-two letters of introduction from high personages, and eight judgment summonses. The inn-keeper continued to assimilate his sausage.

Time was pressing. I had much to learn. Good fortune had brought me to the spot where I could obtain first-hand information. I must not delay. Shouting at the top of my voice in order to make myself heard above the din of the sausage-destruction, I fired off a series of searching questions. For the benefit of readers who have only a moderate knowledge of the German tongue I append a translation of the replies received.

"Can you supply me," I asked, "with a poularde Haldane or a canard Carmelite?"

"Nein (No)," he replied.

"Can you give me some curried lobster, some caviare, two dozen best Whitstable natives and a pêche Clara Butt?"

"Nein (No)," he said.

"Have you any mock turtle soup, roast ortolans, pâté de foie gras, plovers' eggs or freshly-caught Severn salmon?"

"Nein (No)," he answered.

Good heavens! I shook from head to foot with excitement. The country was starving! If I could not procure these trifles at an inn—an *inn*, mark you—how should I fare in an ordinary dwelling-house? I simply did not attempt to think.

"Can you give me *anything* to eat?" I demanded.

"Ja, ja (Yes, yes)," he replied, and, putting his hand in his pocket, he produced another sausage.

I recoiled. Sausages I have known, and again, sausages, but this—this was akin to frightfulness. I hastily adjusted my gas mask and turned to the question of drink.

"Have you any Imperial Tokay or Waterloo port?" I bawled, raising my mask.

"Nein (No)," he said.

I rapidly enumerated the best and most exclusive wines. He had none of them. Neither had he any of the more expensive brands of tea, coffee or cocoa. Obviously the land was dying of thirst.

Then I showed him the remnants of my standard loaf. The effect was amazing. He shook all over like a badly-set jelly, his head swelled visibly, his collar burst open, and the seams of his coat ripped up all down his back. Snatching the bread from my hand he swallowed about a quarter of it at one gulp. By this time I too was shaking like an aspen. In the space of four minutes I had acquired information which would stir Britain from Land's End to John o' Groats. I could imagine the national excitement at the publication of my revelations. In my mind's eye I could picture Londoners snatching the journals of the Duke of Ludgate Circus from newsvendors' hands and devouring the amazing news where they stood (*i.e.*, the Londoners), regardless of the motor-buses and taxicabs that ground them beneath their wheels as they read. In the lonely Highlands I could see hardy shepherds scaling mountains, swimming lochs, sliding down precipices and walking scores of miles to secure a copy of my incredible article. Householders would sell their all, beggars would give their last copper, to buy a copy of the journal. Crowds delirious with excitement would besiege the offices of the Duke's newspapers, raging, wrestling and writhing for the printed sheets until the street in which the building stood became a shambles.

Then the voice of the inn-keeper broke the silence of the room. Three minutes later the secrets of the German War Machine were mine.

(To be continued.)

VEGETABLE VERSE.

[It is hoped, now that flower-gardens are being planted with vegetables and fruit, that minor poets will do their bit in the interests of National Economy by supporting the movement and addressing their war-time lyrics to wholesome foodstuffs in place of the usual roses, pansies, lotus-buds, etc., etc. A few suggestions are here appended.]

WHEN one is feeling agitated
How soothing is a ripe Tomato!
It calms the bosom's savage beat
And is most nourishing to eat.

O succulent mild-flavoured Lettuce,
Whose tender leaves could ne'er upset
us,

Though epicures may scorn and flout
you

I'll write a poem all about you.

The sight of thee, O luscious Melon,
Inclines me to become a felon;
Oh, how I'd love to gulp and gulp
Vast slices of thy juicy pulp!

If I a weakness must confess
It is for sandwiches of Cress;
How often have I loudly blustered
When they have put me off with
Mustard.

In genteel circles all the rage is
For Nectarines and plump Greengages,
But vulgar persons in the slums
Have just to be content with Plums.

Slim and elegant Cucumber,
You among my friends I number;
Indeed I find it rather hard
Not to eat you by the yard!

Sage, Mint, Marjoram and Parsley,
Though we patronise you sparsely,
Each of you deserves a rhyme
If one only had the Thyme!

Motto for Meatless Days: "The time is out of joint."

"A ROCHESTER OCTOGENARIAN.—Mrs. —, the oldest inhabitant of Rochester, has just celebrated her 101st birthday."—*Scots Paper*.

A tactful heading. Some elderly ladies are so touchy about their age.

"The *Britannic* was never on passenger service. As soon as she was completed she was taken over by the Admiralty as a hospital ship, and had been."

Lifted from 'Punch.'

Sunderland Daily Echo.

As so often happens it must have been done without acknowledgment. This is the first we have heard of the transaction.

From a tribunal report:—

"Of course there had to be some sort of sop to the Army Cerebos."—*Daily Mail*.

Not to be confused with the "old salt" of the Navy.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY—II.



"GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S THIS? EGGS GOING TO BE SIXPENCE EACH! WE MUST BUILD A FOWL-HOUSE AND KEEP HENS."

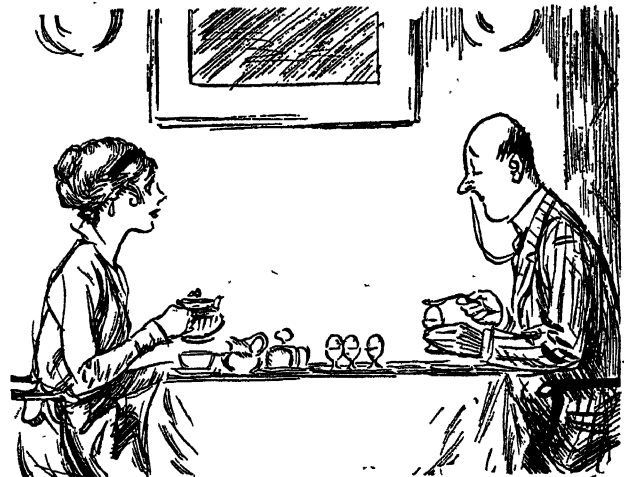
"VERY WELL, DEAR."



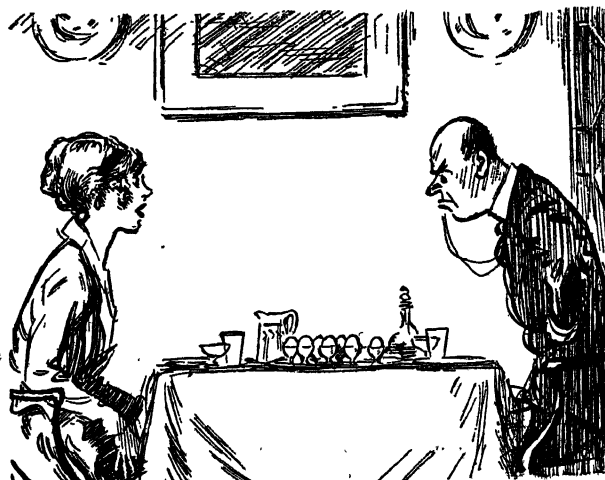
"IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, DEAR. THEY'VE PROMISED TO BE FINISHED IN FOUR OR FIVE DAYS."



1st Week. "AHA! NOW WE'RE BEGINNING TO GET SOME OF OUR MONEY BACK."



2nd Week. "DON'T YOU THINK A LITTLE BACON WITH THE EGGS MIGHT —"



3rd Week. "EGGS FOR LUNCH AGAIN!"
"WELL, DEAR, OF COURSE IT TAKES TIME TO WORK OFF THE ORIGINAL OUTLAY."



4th Week. "EGGS FOR DINNER!! WE MUST AND WILL HAVE A CHANGE. TO-MORROW WE ARE GOING TO HAVE ROAST FOWL!"



G.L. Standa. 1916.

Doctor. "DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HYPODERMIC INJECTION?"

V.A.D. Nurse (late of *Frivolity Theatre*). "RATHER! THAT'S HOW I USED TO POISON A CABINET MINISTER EVERY NIGHT IN LADY CAMBERLEY'S FLAT."

IF—

TO A FRIEND IN FRANCE.

If you were East of Suez and there
wasn't any war

We would pack the tents and guns and
take the road

Where the forest ways go winding
And the game is all for finding
And the gods of Happy Hunting keep
abode;

We should see the noonday shimmer,
We should see the moonlight glimmer,
With the sambhur and the tiger and
the gaur;

And the sun and wind and rain
Should be comrades once again—

If you were East of Suez and there
wasn't any war.

If I was home from India and you
were home from France

We should seek a bit of country that I
know,

Where there's always walking wea-
ther

And the wind along the heather

And the curlews calling set the heart
aglow;

Mid the bigger hills and broader, out
the bonny road to Lauder,

With the Pentlands like an army in
advance,

Oh! the hawthorn and the gorse
By Caerketton and Glencorse—

If I was home from India and you
were home from France.

Hortikultur.

"Baron Ropp, one of the Baltic barons who
has arrived at Zurich from Berlin, says:—
Hindenburg has dethroned the Kaiser. He is
now dictator of Germany. He outshines the
Kaiser as the sun outshines the moon. The
Kaiser has become a sort of minor plant re-
volving around him."—*Daily Sketch*.

Like the ivy clinging to the oak.

"FOR SALE.

RELIABLE Cook.—Apply to Mess Secre-
tary, Royal Artillery Mess, Lahore Canton-
ment."—*Civil and Military Gazette*.

The obvious folly of the above offer
strikes us even more than its apparent
inhumanity.

THE NEW ECONOMY.

A pious old man of Dundee
Used to put seven lumps in his tea;
But his new zeal for thrift,
Joined to moral uplift,
Has reduced his allowance to three.

A wealthy financier named Jonah
Made a fortune in far Arizona;
But so strongly he feels
About thrift after meals
That he's knocked off his second
Corona.

"A project fondly cherished by the late
General and now brought to maturity by the
present General Bramwell Booth and his
experienced 'stag.'"—*Sunday Paper*.

The Salvation Army's mascot, we
presume.

"Miss Ruth Bancroft Law has captured the
American non-stop cross-country record, flying
a Curtiss biplane to Chicago Hornell, 590
miles in 340,341 mins."—*Star (Guernsey)*.

We presume that it was a record of
endurance rather than of speed.



WINGED VICTORY.
TO THE HONOUR OF OUR AIR SERVICES.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 27th.—To-day the great Coalition Tank, which has lumbered along for a year and a-half, resisting with equal imperturbability the bombs of a CARSON and the darts of a CHURCHILL, was precious nearly overturned by a HOGGE.

To do the hon. Member justice he fully deserved his triumph. He is believed—but this I doubt—to know the exact point at which the functions of Chelsea Hospital merge into those of the Statutory Committee, and the number of forms (within a dozen or so) that must be filled up, and the amount of time (allowing a margin of not more than three months) before a discharged hero will be able to draw his modest guerdon in cash.

The reward for all his labour came this afternoon, when he moved the first of a series of amendments designed to knock the bottom out of the Board of Pensions Bill and rebuild it on a foundation of common-sense. At first Mr. HENDERSON was inclined to resist. But Member after Member rose to support the plan of having a single Minister with nothing else to do but to look after pensions. Seeing defeat looming in the Division Lobbies, and not altogether sorry, perhaps, to be rid of a compromise measure for which he had never displayed any marked enthusiasm, Mr. HENDERSON at last gave way and consented to remodel the Bill on the lines indicated in the Amendment.

An expansive smile spread over the countenance of his conqueror, who perhaps foresaw still greater triumphs in store for him. If the country, as some say, needs a Dictator, people know now where to look for him. Again we may hear in our streets the ancient rhyme:—

"The Catte, the Ratte, and Lovell our Dogge
Rule all England under the Hogge."

Tuesday, November 28th.—Whoever coined the questionable phrase, *De*

gustibus non est disputandum. ought to have been in the House of Lords this afternoon. Last week Lord D'ABERNON introduced a Bill empowering the Trustees of the National Gallery to sell some of their twenty thousand Turners, and so find the money wherewith to purchase pictures by artists who are at present not represented at all. They got their Bill at last, but not

During the debate other noble Lords expressed their unwillingness to concede the new powers, and improvised variations on the theme that—in matters of art, at any rate—Trustees are persons who cannot be trusted. Eventually it was decided, to meet their views, that any transaction under the Act should be subject to the sanction of the Lords of the Treasury! Is not that typically British?

Having disposed of this vital business the Peers were reminded that there was a war on. Lord DERBY introduced a Bill to modify the conditions of service of the Volunteers. The new measure goes some way to realize the ideal of the Irishman who wanted to make Volunteering compulsory.

Wednesday, November 29th.—Mr. BALFOUR made one of his rare appearances in the House of Commons to announce certain important naval changes. Were there no others? asked the critics of the Admiralty, fondly hoping, perhaps, that the FIRST LORD would commit *hara-kiri* on the floor of the House. But Mr. BALFOUR blandly replied that he had already indicated "the more important alterations." Mr. HOUSTON, in a manner consistent with his piratical exterior, expressed a desire for "ruthless fighting men in the Admiralty" who would pay special attention to German submarines, and was assured by Mr. BALFOUR that his apparent impression that we were in the habit of sparing these little creatures was erroneous.

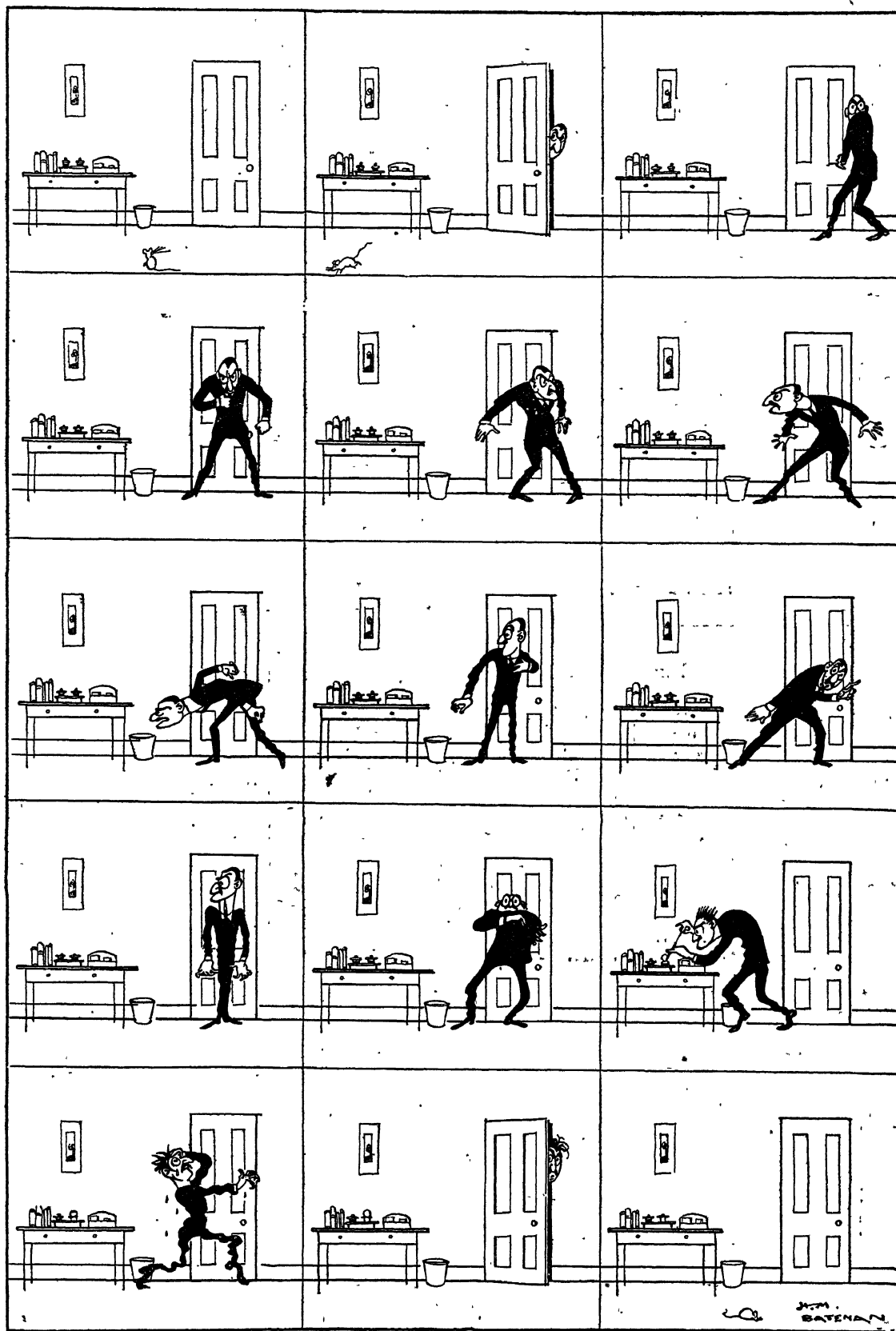
"This is the appropriate occasion upon which to explain this measure," said the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY in moving the second reading of the Government War Obligations Bill. Long experience as Secretary for Scotland appears to have convinced Mr. WOOD of the value of the maxim that speech was given us to conceal our thoughts, for so successfully did he wrap up the information that he had to impart that one Member after another got up to explain that he had not the foggiest



THE DARE-DEVILS OF COMMERCE.

Encouraged by our recent success as racehorse owners we have now started a coal department. Deal direct with us (the owners) and avoid all middle profits. Yours obediently, ASQUITH, LAW AND CO., UNLIMITED.

without a great struggle. In the Press a RICHMOND took the field, at the head of a platoon of Academicians who declared *inter alia* that the proposal would be a "lowering of the standard of national honour to the level of that of enemy countries," while the Duke of WESTMINSTER, who has evidently noted the dormitory uses to which some visitors put the seats in the Gallery, declared that the Bill would "change what was considered a permanent resting-place into an occasional auction mart."



STUDY OF A GENTLEMAN REFILLING HIS FOUNTAIN PEN WITH THE HOTEL INK.



HERR BLUMENZWIBEL AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, BERLIN, A FEW SEASONS AGO.



HERR BLUMENZWIBEL AT THE THEATRE OF WAR, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, THIS SEASON.

notion of the objects of the Bill. Contrary to experience they could not see the trees for the Wood. Sir EDWARD CARSON, after a long and fruitless cross-examination, came to the conclusion that the House might as well give the Government a blank cheque for the remainder of the War.

Thursday, November 30th.—Someone suggested that the Kitchen Committee should by way of example institute a meatless day. Colonel LOCKWOOD, who has no illusions with regard to the tastes of his fellow-Members, was sympathetic but not enthusiastic. Hitherto, he pointed out, they had been content with vicarious sacrifice, and had acted on the principle, *Qui facit per alium facit per se*. Up jumped Mr. HEALY. "Did you not rule, Mr. SPEAKER, that Irish should not be spoken here?" The only Member who did not seem to enjoy the joke was Mr. GINNELL, who on his reappearance yesterday had explained at great length the iniquity of his being sent to prison for nothing more heinous than writing his name "in the language used throughout this country before the arrival of the Romans."

Time was when the neglect of the British Government to attend to the drainage of the Bann and the Barrow was an almost daily subject of complaint with the Irish Members. Barrow has overflowed his banks again, it seems,

and Mr. MEEHAN, in the hope of softening the CHIEF SECRETARY'S heart, mentioned that he knew a holding where the only thing visible above the wild waste of waters was a tree bearing a placard calling upon farmers to "join the British Army." Mr. DUKE regretted that he could do nothing. But surely he might at least induce the recruiting authorities to substitute "Navy" for "Army."

The Pensions Bill was again down for Committee. It was decided to pass the Government amendments *en bloc* and then recommit the Bill. This necessitated Members applying themselves alternately to the white paper and the blue paper, as if they were mixing a seidlitz powder.

"HEIRLOONS TO GO.

According to a message from Reuter, Amsterdam, the Kaiserin has given orders that such Imperial Household gold plate and jewellery as is historically valueless be handed to the Reichsbank."—*Pretoria News*.

But do not be misled by the headline into imagining that the CROWN PRINCE is included among these "historically valueless" belongings.

"Wanted, at once, young lady (temporary), to assist in bar and hotel generally."

Yorkshire Evening Press.
Arrival of the helpmeet for the "temporary gentleman."

SOUTHWARD.

WHEN against the window-pane tap
the fingers of the rain,
An ill rain, a chill rain, dripping
from the eaves,
When the farmers haul their logs
and the marsh is whist with
fogs,
And the wind sighs like an old man,
brushing withered leaves;
When the Summertime is gone and the
Winter creeping on,
The doleful Northern winter of snow
and sleet and hail,
Then I smell the salty brine and I see
you, ship o' mine,
Bowling through the sunshine under
all plain sail.

I can see you, Lady love, the Trade
clouds strung above,
White clouds, bright clouds, flocking
South with you;
Like snowy lily buds are the flowery
foaming suds
That bloom about your forefoot as
you tread the meadows blue.
Oh the diamond Southern Cross! Oh
the wheeling albatross!
Oh the shoals of silver flying-fish that
skim beside the rail!
Though my body's in the North still
my heart goes faring forth
Bowling through the sunshine under
all plain sail.



Outraged Player. "THERE YOU ARE! THAT'S THE THIRD FREE KICK HE'S GIVEN 'EM—AND 'E CALLS 'ISSELF 'OOTRAL!"

A MATTER OF HEAD-LIGHT.

"ARE you coming?" said Elizabeth, in a tone that was meant to sound both dignified and final.

"No, I'm not," I said, with less dignity, perhaps, but more finality; "I'm comfortable."

"But I *must* go," pleaded Elizabeth, suddenly changing her tactics, "and I do hate going out alone now it's so dark. I can never see where I'm going, and people always *will* knock into me; I wouldn't mind groping my own way along, but I do hate people knocking into me."

"Possibly," I said, "the people wouldn't mind groping their own way along if you didn't continually knock into them; no doubt they dislike it."

"Either way," broke in the pert voice of Madge, "the bump is the same."

"Madge," I said sharply, "children should keep their opinions until they are asked for; I've told you that before."

A disrespectful grunt from Madge.

"But," I continued, "for my part I simply cannot understand it. I never find the slightest trouble in getting

about, however dark it is. Occasionally, perhaps, I have to go a little cautiously, but people never knock into me nor do I knock into them. Never once—"

"And why?" asked Madge.

"Why? Ah!" Then followed an impressive pause, while I slowly lit a cigarette. "Oh," I said, "it's natural instinct, I suppose, or—or subconscious ability, perhaps, or— But I can't explain it. Some people are born with more of that kind of thing than others. My mind unconsciously adapts itself to new conditions in a remarkable way; it always has."

"Mine doesn't," said Elizabeth; "and so you ought to come." Then she added irritably, "Or else I shall have to carry a head-light or something of the kind."

"Ah!" said Madge.

"I won't have you say 'Ah,' like that!" I said. "What do you mean by 'Ah'?"

"Nothing; only that I think I know of a good head-light."

"Your knowledge is altogether beyond your years," I said quickly. I suspected it extended to my subconscious ability. "And since you know

of a good head-light you had better tell your mother about it, as *I am not going out to-night.*" With that I stamped out of the room.

I stamped upstairs. Then I cooled—it was a good deal cooler upstairs—and I decided that I had been a brute. I came down again, slowly and penitently.

"If you would really like," I began, as I entered the room.

"Mamma has gone," said Madge quietly.

"Oh, has she?" I said heartlessly, and settled myself in comfort once more. A moment later I stretched out my hand. "Please pass me my cigarettes, Madge," I said.

"Your head-lights?" said Madge. "They've gone, too."

"CHAUFFEUSE-GARDENER (lady) required, drive and clean Overland car, running repairs, careful driver, run electric light engine, and work in garden spare time."—*Auto-Car.*

But surely she ought to clean the knives and boots as well.

"House-boy, 5s. week; last boy stayed 10 years."—*Hants. County News.*

Leaving, no doubt, on account of senile decay.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(FERDINAND OF BULGARIA and a Bulgarian Peasant.)

Ferdinand. Halloa, there, halloa! Is anyone within the cottage?

Peasant (within). Who goes there so late? (*Opens the door and comes out.*) Ha, my fine horseman, whence have you come and whither are you bound?

Ferdinand. I am on military duty of the highest importance and would rest and refresh a moment before pressing on.

Peasant. A crust of bread and a jug of water—that is all I have, but to that you are welcome. Dismount and enter. You can tie your horse to the post.

Ferdinand. No, do you bring the bread and water out here to me. To tell you the truth, this is a very fierce horse, and if I dismount I might have to waste valuable time in mounting him again. He would be sure to prance about and kick, and he might even injure you and your cottage.

Peasant. Fierce, is he? Well, all I can say is that he doesn't look fierce. See how he droops his head and pants. You must have come fast and far.

Ferdinand. Yes, I have come fast and far and must go still farther.

Peasant. Why are you hurrying so?

Ferdinand. A battle is going on.

Peasant. And you are on your way to join the fighters. Now I understand, and I say, "Well done, my fine horseman, well done!" But our Bulgarians were always thus—strong fighters, glorious in their courage, men whom nothing could restrain when hard knocks were to be given or taken.

Ferdinand. Yes, we are all like that.

Peasant. All—except, perhaps, our CZAR FERDINAND. They say of him that he is no great fighter; that his cheeks turn pale and his body trembles when the guns go off. Strange, is it not? But of course he is no true Bulgarian.

Ferdinand. Surely you wrong him. I have heard that he is the bravest of the brave and is always to be found where the danger is greatest. They tell me he is indeed a noble fighter.

Peasant. It may be so. I have never seen him and only repeat what I have heard. But when all say the same thing you may be certain there is some ground for it. All I know is that I should not like my two sons who are now fighting to be like that; and I myself, in my fights against the Turks, did not turn pale and tremble.

Ferdinand. Different people, you know, have different ways of showing courage. Perhaps a King may not show it as a peasant does.

Peasant. No, no. Courage is the same everywhere, so far at least as trembling goes. If a King runs away, would you say he was a brave man? Of course not.

Ferdinand. Well, I must be pressing on now.

Peasant. Where is this battle you spoke of?

Ferdinand (pointing southward). In that direction.

Peasant. And that, of course, is the direction in which you mean to go.

Ferdinand. By no means, I go that way (*pointing northward*).

Peasant (coldly). Why?

Ferdinand. To summon reinforcements. It has not gone well with us in the battle and we need more men.

Peasant. More men? That is always the story. But I cannot find out why we are fighting the Russians, who liberated us from the Turks, and have always been our good friends. And now we are defeated in battle.

Ferdinand. Farewell. I cannot stay to argue it out with you, for I must hurry on.

Peasant (calling after him). But you have not eaten your bread or drunk your water. (*To himself*) He is indeed in great haste. Perhaps it is FERDINAND himself. That nose! Yes, it must have been he, and it may be that fear is driving him so swiftly from the fight. If it be so he knows now what one Bulgarian thinks of him.

THE CREED OF HAMBURG.

[German newspapers report a recent Conference of the clergy of Hamburg to discuss "The Simplification of Religion in the Light of the Experiences of the War." Herr Pastor RIessenBURG, the principal orator at the Conference, who spoke exhaustively on earlier "simplifications," carried his hearers with him when he declared that the time had come for another change. "After this war there will be no longer room in the world for the battle of dogmas and rites. Struggles about this or that usage in conducting religious services will be unthinkable. The example of the front has made a profound impression on the nation. Worship at the front is simplicity itself." In conclusion the speaker looked forward to a day, immediately after the conclusion of peace, when the last remnants of the religions of prophets and priests will be swept from the earth, and when what is left will be so simple and pure and essential that no further simplification will be necessary.]

THE pastors and theologians of Hamburg have lately held A Conference in their city, by a laudable aim impelled; For they recognise that religion is a disconcerting guide And, to prove a national asset, must be thoroughly simplified.

The process of simplification at the Conference outlined Is entirely characteristic of the genial German mind; For it springs from the firm conviction that Fritz is always right— That whatever is done by the fighting Hun is good in "our old Gott's" sight.

The words of the priests and prophets, which human nature stunt, Will be swept away by the lessons derived from the men at the Front, And so splendid will be the product of the crucible of war That no further simplifying will be needed any more.

The ineffectual Gospel of Love, long out of date, Will be merged in the saner gospel of high and holy Hate, For it's clear that a chosen people must 'stablish a world-control, Though it means the extermination of every alien soul.

All methods pursued by the Germans are pure and noble and sweet, For they are the favoured of Heaven, the universe's elite; But the same identical methods pursued by another race When tried by the New Religion are wicked and vile and base.

From this comfortable doctrine quite logically flows The need of a war not only against embattled foes, But war on women and children, on the gray and stricken head,

War on the sick and wounded, war on the dying and dead.

So it need not excite our wonder that the pastors of Hamburg town

Should be so extremely anxious to cast the prophets down; For never since ancient Heron defiled the light of the sun Has any man worshipped the Devil so well as the modern Hun.

"Wanted, by young person, two or three hours' scrubbing each morning; vaults preferred."—*North Western Daily Mail.*
We sympathise with the young person's desire for privacy during her ablutions.



Voice from behind (to hospital staff lined up for combing-out re-examination). "Now, boys! GOT YOUR WATER-BOTTLES, IRON-BATIONS AND SMOKE HELMETS? WELL, THEN, OVER THE TOP AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DIXON SCOTT, a gunner subaltern, died of dysentery in Gallipoli. *Men of Letters* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), a volume of literary criticisms, is the best memorial his friends could have raised to him, and no student or amateur of modern literature should fail to read these perceptive studies. Let it be granted that, writing as a journalist (chiefly for two distinguished Northern papers which often have made our Metropolitan sheets look provincial), he is tempted towards a too lavish use of bright symmetrical labels—"The guilt of Mr. Chesterton," "The innocence of Bernard Shaw," "The meekness of Mr. Rudyard Kipling"—and the like. But he always contrives to make good his challenges, and has in an astonishing degree the qualities of such defects as the forthright newspaper method encourages. I don't recall any other criticism as trenchant (without the least unfriendliness) of the Adelphi sage, and I think that even that case-hardened publicist would have a queer thrill of the spine looking into this candid mirror. Yet DIXON SCOTT had the critic's best gift of being able, and evidently preferring, to find beauties instead of faults; together with a sensitive power of analysis most rare in so young a writer. An admirable note on Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER's plays should do something to draw attention to the deeper gifts of that enterprising actor-producer. Other studies are as valuable: of Mrs. MEYNELL, of Mr. WELLS, of Mr. BENNETT and of Mr. C. E. MONTAGUE. Praise from the discreet Max—the "Beau Beerbohm" of one of

the labels—prefaces this volume. We have lost a critic of letters who would have done finer work. But he "filled his space" admirably; and could there be better epitaph for a journalist—or a soldier? Hail and farewell!

Yet another War book—a small one and unique amongst its fellows in that it is devoted wholly to what one might call after-effects; in other words to the experiences of an officer, that same cheery and engaging young gentleman whom you may already know by his pen-name of "Platoon Commander," after the wound that ended *With my Regiment* had brought him to *Hospital Days* (UNWIN). I hope you will not be alarmed into thinking that a book with such a title must be morbid or depressing. A greater error could not be made. The picture on the cover, of a jovial soul in khaki, with crutches, a cigarette, and an expansive smile, is delightfully typical of the contents; and though, to be sure, the author does inevitably and intentionally bring the scent of iodine into his pages, he brings also, far more, the atmosphere of good-humour and rest-after-toil that one will always associate with the memory of war-hospitals and convalescent homes. The high spirit of the little book is of the most refreshing quality. You will hardly read a page without a smile; while some of the author's stories (notably the famous practical joke about the Bond Street shop and the safety razors, which I fear is almost too good to be true) must move to actual laughter. But of course behind the laughter there is always another feeling: and it is just because of this that I think "Platoon Commander" has deserved well of English wives and mothers for his

heartening picture of what is being done to rob war of one at least of its terrors. There is certainly far more than half-a-crown's worth of encouragement in it.

You have not, I presume, forgotten *Rose Cottingham*, about whose childhood and education Miss NETTA SYRETT told us, not long ago, in a fat book filled with all those intimacies of detail that are the delight of our modern Balzacs. A good book, I remember thinking, and a clever, if perhaps of slightly too full a habit. Anyhow, its inevitable successor has just arrived in *Rose Cottingham Married* (UNWIN), which conducts the heroine from the moment when we parted company down to the present. I have much enjoyed reading it, though I should certainly call the story unequal. The first part, which depicts *Rose* (who, you may remember, had just published her first novel) entering as a mild lioness the artistic London of the early nineties, is unusually vivid and entertaining; later, when her marriage with the Socialist Labour-leader, *John Dering*, has been followed by disillusion, the spirit of the book seems to wane a little as in sympathy with its theme. But the picture of what is recognisably the "Yellow Book" (here called the "Purple") period is, if sometimes a trifle malicious, so real that one suspects—not without reason—a fragment of autobiography. And at the end, when you have waded through some chapters that I found rather more than a little dull, you will be rewarded with the real beauty of *Rose's* relations towards her son, and a climax that is both moving and sincere. *Rose* having now been carried forward, like a banking account, to the year 1916, the next volume about her should be prophetic. I should rather like Miss SYRETT to try this. By the way, perhaps she will forgive me for mentioning that no Rugby boy would call a meal a "tuck in." On application I shall be happy to supply the correct idiom.

The Shadow Riders (LANE) were, primarily at any rate, two, man and woman, who passed through some of the stages between acquaintanceship and love while dawdling on horseback across the pleasant plains of Alberta. The title is agreeable and so is the clever drawing on the paper cover that does more than the text to explain its meaning; but if from that you imagine that ISABEL PATERSON's latest story is a simple idyll of the newer West you are going to be quickly undeceived. Neither is it, as the publisher's note suggests, a tale stuffed full of that strenuous toil with which the glorifiers of Canada are wont to stir the sluggish pulse of old effete Europe—meaning you and me. Can you imagine anything more futile than that a clever writer should present to you no fewer than four people whom it is a pleasure to meet, endow them with real live personality, set them against a background of the eternal prairies in a period concluding with August, 1914, and then find nothing

on earth for them to do but to philander around, kissing or running away with other people's husbands and wives? "Oh, wasteful woman!" Not that there is truly very much background or 1914, the one being pretty well confined to a geographical statement and an occasional political paragraph, while the other is simply concerned with some volunteering on the last page and a prophetic instinct or two in regard to a future home-coming—a sufficiently ingenuous way of securing a happy ending. The bulk of the book is philandering pure and simple, and the tragedy of it is that, while it bears no relation to any actual or desirable state of life, the amount of good writing put into it, after a few muddy opening chapters, is considerable.

Princess Marie-José's Children's Book (CASSELL) has, as Mrs. HADEN GUEST, the editor, tells us, been published "to help the babies of brave Belgium." Not in the occupied part of Belgium, but in the villages behind the Allies' firing-line, where there are many children dependent upon

practical sympathy for food and clothing. Whatever its merit, one would not criticise too closely a volume dedicated to such a cause as this, but, knowing that the children for whom it is intended are harder to please than I am, I tried the book on a mother of five. I do not propose to repeat what she thought of one celebrated author's effort to write for children, but I can say that her verdict as a whole was the same as mine—extremely favourable. Names, in fact, do not here belie their reputations, whether they belong to authors or artists. I should like to add that I have seldom seen a book designed with charitable intent where the pictures were chosen with so excellent a discrimination. The price of the volume is half-a-crown, and with two



THE DIFFICULTY OF KEEPING IN FRONT.

Sympathetic Lady Friend. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, BILLY?"

Advanced Artist. "OH, IT'S MOST DISCOURAGING! I HEARD TO-DAY THAT THERE'S A NEW SOCIETY CALLING THEMSELVES 'THE POST-VORTICIST WAVE-CREST-NEHILISTS.' THEY'VE JUST SPRUNG AN EXHIBITION ON THE PUBLIC WITH A PREFACE TO THEIR CATALOGUE IN WHICH I'M BUNCHED ALONG WITH THAT OBSOLETE CROWD THE FUTURISTS AS A HOPELESS BACK NUMBER!"

clear consciences I commend it warmly to your notice.

I find it easier to sympathise with *Helen Caniper*, the heroine of E. H. YOUNG's *Moor Fires* (MURRAY), than to understand her. Under stress of circumstances (including her sister, a minx of minxes) she gives up the right man, *Dr. Zebedee Mackenzie*, and undertakes to marry the wrong one. It is the old story of a craving for self-immolation, indulged at the cost of everybody's comfort. Fortune corrects the lady's error so far as to make her a widow, but by this time her nerves are so shattered that *Zebedee* would be well-advised to call in a specialist before returning to his original idea of marrying her. The author's theme is compact; we are never taken beyond the small circle of the *Canipers* and the eerie atmosphere of the moor that hems them in. Queer folk, but rather lovable.

A Peaceful Celebration.

"Mr. and Mrs. — have just celebrated their diamond wedding, having been married in November, 1856.

"There were no official scratchings to-day."—*Evening Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

DURING the course of the Marconi case last week a learned Counsel was told by the Bench that he must be polite to the witnesses. The War has brought many changes, but surely this attack upon the traditional prerogative of an honourable profession is going too far.

* *

Some doubt still exists as to whether the price of newspapers should be raised or not, and the suggestion has been made that only those journals shall be permitted to make the increase which are prepared to give away a Cabinet Minister with each issue.

* *

The Tottenham Council has refused to grant a licence for slaughtering horses for food. It is felt that in view of the new restrictions upon the amount which officers may spend upon their meals any attempt to place a new delicacy upon the market is foredoomed to failure.

* *

"The possessor of a copy of our Atlas," says *The Daily Telegraph*, "is prepared for any emergency." Then perhaps he will kindly tell the Allies what to do with TINO.

* *

In some suburbs of Germany, says an Exchange Telegram, grocers are not allowed to sell soap unless the purchaser can prove, by showing what is left of the previous packet, that he really needs it. If nothing is left of the previous packet he just shows the grocer his neck.

* *

From a contemporary's biography of Mr. ASQUITH: "1894. Invented the phrase 'Ploughing the sands.'" It is our recollection that the phrase was actually coined by Q. H. FLACCUS, the Member for West Tusculum.

* *

According to an Exchange telegram the neutral countries are preparing to exercise joint pressure to restrain German frightfulness. We doubt if it will be as effective as cesophagus pressure, which we shall continue to exercise as heretofore.

* *

A ten-year-old boy recently arrested at Brentford was found to be in possession of a full housebreaker's equipment. Yet there are those who prate about protecting the infant industries that the War has brought into being.

* *

Soldiers are not now permitted to wear mufti in any club of less than twenty-five years' standing. The alternative of requiring the mufti to be of twenty-five years' standing would seem



V.T.C. Recruit (who has joined under Tribunal compulsion). "OH, I SAY, SERGEANT, IF I COME TO THE PLATOON WHIST-DRIVE WILL IT COUNT AS A DRILL?"

to be more in keeping with the spirit of the War.

* *

Last week the first illuminated hat—an innovation intended to overcome the dangers of our darkened streets—made its appearance in London. What we really want, of course, is more illuminated heads.

* *

Officials earning seven pounds a week have asked the Willesden Council for a War bonus. Probably a shilling a day and some nice khaki clothes would keep them quiet.

"It will be a long time," says *The Evening News*, "before a German Prince comes to this country for a bride and a dowry." What is the use of trying to encourage the Volunteers when this sort of thing is allowed to get into print?

"SCHOOL required for boy of 12. Sent home from last School.—Apply, stating punishments given, to E. D. 265, *Church Times*."

If the advertiser should fail to get what he wants in England we daresay a telegram to "VON BISSING, Belgium," would procure him some useful information.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE PRESENT CHANGE.

AS IT STRIKES CERTAIN PEOPLE SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

[At this critical stage of the War, when there is talk, none too soon, of organising the whole strength of the country, it may be well to note the statement, made without adverse comment by the Liberal Press, that certain Liberal ex-Ministers refused to place their services at the disposal of the man whom the KING invited to take up the burden of Government.]

ALTHOUGH this crisis which has just occurred
Mere soldiers mayn't presume to understand,
It almost looks as if at last you'd heard
That we've a war on hand.

Thank God, we keep no politicians here;
Fighting's our game, not talking; all we ask
Is men and means to face the coming year
And consummate our task.

Give us the strongest leaders you can find,
Tory or Liberal, not a toss care we,
So they are swift to act and know their mind
Too well to wait and see.

We want them resolute and fit and few,
Men clean of party taint, and consecrate
By the pure vow of chivalry to do
High service to the State.

Such there have been in whom we held belief,
Thrice proven in the searching test they bore;
Loyal to England first; who loved their chief,
But loved their country more.

Yet are there ugly tales of trust abused;
Of some that, careless though the Cause were checked,
Pleading a lesser loyalty, refused
Aid to the KING's Elect.

Short shrift would these have had out here to-day,
For here with such as falter in the fight,
Or shirk at duty's post, we have a way
Sudden and not polite.

You talk of England organised to win?
Well, let example come from those who lead.
How should the rest be schooled in discipline
If these should fail at need? O. S.

FOOD CONTROL.

Philberry Gedge had reached the dessert stage of an excellent repast when the newcomer entered the restaurant. Habitues of the Bonanza resent the intrusion of strangers, and Philberry creased his brows into a frown of grave displeasure.

The newcomer, a soberly dressed official-looking man, was in no wise abashed. He glanced imperiously round the tables, and, following his look, Philberry was surprised to see a lady, in shell pink Georgette, furtively slip a portion of pêche Melba under her chair, while her companion "vanished" a half-consumed marron glacé up the sleeve of his faultlessly-cut evening coat.

Hippolyte, the head waiter, was arranging a food-poem for a party of three elderly epicures. Hippolyte in the throes of composition was always impressive, but as he moved away the stranger beckoned him unceremoniously, indicated his tablets with a gesture, and struck a vigorous pencil mark through several of the items.

"Anything saved from the wreck, Hippy?" anxiously inquired one of the party as Hippolyte returned.

Hippolyte uplifted a tragic eyebrow and two despairing palms. "De turtle soup ees gone, de venison ees demolished, and de fruit compôte ees annihilated!" But—"his voice rose to a lyrical note of joy—"we haf saved de fried sole, de fricasee, de ices and de fromage."

An expression of relief dawned on the faces of the party. "Try and smuggle in a double portion of fried sole, Hippy," said one of the gentlemen hoarsely, behind his hand.

Hippolyte nodded like a conspirator. It was all very strange to Philberry, who resumed the peeling of his apple in a whirl of perplexity. Suddenly the stranger swooped down on him and, producing a small measuring gauge from his pocket, applied it to the pendant peel.

"Three-sixty-fourths of an inch thick!" he said sharply. "You are getting perilously near the limit. Oblige me by using a sharper knife."

"Why—what!" stammered Philberry. "Who the deuce—?"

"Kindly place your peel in the receptacle provided for it," he said. "It makes excellent apple jelly. Do you mean to say you don't know who I am?"

"I've been away for some weeks," said Philberry lamely.

"That accounts for it. Well, I'm the Food Waste Inspector from the Economy Department. I have no end of trouble limiting the meals in these smart restaurants. The proprietors say that the customers order the food, and they daren't offend 'em by refusing to serve 'em. Expect we shall have to make an example of one or two of them. Now, for instance, may I inquire what you have had for dinner?"

Philberry was suddenly aware that Hippolyte was making violent gesticulations behind the Inspector's back.

"I had some clear soup," he said.

Hippolyte's signals of distress grew painfully wild.

"And a little halibut."

"And—" encouraged the Inspector.

"And nossings else!" broke in Hippolyte excitedly.

Recollections of a plump and tender chicken, crisp cutlets, and seductive chocolate pudding with exquisite sauce passed through Philberry's memory, but there was no resisting Hippolyte's appeal.

"And nothing else," he echoed. "Excepting, of course," he added magnanimously, "this apple."

"Excellent!" said the Inspector. "I wish everyone was as frugal. But I must be going."

"Hippolyte," said Philberry, "my bill."

Hippolyte approached reluctantly. He tried to catch Philberry's eye, but that gentleman was engaged in earnest conversation with the Inspector.

"Soup, one shilling," he wrote. "Fish, two shillings." A pause. "Dessert, sixpence." A longer pause. "Total"—he cast one last despairing look at Philberry—"three-and-sixpence."

"And sixpence for yourself makes four shillings," said Philberry pleasantly. "An excellent and very reasonable dinner. Good night." And he walked out with the Inspector.

Hippolyte sank down in a chair and fanned himself feebly with a dinner-napkin.

"COMFORTABLE Lodgings for young Man (elderly)."

Northampton Daily Chronicle.

Elderly young man, beware! This looks like a trap baited by the War Office.

"The ex-Premier [M. Venizelos] has warned King Constantine in terms of arctic exactitude . . ."—*Grahamstown Journal (South Africa).*

We were half afraid that a coldness would sooner or later occur between these two.



WHAT ENGLAND DID NOT "EXPECT."

SHADE OF NELSON. "IN WHAT ACTION DID YOU GET THOSE WOUNDS, MY MAN?"

BLUE JACKET. "DEMONSTRATION AT ATHENS, SIR."

NELSON. "DID OUR FLEET GIVE 'EM HELL?"

BLUE JACKET. "OH NO, SIR. I'M TOLD THEY'RE NEUTRALS."



THE INCORRIGIBLES AGAIN.

"BIT OF LUCK WE WEREN'T SENT TO EGYPT. HEAR IT'S A ROTTEN PLACE—ALL DUST AN' HEAT AND SNAKES AND THINGS."

THE WATCH DOGS.

LIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—This weather deserves a page to itself. I fancy that the Clerk, or the Assistant or Deputy Clerk as the case may be, has really been stretching himself this time, just to show what he can do. Men no longer look at his production through a window, say a few well-chosen words about it and return to their armchairs by the fire. They live with it and in it and on it. From first thing in the morning (a thing you've probably never met, Charles) till the last thing at night and from last thing at night till first thing in the morning your modern fighting man associates himself personally and permanently with the current weather. This has required some adaptability and mobility on his part lately, for the recent assortment can only be described as "the rich mixed." Every taste is catered for, except that of fanciful people who seek for summer out of season. Would you be braced by a nice fresh wind from the East, hollow ground? Sunday is your day. Would you have a dozen hours or so cold douche, without the tiresome et cetera of soap and towels? Your tap

will run gratis all Monday. Would you be stiffened by something racy from the North with a smack of snow about it? Tuesday will supply the stiffening: Next, what about a nice vapour bath? Wednesday will supply that, and so that you needn't remove your clothes to get the benefit of the vapour. On Thursday you can be at the North Pole, on Friday at the bottom of the Dead Sea, and on Saturday you can enjoy a complete *résumé* of the whole week's weather, with a hailstorm and a hurricane thrown in for bonus. And all the while the fireworks go on, in case you might feel neglected just for the want of some thunder and lightning.

It has been said that words fail to do justice to this business, but that is only from the point of view of the descriptive artist. For those who choose and use their words for their own selfish ends and immediate satisfaction, there has not been an entire want. A word has been provided for this War as a comfort or a remedy for that tired feeling. It has a thousand applications, six letters and no meaning. It carries weight. It is a word no gentleman would lay his tongue to, though there has been an occasion (at least, I think so; I'm trying to remember) when

it fell out of my own mouth. No, Charles, I'm sorry to say, it isn't even "damned." Whatever it is, however, this War simply couldn't have been managed without it.

Not essentially a term of endearment in itself, the degree of its use might tempt the sentimental idealist to hope that, once this struggle is finished, we shall all combine to make an end for ever of all persons and things military. That would be a mistaken hope; I note, in fact, ominous signs of a *rap-prochement* between the born-military and the born-civilian element out here; a dangerous tendency to fraternize. Old soldiers (of the "Established, 1867" type) have sunk so low as to have a sneaking affection for young Something-in-the-City; presumably wise and practical men of business, whom you would have thought old enough to know better, admit in whispers and with a blush that they see some sense after all in the military method. I have heard the most individualist section of the proletariat wonder aloud if that once advertised and cherished M.P. of theirs did, for all his rich profusion of promises, take as much real interest in the minutest details of their personal welfare as does



"YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR WHAT I'M DOING NOW. I'M IN THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT."
 "GOOD GRACIOUS! AND DO YOU HAVE TO BE INTELLIGENT ALL THE TIME?"

now their grim and silent and six-letter Brigadier? Suppose, Charles, for one breathless moment just suppose, that we *elected* our General Officers Commanding. I can hear our candidate addressing us on the eve of the poll: "Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men, I see before me the most unruly, unkempt, untidy, and (*will* you stop shuffling your feet?) altogether inefficient collection of nondescripts I ever remember to have set eyes on. If, for my sins, I'm put at the head of you, I can guarantee you a busy and troublous time till you have changed. For the future, I should advise you, if you elect me, to get into my way of thinking as quickly as you can and act up to it. For the present I will listen to no questions and give no answers . . . You may dismiss." And, having saluted and dismissed and labelled him with the right epithet, and imputed to him every personal failing, and prayed for him every conceivable misfortune, we should vote for him *nem. con.*

Talking of politicians and soldiers, I promised you a later episode in the career of Second-Lieutenant McIver, that once riotous partisan of all Tory causes. I told you how he learnt

discipline, but I did not mean you to suppose that all the original sin had gone out of him. The last time I saw him his battalion was at rest and he had had a day off, to go amongst the civilised. Moreover he had the sole use of a car, returning empty, for the homeward journey. So he found himself, having fed like a lord and bathed in hot water like a prince, trundling home in a private motor like a king. Never one of those giants who refresh themselves with wine, he gets all the stimulant he wants from life in general. He found it at this moment quite intoxicating, and the wildest part of his inner soul called for an outlet. Heaven smiled upon him; it was his day.

In the first place Heaven blessed him with a chauffeur not unambitious in the matter of speed, and in the second place it put another car on his road for him to overtake.

In the third place it so arranged that the rival car was being driven by a real red Olympian in person. Heaven was indeed lavish that day, for this is a phenomenon I have never yet seen, much less dared to overtake.

In the fourth place it possessed the Olympian with the spirit of competition, but in the fifth place it so smiled

upon McIver's carburetter, engine, ignition, gears and all that was McIver's, that he left the Olympian standing.

In the sixth place it developed in the Olympian an extreme wrath at being himself surpassed by a mere subaltern; and in the seventh place it selected for its Olympian a man who was not only, in the present, a temporary military Olympian, but had also been in the past a great Radical politician. Heaven in fact appeared to be going right out of its way to satisfy McIver's utmost desires.

In the eighth place it so fulfilled the Olympian with rage that when at last he overtook McIver at his destination he drew up alongside and embarked upon an argument with him; and in the ninth and last and best place of all, it put the Olympian in the wrong from the start, because, by regulation, he had no business to be driving his car at all, as Heaven took care to inform McIver by the mouth of his chauffeur during the race.

It was at the point of contact that I happened to be, and I watched the argument. The Olympian, according to his inner nature, spoke with heat and for immediate effect, touching upon a number of hitherto unknown

laws which made it a misdemeanour for anybody to overtake anybody else on the road, and a capital crime for a Second Lieutenant to do it to an Olympian. McIver said nothing, not even with reference to the more definite law about cars being driven only by their chauffeurs. Only too plainly he was reserving his defence for judicial proceedings before such disciplinary authority as the Olympian might care to invoke, knowing full well, and well knowing that the Olympian knew full well, that there weren't going to be any judicial proceedings, and no disciplinary authority in this world was ever going to hear of the matter. In a word, McIver did in fact what we all pretend from time to time to have done; he just *looked* at his adversary. If you ever come to doubt the real existence out here of our happy warriors, get hold of McIver and hear him tell how first he fought, and then he bathed, fed, travelled speedily, raced an Olympian and left him nowhere, downed all Radical dialectics with a look, and then went on fighting.

Yours ever, HENRY.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

(SECOND SERIES.)

VI.

RUSHY GREEN.

THE banks are rushy green,
The banks are rushy green,
And steep enough and deep enough to
hide a Runaway Queen!
Hang your crown on a rush,
Hide your shoes in the brush,
Paddle your feet in the water sweet,
you never will be seen.
The banks are rushy green,
The banks are rushy green,
Put your crown and slippers on, and
don't say where you've been.

VII.

EARL'S COURT AND BARON'S COURT.

Earls court
With knee bent low,
Barons court
With a kiss and a blow.
I dropped a curtsey to the Earl;
I'm the Baron's lady, O.

Overdoing it.

"Hubert Taylor, forty-one, was sent to prison for fourteen days at Newcastle yesterday for seeking exemption by the production of a birth certificate with 1876 altered to 187." *Morning Paper.*

An "Inclusive" Bargain?

"ABOUT 20 doz. only of ———'s Muslin Pinafores, all soiled factory samples, but dirt cheap."—*Southern Daily Mail.*

WARS OF THE PAST.

(As recorded in the Press of the period.)

III.

From "The Sparta Spatchcock."

CRUSHING DEFEAT AT THERMOPYLÆ.

HELLENE ARMY ANNIHILATED.

"A DISORDERLY RABBLE."

(Special to "The Sparta Spatchcock.")

WOULD to Zeus I had never seen this day! The Army has been annihilated. It is now—as I believe I am the first to inform you—a mere disorderly rabble.

It is impossible to glean any details of the tragedy. Apparently—as was naturally to be expected—we encountered the overwhelmingly superior forces of the enemy and suffered the inevitable consequences. Incredibly deluded by the effete superstition of the invincibility of Hellenic arms, in face of the whole science of modern war, which shows that nowadays numbers, and numbers only, count, we have had at the first shock a tragic awakening.

As the rumours of the *débâcle* spread, and as later I watched the first broken remnants of our miserable force straggling South, I thought bitterly of the disregarded warnings of the last ten years, during which Persia has been making the most immense military preparations, plainly destined for use against the Hellenes, and merely waiting for the most favourable moment to attack us. Meanwhile we have done *nothing*. Those who pleaded for an army of defence on the continental scale have been shouted down, while even in Sparta itself we have allowed—and apparently still allow—nothing to interfere with our sacred Games.

And this is the result. The huge Persian war-machine, magnificently organized and equipped, is pounding in pursuit and everywhere sweeping irresistibly onwards. Nothing that we can bring into the field for many months can hope to stand against them. Athens must fall. And afterwards . . .

From "The Lacedæmon Leader."

Now that we have at last received the official report of what will, no doubt, be known as the Battle of Thermopylæ and the subsequent successful retirement of the Hellenes southwards, we are able—supplementing our still scanty information with details from the letters of combatants which have appeared in our columns—to put a definite value on the deliberately scaremongering account with which the special correspondent of a contemporary was permitted to shock the country.

What was it that we were told in

that infamous "Would to Zeus" article? The army of the Hellenes had been annihilated; nothing but "a disorderly rabble" was left; the Persians had carried all before them, etc., etc. And the writer concluded, of course, with his usual admiration of the methods of the enemy and insults to his countrymen, concerning which we are content to say at the moment that we are still unregenerate enough to prefer small highly trained contingents like those of the Hellenes, every man of which has his heart in the business, to the pressed hordes of the Persians, who have to be driven into battle with the whip.

The whole truth is—in his haste to vilify his countrymen even the possibility of it seems never to have occurred to the writer of the *Spatchcock* article—that Thermopylæ was not, rightly considered, a defeat at all. It was a long and desperate defensive against enormous odds, during which the "contemptible little army" of the Hellenes (which, in the opening stages of the engagement, XERXES scornfully deputed his Guards—the so-called "Immortals"—to wipe out) for three days kept the entire force of the Persians at bay, and then only retired because, as the report says, "the enemy had worked round our flank and it became necessary to safeguard the retreat of the army." The majority got clean away in good order, covered by the devoted Spartan remnant, which, in accordance with our proud traditions, remained to die gloriously on the field of battle. "Surrender be d—d!" LEONIDAS is reported to have said in reply to a Persian offer. "The Spartans die but never surrender." And, not content merely to stave off the enemy attack to the last possible moment, he even led his men in a desperate counter-offensive, as gallant and devoted as any of which we have record.

We quote but one sample of the magnificent spirit displayed by our men throughout this trying operation. One of them—a typical hoplite—was told (no doubt by a gentleman of the same kidney as the writer of the *Spatchcock* article) that the Persians were so numerous that their arrows would conceal the sun. "Swelp me, Zeus," was the ready if somewhat irreverent retort, "I'm glad to 'ear it. We can do without ole Apollo in a 'ot scrap like this 'ere."

Not only is the Hellenic army *not* annihilated, it has fought what is at least a drawn battle, extricated itself from a peculiarly difficult situation, and remains intact, ready to give battle at its own time, on its own ground. The Persians are as far off as ever from that crushing victory which is

necessitated both by the personal pride of XERXES and the exigencies of their strategical position.

For the rest we beg leave to think that public opinion will do justice to the brilliant achievement of LEONIDAS and his men, and will not permit it lightly to be forgotten.

A GREAT MAN.

"You know, Wormald," said my old house-master, "you've changed. I don't think I should have recognised you in the street."

"Khaki," said I laconically. "Besides, it's the best part of some time since I've been able to visit the old place. Seven years, to be exact. I've devoted the interval to becoming the 'sadder and wiser man' of the moral stories. Hence the change."

"Well," said Mr. Marshall, "of course you'll find the place changed, too. It's bigger, for one thing. Three new houses, a library and a speech-hall since you left. But I think you'll find nearly all the masters are old friends; most of the youngsters who joined us after your time are fighting, you see, and we old 'uns are left to carry on."

"I must trot round and look 'em up."

"They'll all be out on the field watching the match. Come along."

When we reached the football ground there they all were, very little altered. Those who had formerly been grey were now white, that was all. I went up to Allan, once the terror and the plague of my life.

"Good afternoon, Sir," said I politely. He peered at me.

"Er—good afternoon," he said uncertainly.

"You don't know me," I challenged him.

"Certainly I do. You're—er—Nes-bit."

"No. Wormald."

"Of course, of course. Stupid of me. Why, only the other day I was wondering what had become of you . . ."

We gossiped a bit.

"Hallo, there's Mr. Markham," said I, breaking off.

Markham looked hard at me.

"I remember you very well," he remarked thoughtfully, "as a peculiarly prominent thorn in my flesh. I can't quite get your name, but it began with a 'P' and you were in Aitchison's house."

"Marshall's," I corrected.

"Ah. In that case your name began with a 'W,'" he said with conviction. "Worthington? No, Wells? No—er—"

"Wormald," I said.



First Neighbour. "AN' WOT DID YOU S'Y?"

Second ditto.—"I KEP ME DIGNITY, MRS. 'ARRIS. 'Pig!' I SEZ, AN' SWEP' OUT."

"To be sure. I shall forget my own name next."

Belgrave was the next. He remembered me perfectly (by the name of Sinclair). Henderson took me for one Peters, who had been my sworn foe and hated rival. McLeod, a canny Scot, sedulously avoided using any name at all, and tried to convey the impression that as a matter of course he knew all about me. It was painfully obvious, however, that he hadn't the slightest idea who I was. Barely seven years ago I had been prominent in the thoughts of them all, and already I was buried generations deep in their minds. The only one who recognized

me was the Head, and he didn't count because I had written beforehand to tell him I was coming.

At last the game came to an end. Feeling about seventy years of age I doddered off, like a ghost from a forgotten age, to visit some of my old haunts. As I entered the main school building some of my lost youth was miraculously restored to me by the sight of Old Tom, chief factotum and odd-job man on the school staff, still going about his duties with apparently not a hair changed.

Even in my day his tale of years had been reputed to have reached 105. IT figures, and now here he



CHEER-O!

"JUST RUN UP AND CALL YOUR FATHER AGAIN, DEAR. TELL HIM BREAKFAST WILL BE COLD, THE LETTERS HAVE COME, TWO BILLS AND A NOTICE FROM THE TRIBUNAL, AND A CRISIS IN THE NEWSPAPER, AND I'M NOT QUITE SURE ABOUT HIS EGG."

not a day older than a hundred-and-one. Nowhere but in the unhasting monotony of the educational life could he have thus cheated the years.

"Afternoon, Tom," I said as I passed him. He touched his cap.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Wormald, Sir," he quavered. . . .

Truly a great man!

"POY CANNOT LIVE ON 30s."

Evening News.

Then why not pay him more? His cartoons are well worth it.

"He listened patiently and kindly, said he would do what he could, and, inserting his right hand in his right-hand trouser pocket, produced a pound note and a shilling."

Edinburgh Evening News.

If he had inserted his left hand in his right-hand trouser-pocket the exploit would have been better worth recording.

"My congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. —, upon the celebration on the 12th inst. of the anniversary of their 51st wedding."

Provincial Paper.

"Age is often an accident, but in Pinafores, it appears to have become a cheap."—*South*

"THE SILVER SHIP."

Of beautiful France the poets sing,
Where here to-day I'm soldiering;
But most of the places I've visited thus
Are spoilt by Germans or spoilt by us.

The roads are dusty, the inns are mean,
And dark and draughty and far from clean;

Doubtless the Germans, who got there first,

Looted the best and left the worst.

For the cider's sour and the wine is bad,
And of good clean water there's none to be had;

And as for the beer, 'tis a mixture pale
Of nine parts water and one part ale.

But I know an inn of the good old kind,
Where a creaking signboard swings in the wind,

With a little low doorway upon the quay
And a crazy ladder right down to the sea.

There's a crimson curtain abaft the door
And clean sweet sawdust along the floor,
A broad-shelved mantel of smoke-stained oak,

And pewter tankards for thirsty folk.

And many a skipper has raised to his lip
The foaming cup of "The Silver Ship,"
And many a weather-defying salt
Has blessed the maltster who vatted the malt.

And if you enter and pay your score
(As I mean to do when I'm back once more)

And sit and listen and drink your beer
Many marvellous tales you'll hear.

And when the telling at last is done,
And homeward the guests steal one by one,

You'll thank the Lord for the men that sail,

But most you'll thank Him for English ale.

You will seize your stick with a steady grip,
For no one is drunk at "The Silver Ship,"

And be in your bed by half-past ten,
Like all good sailors and Christian men.

Of beautiful France the poets sing,
But were I Prince of Everything,

And Lord High Admiral of the Sea,
"The Silver Ship" were enough for me.



A NON-PARTY MANDATE.

JOHN BULL. "I DON'T CARE WHO LEADS THE COUNTRY SO LONG AS HE LEADS IT TO VICTORY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 4th.—Proceedings in the House of Commons were overshadowed by the announcement in the Press that the Government was undergoing the process of "alterations and repairs."

Question-time passed amid a buzz of conversation, Members hardly noticing what took place. Still a faint laugh rewarded Mr. LYNCH's sarcastic request for an assurance that whatever happened in Greece the dynasty would be preserved; and an equally faint cheer followed Mr. HARCOURT's refusal, on economic grounds, to plant potatoes in Hyde Park.

When at last the time arrived for the PRIME MINISTER to make his statement he led up to it with his customary skill. Mr. DILLON had asked for the name of the "Food Dictator." Mr. ASQUITH replied, somewhat sharply, that no such person existed, and added, "I do not like the word 'Dictator.'" The KING, he went on to say, had approved of the reconstruction of the Government, but questions of *personnel* had better be deferred "until that process is—if it is—completed," and proceeded to move that the House should adjourn till Thursday. Mr. DILLON preferred Monday, in order that Irish Members might be able to seek inspiration from their native soil; and was supported by Mr. DEVLIN, who plaintively asked, "What is the good of keeping us hanging round London?" but did not specify whereabouts in Ireland he would like to hang.

Replying to these objections Mr. ASQUITH said he was ready to leave the date of the adjournment to the sense of the House, but took occasion to observe that whatever changes were made in the Government there would be "no departure in any shape or form from the policy we have announced and pursued since the beginning of the War." Few, if any, of the Members who cheered this pronouncement foresaw that twenty-four hours later Mr. ASQUITH would have ceased to be Prime Minister.

Before retiring for its little holiday the House accomplished two or three useful pieces of work. It passed the Pensions Bill for one thing, in spite of an eleventh-hour attempt by a few Members to turn it upside-down again by establishing a non-political Board in place of the proposed Ministry. Mr. HENDERSON successfully pointed

out that the House had deliberately decided for the appointment of a single Minister, who could be hanged, drawn and quartered if things went wrong. His complacency in reciting these penal terrors may have been due to a consciousness that, owing to the new turn of events, he himself was unlikely to be the victim.

Tuesday, December 5th.—Except on rare occasions I have not noticed any overwhelming desire on the part of the general public to listen to the deliberations of the House of Lords; nor have

ing the outrages in Athens. Persons on the brink of dissolution are sometimes gifted with exceptionally acute perception. The Government, said Lord CREWE, now feel that the whole question "must be considered with regard to naval and military considerations." It seems almost a pity that they did not arrive at that rather obvious conclusion long ago.

Thursday, December 7th.—Economy, like charity, should begin at home. Although it was announced yesterday by the Press Bureau that no questions would be answered and no business transacted in the House of Commons to-day, it does not seem to have occurred to anybody in authority that in that case no order-papers would be necessary. There they were, just as usual, forty pages of beautiful and costly paper, comprising Questions—267 of them—notices of motion, &c. The first order of the day, I noticed with interest, was a Liability for Explosions Bill; but I am informed that it has nothing to do with the late SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

Save on the Ministerial Bench, where two of the Whips sat in solitary state, there was a large attendance of Members, who evidently expected that there would be some debate on the motion for the adjournment. But even Mr. GINNELL and Mr. OUTHWAITE restrained themselves; and in less than two minutes from Mr. WHITLEY's assumption of the Chair he was out of it again, and Members rushed to the Lobby to discuss the prospects of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as a Cabinet-Maker.

Again setting "the other place" an example of industry and expedition the Lords sat for fully ten minutes, and passed three Bills before adjourning.

A Long Shot.

"In the course of this expedition 1,000 kilometres of explosives were dropped."

Western Herald.

"The bridesmaid in attendance was Miss —, whose navy blue costume was worn with a large blue halter."

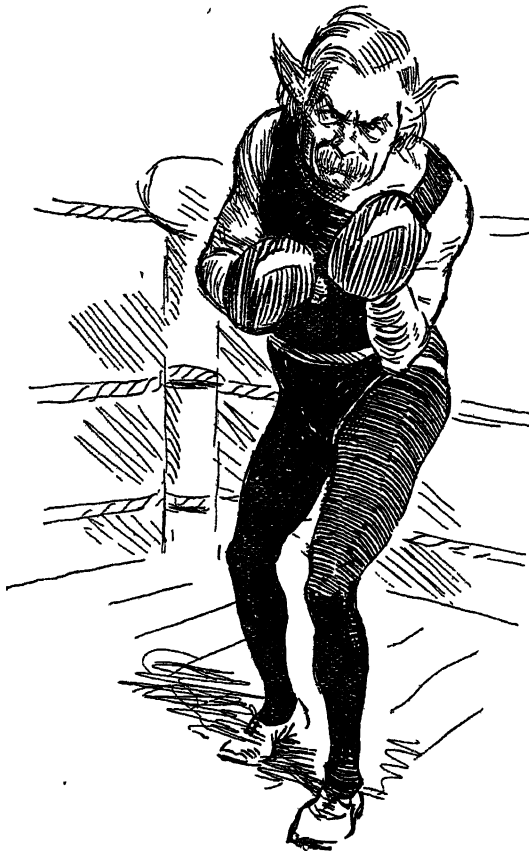
Liverpool Post and Mercury.

The newest thing in bridle attire.

"£2,967 FOR A SHORTHORN IN MEXICO."

At the autumn sales in Buenos Ayres of British shorthorns, Mr. George Campbell, Aberdeen, secured £2,967 12s. 4d. for 'Velox of Naemoor.'—*Scotsman.*

This is the first we have heard of the Mexican conquest of Argentina. Has President WILSON noticed it?



THE MAN WITH A PUNCH.

I observed that the presence of a few reporters has prevented noble orators on occasion from speaking their minds with embarrassing frankness. Still, there are some peers who desire even greater privacy and freedom than they enjoy at present, and on their behalf Lord MIDLETON inquired whether there would be any difficulties in the way of holding a secret session on Thursday.

Lord CREWE intimated that he would have been delighted in the ordinary course to take part in such a debate. The only drawback to it was that for the moment Ministers were in a state of suspended animation, and could not therefore tell the House any secrets.

At the invitation of Lord SALISBURY, however, he then and there imparted such information as he possessed regard-

WHAT THE SERGEANT SAID.

"SQUAD!—shun-as-you-were! . . . Squad—shun . . . Right—dress . . . Squad—number-as-you-were . . . Squad—number . . . as-you-were . . . Squad—number . . . Squad—standat—ease. Wake up there, Number Three. I'm sorry they made you get out o' bed so early this mornin' and I'll do my best to see that it don't occur again, but meanwhile you must knock off the rest of your beauty sleep till I've done with you. Why, blimey! Look at you! You ain't dressed. What do you mean by coming on parade only 'alf dressed? Yes, it's you I'm talking to, Number Three. You ain't fit to be seen. Look at your 'at-badger. No, don't take yer 'at off. Soldiers never takes their 'ats off for nothing nor nobody. Did you clean that there badger this morning? No, I thought not. 'Adn't time, 'adn't you? But what about larst night? I tell you what it is, my lad. You don't care. That's what it is. You don't care whether we lose this 'ere war or not. If a million blinkin' Germans landed on the East Coast to-morrow I don't believe you'd clean your 'at-badger. Oh, you would, would you? Well, the quicker you remember to do it now the more I shall love you. Don't you never forget that if a soldier's badger ain't polished he's filthy. Doesn't matter 'ow clean 'is face and 'ands is, if 'is badger 'is dirty, e's dirty, and dirt is what we can't stand in the Army. What 'ave you been doing to your face, Number Five? You don't mean to tell me you've been a-shavin' of yourself with an Army razor? What? You 'ave! Did you wear a beard afore you joined? Well, what did you shave yourself with? Why didn't you bring it with you then? Get one given to you? Of course you gets one given to you, but that ain't for shaving, that's for kit inspections. You write 'ome for your razor. I can't 'ave recruits walkin' about lookin' as if they 'd been doocellin' with bread-knives. That's a German game, that is, and we don't want none of it 'ere. What are you grinnin' at, Number Six? I don't 'old with personal remarks as a general rule, but 'orrible ain't the word for your grin. If you saw it yourself you'd never smile again. You keep that grin for the 'Uns. I shouldn't be surprised if it won you a medal then. But you won't go winning no medals, my lad, unless you fixes your puttees better than that. They looks more like steel shavings off 'n a lathe than anything I ever see. They got tucks in 'em, too, like a baby's bib, and they hangs down kind of helpless like your grandad's socks. Blimey! I never see such puttees. I know you



Philosopher (in comparative safety at bottom of dugout, and taking no cognisance of those who are more exposed). "WHAT I SEZ IS THAT THIS 'ERE RECKLESS EXPENDITURE OF AMMUNITION IS WHAT'S GOIN' TO FINISH THE 'UN."

'aven't got very much to fasten 'em on to, but you must do better than that. Where the blazes is your third tunic button, Number Nine? I know all about it. I can see your little bit of stuff pinning it on her little blouse with a little safety-pin. Ho, you lost it, did you? Well, get another by next parade. Toes out, Number Ten. Pigeons and geese was made to turn their toes in, even when standing at ease, but not so the 'uman being. . . . Squad—Eyes front, Number Two. There's one thing I want to warn you against, my lads, and that is pinching. There's a man 'ere 'as 'ad a button pinched off 'is tunic overnight. I know girls like buttons, for 'at-pins and such. But if a fellow ain't man enough to give one

of 'is own buttons away and risk a row, 'e ain't man enough to 'ave a girl to give a button to. . . . Squad!"

"The Kaiser gave the Chancellor a beautiful vase, and all the members of the Imperial family, including the Crown Prince, called at the Chancellor's palace.—Exchange."

In accordance with his usual practice the CROWN PRINCE came after the vase.

From a speech by the Bishop of LONDON:—

"I have had many a cup of coffee with my friend Sir Herbert Tree behind the Royal box in one of his many costumes."

Morning Paper.

We hope he found it a pleasant change from the monotony of episcopal gaiters.

TEN MINUTES IN GERMANY.

THE CURTAIN LIFTED.

AMAZING REVELATIONS.

(With apologies to a certain neutral.)

III.—How I GOT OUT.

[The writer has spent five minutes in Germany, and has obtained unmistakable evidence from an innkeeper that the country is perishing of hunger and thirst.]

"I too in America haf been," said the innkeeper. "I will ze language spik."

I implored him to stick to German—to do nothing to justify me in advising Washington to send a sharp Note to Berlin.

"Speak in the liquid soothing accents of your native tongue," I begged; "I can never tire of the soft melodious periods of the Prussian dialect."

He brightened up at this. Then he hissed the following across the counter (I translate it into fluent English):—

"Listen," he said, tearing savagely at an unruly morsel of sausage. "What are we doing at Zeebrugge? I ask you—what are we doing there?"

I played havoc with my brains for a few seconds, then resigned.

He got up from his seat and came round the counter. For the first time I noticed that he was wearing a brown coat, yellow knickerbockers and green stockings. If the British blockade had put an innkeeper to this shame in just over two years, how long would it take to make Germany clothesless?

Then he made a mystic sign.

"Give the countersign," he said.

Instantly I turned a double somersault and hooted like an owl.

"Ach! I can trust you," he remarked, and, leaning forward, he whispered in my ear:—

"We are building an under-sea tunnel!"

I was aghast. "Give me a lager," I moaned. He sold me a lager.

"Think of it!" he went on, brandishing a remnant of sausage in my face. "A tunnel from Zeebrugge to England! And what a tunnel! In it are railway lines, shops, hotels, beer halls, picture houses, automatic sweet machines, free libraries. . . . Kolossal!"

I bought two lagers.

"We shall have dozens of these tunnels," pursued the innkeeper. "Some—" his voice sank to an awful gurgling whisper (this was largely due to the sausage)—"some are already

built! Why did the WAR LORD order our glorious troops to hack a way to Calais at all costs? Why? I ask you."

"It's your conundrum, old son," I retorted. "You solve it."

"I will tell you. Because, hidden in a lonely spot near the port of Calais, lies the entrance to a Channel Tunnel which, unknown to the world, we built before the War!"

I bought up the greater part of his stock of lager.

Then was made known to me the secret of the German dash for Calais.

"Pouf! It was simple," said the innkeeper. "We leased some land, we erected buildings, we dug a hole,

accursed land. And I tell you—they will burst out *everywhere*! On the coast, and again far inland. While our heroic warriors erupt in thousands at some deserted spot on the beach of Margate, thousands more will be pouring up from the earth on the grass of the Hyde Park, or through the floor of their Parliament House, at the very feet of Sir ASQUITH, perhaps, even as he is telling the assembled company that Germany is vanquished. England that day will find herself without a Parliament. Contemplate it!"

I hid my face in my hands. There are some things one cannot contemplate.



HUMANITARIAN AT CATTLE SHOW SURREPTITIOUSLY FEEDS FAT STOCK ON ANTI-OBESITY PELLETS.

'What do you there?' asked the French. 'We dig for gold,' we replied. 'Our scientists have demonstrated beyond dispute that gold is here.' 'Good,' said the French. 'Let us know if you find any.' We laboured, hiding away our real purpose behind walls and vast boardings. Came a day when the giant work was done. 'We can find no gold,' we told the French. 'That is a pity,' said they. 'But never mind. Better luck next time. Please be good enough to clear away the mess you've made.' Gladly we did as they asked, and soon there remained only a dreary piece of waste ground. But the tunnel is there, and three men alone in Germany can find it.

"That is only part of the secret. To tell you all would be the act of a traitor. For even if the English know of these tunnels they can never know where they will burst out in their

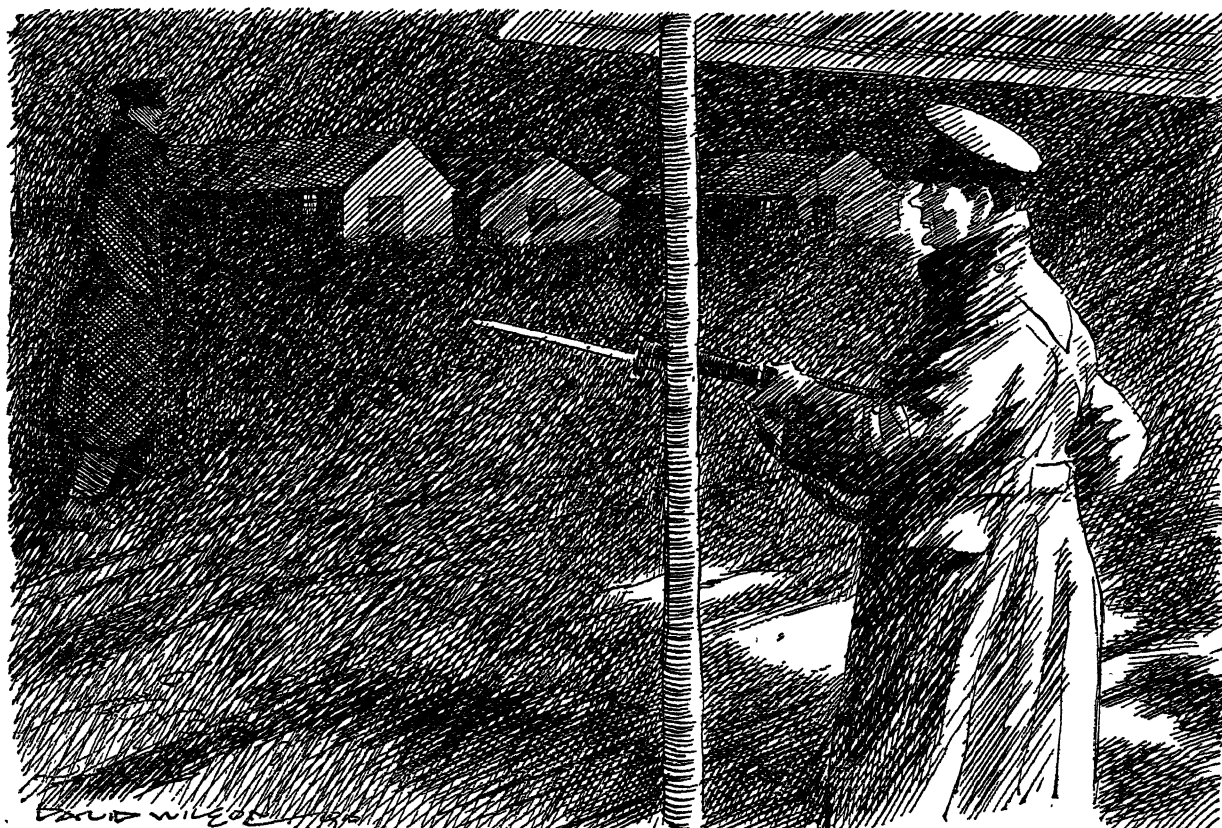
"Yet another vision," cried the innkeeper. "One morning, as the inhuman Lord GEORGE sits in the banqueting-hall of his Welsh castle, toying with the costly London egg before him" (a spasm of envy passed across the speaker's face), "there will come a crash, the floor will go up in splinters, and behold! our soldiers will be binding the King of Wales hand and foot and sharing his egg among them!"

Time was flying. Already I had spent eight and-a-half minutes in Germany. All the lager was gone. To remain longer was to court disaster—possibly death from thirst. Accordingly I gave the mystic sign of departure. The innkeeper countered, stamping four times with his right foot and mewling like a kitten. Opening the door, I stole into the night, and as I went I heard the innkeeper get to work on the second sausage.

Outside I lay flat on my face, and in the space of a minute evolved and rejected twenty-two plans for re-crossing the frontier without detection. Then I rose to my feet and stepped across the once whitewashed boundary line into neutral country. What an escape!

* * * * *

I do not propose to pass an opinion on the amazing information I have obtained. Most of it speaks for itself. Of the economic conditions of Germany I had practical (and painful) experience during my ten minutes' visit to that mockery of an inn. My health, indeed, suffered greatly from my privations in the country, and I am still unable to write more than a few thousand words a day. In some respects I am a changed man. It will be long before I recover from the strain of that conversation in the lonely frontier inn. And the memory of that sausage I shall carry to my grave.



A FALSE NOTE.

Sentry. "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"

Orderly Officer (in high-pitched, sing-song voice). "VIS-IT-ING R-O-U-N-D-S."

Sentry (thinking someone is being funny). "HI-NIDDLEY-HI-TI! GUARD—TURN OUT!"

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE'S WAR ECONOMIES.

(Suggested by "Famous Actresses' Pet Economies," in "The Star.")

THE popular actor-manager, Sir James Maberley, hitherto the acknowledged leader of masculine fashion in London, will henceforth (until the termination of the War) make his own clothes (unless the box-office returns should in consequence show a startling falling-off).

Trixie Twinkletoes, of the Flamboyant, has let her countless admirers know that in future, instead of the "dear beautiful flowers" with which they are wont to fill her dressing-room, she would be glad to receive loaf-sugar, fresh butter, and new-laid eggs.

Delightful Miss Rosie Smithers, in her great scene with the inimitable Mr. Jack Leary in the sparkling revue, *Who are you shoving?* now only makes up the side of her face that happens to be turned to the audience.

Sir Max Potztausend, one of the most loyal Englishmen Prussia has ever supplied to our Privy Council, now uses only German silver on his table.

The distinguished novelist, Mr. Ronald Wordley, in his new volume shortly to be published (like many of its predecessors it is written round the boot-and-shoe industry in Northamptonshire), will, in consequence of the increased price of ink and paper, use words of not more than two syllables, will employ less psychology and detail than formerly, and will split his infinitives in order to make them go farther.

"My Boat is on the Shore."

"A ferryboat from Howden-on-Tyne on Saturday began to sing in the river, and was with difficulty brought to the Jarrow side, where she grounded."

Bournemouth Daily Echo.

"REQUIRED, a situation as HEAD PARLOUR-MAID, where two, three, or more are kept; thoroughly experienced and capable; accustomed to following menservants."

Morning Post.

No trouble about "followers" with a woman like this who is prepared to do her own following.

"Fifty truant schoolboys were reported at Tottenham. Their father's absence at the front is the cause."

Daily Sketch.
Truly a *pater patriæ*.

The Infra-Bantams.

"It is officially notified that men of 4ft. 6in. will in future be eligible for military service."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

From an article entitled, "Guns at the Wrong End of the Ship":—

"An Admiralty imbued with Nelson's spirit and only a little of his fighting mettle would, of course, have armed our merchantmen bow, boom, and quarter."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

While far from suggesting that there is anything about "booms" with which the Harmsworth Press is not familiar, we should like to know further details of this new method of armament.

"It is notified by the Foreign Office that applications for licenses to export certain quantities of starches to Norway, provided they are consigned to the Norwegian Wholesale Grocers Association, will in future receive consideration."—*The Times.*

The idea of course is that these starches might be re-exported, and so help to stiffen the German front.

"A gentleman requires employment a few hours daily, to take charge of baby; mornings preferred."—*West London Observer.*

Not all our heroes, it seems, are at the Front.

THE NEXT CRISIS.

Monday.—Attended great meeting. Splendid enthusiasm and complete unanimity. Lord Finsbury, in the Chair, said, whatever else the War had done it had had at least one good effect: it had made us one nation. The voice of faction was hushed and nobody now thought of party. All individual opinions were now merged in a passionate determination to win the War. The Government could count on the united support of a loyal and resolute people. There were loud cheers, and we all sang "God Save the King."

Tuesday.—Strange leading article in *The Shunter* on the failure of the Government to maintain adequate supply of bananas. One banana, it seems, is equivalent as food to a leg of mutton, and the by-products (the skin, etc.) are quite invaluable for the manufacture of high explosives and shoe-leather. "The Government," says *The Shunter*, "have dallied with this question far too long. In view of the critical condition of affairs we declare that no further delay can be tolerated. We press for the immediate appointment of a Banana Board." *The Twilight* backs up *The Shunter*. It asks what confidence can be placed in a Government which has neglected so vital a matter? I quite agree; it is shameful.

Wednesday.—*The Daily Hail* has a poster, "BANANAS AND BRAINS." It says nearly all the present Ministers must go, so that we may have a Government that will really do things. It asserts that, owing to the miserable dilatoriness of Ministers, who have forbidden the Navy to act, the whole available supply of bananas has been colared by the Germans. Strong letter in *The Shunter* from Admiral Petrel. He says he has submitted to the Government an infallible plan for smashing the German fleet, and, beyond a bare acknowledgment, he has heard nothing further. "*Quousque tandem*," says *The Shunter* in a powerful leading article.

Thursday.—It is announced that two Banana groups have been formed in the House of Commons, one Conservative and the other Liberal. Both have appointed deputations to interview the PRIME MINISTER. *The Daily Hail* comes out with a poster, "COALITION OR COALHOLE," and publishes ten strong letters from Clergymen and Justices of the Peace attacking the Government. Ministers, it says, are used up and had better make up their minds to go. Only one of them can be of any further use, and he ought to appoint himself dictator. *The Whitehall Gazette* deprecates this. The essence of a Coalition, it says, is that it should coalesce. Personal ambitions must yield to the common good.

Friday.—There is a political crisis of the first magnitude. All the Ministers, it seems, have threatened at one time or another to resign and affairs are in a state of high tension. The Coalition is said to be doomed. The last Cabinet Council broke up in dreadful disorder, and Ministers were with difficulty prevented from flying at one another's throats. The Banana groups have been holding continuous meetings without any definite results. The PRIME MINISTER, it is officially stated, has arranged to spend the week-end in the country. There is a rumour that he has in reality been captured and confined in the Tower.

Saturday.—The Ministry has been entirely reconstructed from top to bottom, and a Banana Dictator has at last been appointed. We all breathe again and the War can now go on with the assistance of a completely united nation.

Why Mr. Asquith Resigned.

"Mr. Bonar Law sat on the Prime Minister's left-hand nursing his knee—a favourite trick in moments of meditative perturbation." *Daily Telegraph*.

THE IRREGULAR READER.

[A writer in *The Westminster Gazette* recalls the protest of JOHN HILL BURTON, the Scots historian, against regular courses of reading, his belief being that better results were attained by the simultaneous study of serious and entertaining authors.]

An eminent author, while earnestly pleading
For all that could fruitfully widen our range,
Denounces a course of continuous reading
And favours the plan of precipitous change;
Recommending, *e.g.*, as a means of digesting
Great GIBBON's profuse and voluminous tomes,
Concurrent perusal of BYRON's arresting
Don Juan, the gayest of pomes.

Though my wits are not great—they incline to be
muddy—

They jump with the wits of this eminent man,
For I've always endeavoured to lighten the study
Of solid and strenuous works by his plan;
And even at school, when preparing my *Cæsar*
I found I could seldom or never say no,
When that arduous author had set me a teaser,
To the lure of the stories of POE.

The course that from youth I've consistently followed
Cannot be commended to every mind,
For the strange sort of sandwich I've frequently
swallowed

Might possibly jar on the ultra refined;
For instance, some people who like bread and stilton
Would shy in disgust at the head of a sheep;
And to alternate MARIE CORELLI and MILTON
Is a step that is rather too steep.

Still there's much to be said for resolving to take on
The lurid along with the sober and sane,
For I never thought more of the Essays of BACON
Than when I concurrently studied HALL CAINÉ;
And there's no better method to test the assertions
Of those who pronounce Mrs. GASKELL effete
Than that of conducting alternate excursions
To Cranford and Sinister Street.

So again when I listen to critics who starkly
Declare that Sir WALTER and DICKENS are "rot,"
I "synthesize" BOZ with the good Mrs. BARCLAY,
The bountiful Baroness ORCZY with SCOTT;
Still I think that the spiciest *olla podrida*,
The most temerarious mental mixed grill
I ever consumed was the passion of OUIDA
Combined with the Logic of MILL.

The sedulous student, intent on perusing
One book at a time with the fewest of stops,
Is patently blind to the value of choosing
A method allowing of changes and chops;
Let him hold, an he will, that it's always essential
To march to the goal by a uniform way;
I prefer to advance by the method tangential
Of mixing the grave with the gay.

More Scandal about Queen Elizabeth.

From an article in *The Hibbert Journal* entitled, "Are we Better or Happier than our Fathers?"—

"Are not the very paupers in the workhouses—refuges unknown to our forefathers—provided, as a matter of course, with appliances such as Queen Elizabeth on her throne could not command? It is improbable that this great lady, in the whole course of her long and healthy life, ever had a bath."



A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE TRANSPORT.

Sergeant (breathlessly). "ARE THE MULES HURT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE many readers who remember with pleasure KATHARINE TYNAN's former book of memories, *Twenty-Five Years*, will be glad to know that its deserved success has encouraged her to a sequel, which she calls *The Middle Years* (CONSTABLE). It is full of just the same happily haphazard recollections of persons and events in the literary, political and social worlds that made the charm of the earlier volume. This covers the twenty years from 1891 to 1911, and deals therefore with much that in point of actual time is not so far from us to-day, only indeed round the last corner (but how sharp the turning since!) and still clear in memory. Naturally, it is before all else an Irish book. YEATS, A. E., JOHN O'MAHONY, and the WYNDHAMS are the chief characters to fill its vivacious chapters; very present too is a Celtic spirit that shows itself now in a vividly picturesque turn of phrase, now in an almost disconcertingly calm acceptance of what the Saxon would call the supernatural. Good stories abound, and many happy little character-portraits, amongst which I liked as well as any a casual mention of the cook's husband who was "so travelled that he never would call France abroad." One hopes that he has lived to see this refusal become the common use. A most companionable book.

Only a deep conviction about a great wrong to be set right could have carried Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT through his epic, *The Song of the Plow* (HEINEMANN). Hodge, dispossessed and ignored since the Conquest even to this day, is his theme, based on the generalisation that the governed classes and the governing have been and still are of different

blood; the latter "even now preponderatingly Latin-French with Scandinavian admixture," the former British with Saxon. I wonder if it is quite as simple as that. A suggestive hypothesis anyway. The workmanship of this rhymed history is a *tour de force* of technical skill. Adroitly varied rhythms and an ingenious and not too rigid rhyme scheme, which demands throughout the difficult feat of the triple rhyme, give a singular effect of movement to the whole. Passages of a rich colour and a passionate eloquence ennoble a worthy theme. There is not a dull canto in it. Please take it from me that it is a literary event by no means to be missed by any of the discerning. In a review of a recent light book of Mr. HEWLETT's I allowed myself a foolish gibe at the detachment in war-time of writers of delicate trifles. I regretted too late, and now feel still more repentant under this complete rebuke of six thousand fine and serious lines.

Has it ever given you a queer upside-down feeling to look at a book for children, at the illustrations especially, and to reflect in how many minds some confused impression of them is destined to remain as the dim background to memory, so that, years afterwards perhaps, a chance echo of their colour will have power mysteriously to pierce the grown-up heart? One thinks the artists who fashion nursery pictures should set about it with prayer and fasting, so great is their responsibility. Some such idea as this came to me over the very delightful illustrations to *Pilot and Other Stories* (MACMILLAN). These are the work of Mr. H. J. FORD, and in my opinion are models for their kind, with lots of satisfactory colour and plenty of people actively engaged in understandable pursuits. As for the tales (which by rights I should of course have mentioned

first) they prove their author, Mr. HARRY PLUNKET GREENE, to have a real sympathy both with children and animals, and to know exactly how the former would wish the latter to talk. *Pilot* himself is a rare dog at dialogue. Moreover (a great point) the comedy note is agreeably sustained throughout. Recalling the anguish wrung from my own youthful sympathies by that quite intolerable tale of *Gelert*, I am always a little apprehensive about dog-fiction for the young. But fortunately *Pilot* neither rescues anyone nor is he in any way misunderstood. So a place for him on your Christmas list may be reserved with safety.

It was an unfortunate trait in the otherwise estimable character of the (technically) "good" fairy *Malvina* that she had a passion for change—as Mr. JEROME K. JEROME puts it—"in other people." In the days of King ARTHUR and the Round Table she not only converted an elderly tin-mine owner into a nightingale, "necessitating a change of habits which must have been singularly irritating to a business man," but played the same trick on *Prince Gerbot*, a man with powerful friends, who decreed that *Malvina* should be banished from fairy society and wander the earth. While pursuing this course in the year 1914 A.D. she encountered *Flight-Commander Raffleton*, who took her to England in his aeroplane and left her in charge of his cousin *Christopher* in an Oxfordshire village, where her taste for changing things found a good deal of scope. *Malvina* of *Brittany* (CASSELL) is not Mr. JEROME at his best. The tale suffers from comparison, which it can hardly help inviting, with Mr. WELLS's *Wonderful Visit*. Far better are the other stories in the volume, added as makeweights. Even in those distant days when he broke like a young colt—or like a male *Malvina*—into the quiet field of English humour, shocking and disturbing the more sober and conservative with his rollickings, there ran through Mr. JEROME's farcical outbursts a certain vein of wistful dreaminess which his public valued almost as much as his fun. It is this sort of thing which nowadays, when Time has mellowed him, he does best, and the short stories in his latest book are excellent samples of his serious manner. One of them, indeed, *The Fawn Gloves*, a little tragic episode with its roots deep down in human nature, is a masterpiece. Mr. WELLS—to drag him in again—might, if given the same theme, have handled it as well, but no one writing to-day could have done it better. Almost equally good is *The Street of the Blank Wall*. All these short stories are of the past, recalling, as Mr. JEROME's best work generally does, the brave days of the nineties, of the *Idler* and hansom cabs and reputations in the making.

The Cellar-House of Pervyse (BLACK), a true story taken by Miss G. E. MITTON from the journals and letters of the Baroness T'SERCLAES and Miss MAIRI CHISHOLM, is most

simply and modestly described as "a tale of uncommon things." To which let me add that it would be difficult to find, even among the gallant deeds of this War, a finer courage in the face of constant danger than has been shown by these brave women. After various and thrilling experiences they eventually established themselves in their cellar-house at Pervyse, and such splendid work did they accomplish there that when in March, 1915, a decree was passed that no women should be allowed in the firing-line an exception was made in their favour. When at length they were shelled out of their original home they only moved to the other end of the village and continued to attend to the wounded, sick and hungry Belgian soldiers. But there was no rest for them, and soon they had again to move further afield, and so the extraordinary story goes on. No place, however, appealed to them so strongly as Pervyse, and towards the end of last year they returned there to continue their work, the usefulness of which the KING OF

THE BELGIANS has recognised by creating them Knights of the Order of Leopold II. To give any but the vaguest impression of the gallant work of the Two is impossible in so brief a space, and I must content myself by vouching that this record of their doings is not only worth buying because its sole object is to add to "The Cellar-House Fund," but also because its story is a very wonderful thing.

There was just a moment when I wondered if Mr. H. WARNER ALLEN, the "Special Correspondent of the British Press with the French Armies in the Field (1915-16)," was going to indulge in more abuse of the Huns than is necessary in such a book as *The Unbroken Line* (SMITH, ELDER). We all know our Bosch by this time, and most of us have the same opinion of him, but to express it is vain repetition because there are simply no adequate words left to apply to him. Mr. ALLEN, however, quickly pulled

himself together. In a series of vivid chapters he has dealt with each section of the line held by the French, and has given us an heroic account of the courage, cheerfulness and camaraderie of our invincible Allies, and their gifts, not less admirable, of organisation and resource. Mr. ALLEN seems to have enjoyed the most generous facilities. When soldiers give you a description of a fight on the spot where it actually took place, half of your own battle as a correspondent is won. The other half of the victory is Mr. ALLEN's own, the fruit of a sound style. I felicitate him on his success and at the same time make my bow to the courteous French officers who helped him to achieve it.

Defeating the Censor.

Extract from a soldier's letter:—

"I am sorry I cannot tell you where I am as I am not allowed to say. But I venture to state that I am not where I was, but where I was before I left here to go where I have just come from."



LEVÉE EN MASSE.

The Crank. "YOUR HIGHNESS, I HAVE HERE A SCHEME THAT WILL SAVE MANY OF YOUR WONDERFUL AIRSHIPS FROM DESTRUCTION. IT IS A SHELL-PROOF ENVELOPE SIX INCHES THICK."

The Count. "OF WHAT MATERIAL?"

The Crank. "IRON, YOUR HIGHNESS."

The Count. "WHY, YOU IDIOT, HOW DO YOU EXPECT THE AIRSHIP TO RISE?"

The Crank. "IT DOESN'T, YOUR HIGHNESS. THAT IS THE SOLE PURPOSE OF MY INVENTION."

CHARIVARIA.

A WELL-KNOWN German tooth-paste business was sold last week to a British purchaser for £3,000. On the other hand, a well-known brand of German eye-wash, which was offered simultaneously in all the Allied capitals, failed to secure a single nibble.

**

An alarming increase in juvenile crime in Germany has led the authorities to appeal to parents and guardians to keep a sharper control over their young, and it is understood that LITTLE WILLIE is likely to be recalled to the parental circle.

**

The Royal Horticultural Society has expressed its willingness to give every possible assistance to those engaged in increasing the output of horticultural products. Several inquiries are understood to have been already received from fashionable restaurateurs as to the feasibility of serving (of course at satisfactory prices) some of the new *Odontoglossum* hybrids seen at the Society's recent show.

**

The German Government has decided not to put any more school teachers into the firing line. Better results, it is felt, may be looked for from their accomplishments in the hate line.

**

The price of mistletoe is more than three times what it was under normal conditions, and a good many patriotic young people have agreed, in the interests of national economy, to content themselves with kissing one another without accessories.

**

"Bitter Sugar Complaints" is the burden of a discussion in the pages of a contemporary. With the greatest War the world has ever known in full swing it is surely not too much to ask people to be glad to get sugar at all without adding meticulous demands as to the exact flavour it shall possess.

**

"Fresh-water fish might yet be found useful for the food supply," said the President of the Thames Conservancy Board last week. Certainly the sight of the Tiddling fleet beating to windward on the Serpentine would gladden the heart of every true Londoner.

**

The rescission of the ukase depriving soldiers of their Christmas leave has not blinded the authorities to the high order of intelligence which originated it, and it is rumoured that the author is to be placed at the head of a Com-



New Rector. "MY GOOD MAN, IN WAR-TIME DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BE BETTER EMPLOYED KEEPING SOME MORE USEFUL ANIMAL, SAY A PIG?"

Jarvis. "AY, AN' A NICE FOOL I'D LOOK GOIN' RATTIN' WI' A PIG."

mission to Consider the Best Means of making the War Popular.

**

Girls of the Manchester High School have volunteered to cultivate idle land in and near the city. This would certainly be preferable to the present practice by which soldiers cultivate the idle girls.

**

Count BERNSTORFF is reported by a Washington correspondent as referring to the peace terms first outlined by him as Germany's talking terms. The Allies, it seems, perversely insist on a continuance of the fray until peace can be made on Germany's squealing terms.

**

Two German officers recently escaped from a Berkshire internment camp by wrapping themselves up in some waste-paper which was awaiting removal. The

name of the journal in which they concealed themselves is not given, but we are betraying no secret in saying that the attention of the detectives was first directed to their hiding-place by a reference to the Hidden Hand.

**

An absentee named Boys was discovered last week hidden under the boards of a bedroom at his home. It should be stated in fairness to an old and distinguished family that he is not one of the "Death or Glory" Boys.

**

A few days ago a horse bolted clean through a plate-glass window in Bond Street, taking a heavy van with it. To prevent the recurrence of such accidents it is proposed to forbid the display in shop windows of hats trimmed with imitation fruit or other agricultural products.

REFLECTIONS OF A PEACEMONGER.

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG talks very privately to himself.

[The author of the following lines assumes that the German peace proposals did not emanate from the CHANCELLOR, but from another and more august brain less gifted with psychological intelligence and a dawning sense of humour.]

WELL, I have done the bidding of my Master
And it has proved a frost; I knew it would.
I told him, if we posed as saints in plaster,
That sort of silly game would do no good;
I said his patent bluff
Would be regarded as a bit too tough.

I knew the hemispheres would rock with laughter
At unctious which recalls the crocodile,
Who takes a human meal and, shortly after,
Turns on the tap and slobbers down the Nile;
We spread it on so thick
That even neutrals saw right through the trick.

With blood upon our hands of little nations
Butchered to make our German joy-bells peal,
How could we hope by pious protestations
To get humanity to do a deal?
I said the damned spot
Would need some washing first; but he thought not.

I am not squeamish, no, nor yet pale-blooded,
Nor trained upon humanitarian tracts;
I trust that I'm a true Hun; yet I've studied
Sufficient history to know some facts;
And England, I should say,
Won't take her toll in words; that's not her way.

And, then, our conquering air—that crowning error;
Our noisy talk of being topmost dog;
The KAISER painted as a holy terror;
I (HOLLWEG) masking as a Golliwog;—
Was this a likely touch
To move a proud and gallant foe? Not much.

Nobody brags except to hide his weakness;
And, when we boast about our bulging fat,
Our booty (corn and oil) that makes for sleekness,
Is any fool imposed upon by that?
Men judge, from talk so thin,
A corresponding void beneath the skin.

And, even though our words were not mere vapour,
How should the enemy, knowing all about
Our *penchant* in regard to scraps of paper,
Be taking any? Till we're down and out,
Our chance to strike a treaty
Seems, like our commissariat, far from meaty.

As for the faith our people to the State owes
And to the KAISER, Lord of earth and air—
Much shaken by the shortage of potatoes,
I fear it may be shattered past repair;
If Peace ignores his nod,
They're almost sure to think it very odd. O.S.

Christmas Entertainment for Sailors and Soldiers.

A free Variety Entertainment will be given to sailors and soldiers by Misses ESMÉ and VERA BERINGER on the night of Christmas Day at 7 o'clock at the Victoria Hall (the "Old Vic," Waterloo Road), kindly lent by Miss LILLIAN BAYLIS. Doors open at 6.30. All sailors and soldiers in uniform will be cordially welcomed.

DISCIPLINE.

WE were sitting round the fire, my two sisters, my brother Ernest with his damaged leg on a rest, and myself with my arm in a sling. It was all very cosy and pleasant.

"At the beginning of the War," Ernest began, "when I was a humble private soldier . . ."

"No, Ernest," I said firmly, "not humble. A private soldier, yes; but humble, very emphatically no. Your attitude was one of amused condescension, not of humility. Never that."

"At the beginning of the War," Ernest repeated, "when I was a private soldier, and I still hold that I was, compared with Victor"—I am Victor—"a very humble one indeed, no incident so impressed me with the discipline of the Regiment as the incident of the newsvendor."

"You speak like a book, my dear Ernest," I said. "Like an instructive and rather uninteresting book. But let us have the incident of the newsvendor."

"Among the recruits who arrived at the Dépôt at that time," he continued, "was a fine big chap—he had to be, of course, to pass into the Regiment—who had made a living by selling papers in the London streets. That peculiar throaty cry of 'All the winners,' which is affected by the best newsvendors, had been brought by him to a high state of perfection. Other qualities are required in the Regiment, however, besides physique and the throaty cry, and in these the newsvendor was somewhat to seek. For the career of a newsvendor does not instil those rigid ideas of discipline which are the life-blood of the Regiment."

"Not quite so much about the Regiment," I put in. "I'm in another Regiment myself. Get on with the incident."

"Discipline," Ernest went on unmoved, "is not, as I say, the strong point of newsvendors. That is what brought him up against the Master Cook."

Ernest paused for effect.

"You know the sort of person the Regimental Master Cook is," he said. "Well, the newsvendor spoke to him."

"He didn't!" I said.

"He did," said Ernest. "It was like this. The recruits on arrival were served out with a blanket and a small basin for their food. The newsvendor came along with his, and saw the Master Cook standing in the middle of the yard."

"'Hi, guv'nor,' he called out cheerily, 'what do I do with these 'ere?'"

"The Master Cook ran a sort of machine-gun eye over him. Then very solemnly he called up a Tommy standing near."

"'With a jerk of the head towards the newsvendor, who at length was beginning to grasp that he must have done something unusual, the Master Cook said:

"'Tell him who I am.'

"'The Master Cook.'

"'Now tell him what he is!'"

Ernest paused for so long that my younger sister said, "Well?"

"That's all," said Ernest.

"Aren't you going to finish it?" she said.

But I thought Ernest was wise. Expurgated editions are always unsatisfactory.

How History is written.

From a report of the Liberal Party meeting:—

"Mr. Asquith, who looked remarkably well, was loudly cheered on entering the room."—*Evening Standard*.

"Mr. Asquith . . . looked haggard and overwrought—like a man who needed a rest."—*Same paper, same day*.



THE NEW CONDUCTOR.

OPENING OF THE 1917. OVERTURE.



"HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME ANY SOUVENIRS?"
 "I WISH IT HAD BEEN A GERMAN HELMET."

"ONLY THIS LITTLE BULLET THAT THE DOCTOR TOOK OUT OF MY SIDE."

COMMON.

SEATED in your comfortable club, my very dear Sir, or in your delightful drawing-room, Madam, you may smile pityingly at the idea of a mascot saving anybody's life. "What will be, will be," you say to yourself (or in Italian to your friends), "and to suppose that a charm round the neck of a soldier will divert a German shell is ridiculous." But out there, through the crumps, things look otherwise.

Common had sat on the mantelpiece at home. An ugly little ginger dog, with a bit of red tape for his tongue and two black beads for his eyes, he viewed his limited world with an air of innocent impertinence very attractive to visitors. Common he looked and Common he was called, with the Christian name of Howard for registration. For six months he sat there, and no doubt he thought that he had seen all that there was to see of the world when the summons came which was to give him so different an outlook on life.

For that summons meant the breaking-up of his home. Master was going wandering from trench to trench, Mistress from one person's house to another person's house. She no doubt would take Common with her; or per-

haps she couldn't be bothered with an ugly little ginger dog, and he would be stored in some repository, boarded out in some Olympic kennel. "Or do you possibly think Master might——"

He looked very wistful that last morning, so wistful that Mistress couldn't bear it, and she slipped him in hastily between the revolver and the boracic powder, "Just to look after you," she said. So Common came with me to France.

His first view of the country was at Rouen, when he sat at the entrance to my tent and hooshed the early morning flies away. His next at a village behind the lines, where he met stout fellows of "D" Company and took the centre of the table at mess in the apple orchard; and moreover was introduced to a French maiden of two, with whom, at the instigation of the seconds in the business—her mother and myself—a prolonged but monotonous conversation in the French tongue ensued, Common, under suitable pressure, barking idiomatically, and the maiden, carefully prompted, replying with the native for "Bow-wow." A pretty greenwood scene beneath the apple-trees, and in any decent civilisation the great adventure would have ended there. But Common knew that it was not only

for this that he had been brought out, and that there was more arduous work to come.

Once more he retired to the valise, for we were making now for a vill—for a heap of bricks near the river; you may guess the river. It was about this time that I made a little rhyme for him:—

"There was a young puppy called Howard,
 Who at fighting was rather a coward;
 He never quite ran
 When the battle began,
 But he started at once to bow-wow hard."

A good poet is supposed to be superior to the exigencies of rhyme, but I am afraid that in my case Common's reputation had to be sacrificed to them. To be lyrical over anybody called Howard Common without hinting that he—well, try for yourself. Anyhow it was a lie, as so much good poetry is.

There came a time when valises were left behind and life for a fortnight had to be sustained on a pack. One seems to want very many things, but there was no hesitation about Common's right to a place. So he came to see his first German dug-out and to get a proper understanding of this dead bleached land and the great work which awaited him there. It was to blow away shells and bullets

when they came too near the master in whose pocket he sat.

That he was successful you see; but I think that the feat in which he takes most pride was performed one very early summer morning. A telephone line had to be laid, and, for reasons obvious to Common, rather rapidly. It was laid safely—a mere nothing to him by this time. But when it was joined up to the telephone in the front line then he realised that he was called upon to be not only a personal mascot, but a mascot to the battalion, and he sat himself upon the telephone and called down a blessing on that cable, so that it remained whole for two days and a night when by all the rules it should have been in a thousand pieces. "And even if I didn't *really* do it all myself," he said, "anyhow I *did* make some of the men in the trench smile a little that morning, and there wasn't so *very* much smiling going on just then, you know."

After that morning he lived in my pocket, sometimes sniffing at an empty pipe, sometimes trying to read letters from Mistress which joined him every day. We had gone North to a more gentlemanly part of the line, and his duties took but little of his time, so that anything novel, like a pair of pliers or an order from the Director of Army Signals, was always welcome. To begin with he took up rather more than his fair share of the pocket, but he rapidly thinned down. Alas! in the rigours of the campaign he also lost his voice; and his little black collar, his only kit, disappeared.

Then, just when we seemed settled for the winter, we were ordered South again. Common knew what that meant; a busy time for him. We moved down slowly, and he sampled billet after billet, but we arrived at last and sat down to wait for the day.

And then he began to get nervous. Always he was present when the operations were discussed; he had seen all the maps; he knew exactly what was expected of us. And he didn't like it.

"It's more than a fellow can do," he said; "at least to be certain of. I can blow away the shells in front and the shells from the right, but if Master's map is correct we're going to get enfiladed from the left as well, and one can't be *everywhere*. This wants thinking about."

So he dived head downwards into the deepest recesses of my pocket and abandoned himself to thought. A little later he came up with a smile. . . .

Next morning I stayed in bed and the doctor came. Common looked over his shoulder as he read the thermometer.

"A hundred-and-four," said Com-



Ex-gardener (concluding letter to his late employer). "WELL, MADAM, I DON'T THINK I HAVE MUCH MORE TO TELL YOU, EXCEPT THAT THERE'S GOOD SOIL OUT HERE FOR ROSES—JUST THE THING FOR THEM. I SAID AS SOON AS I SAW IT, 'THAT'S THE SOIL FOR ROSES.'"

mon. "Golly! I hope I haven't overdone it."

He came with me to the hospital.

"I only just blew a germ at him," he said wistfully—"one I found in his pocket. I only just blew it at him."

We went down to the base hospital together; we went back to England. And in the hospital in England Common suddenly saw his Mistress again.

"I've brought him back, Missis," he said. "Here he is. Have I done well?"

* * * * *
He sits now in a little basket lined with flannel, a hero returned from the War. Round his neck he wears the

regimental colours, and on his chest will be sewn whatever medal is given to those who have served faithfully on the Western Front. Seated in your comfortable club, my very dear Sir, or in your delightful drawing-room, Madam, you smile pityingly . . .

Or perhaps you don't. A. A. M.

"SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

H. M. . . . H. M.

Morning, 12-21: Evening, 12-25."

Dublin Evening Mail.

If this is the result of the Uniform Time Act no wonder the Irish don't like it.

TO MOSES: A SPANIEL.

(For T. B. S.)

Moses, old man, though, unrenowned in story
And hitherto unnoticed by the Press,
You lead a life whose culminating glory
Is when you earn your master's rare
caress;

And though you do not shine in combats gory
With other hounds, I do not love you less

For being what you are—a humble spaniel,
A dog that does not dare to be a Daniel.

You're not by any means a super-dog,
Though known to be an excellent retriever;

You cannot smoke a pipe or sip your grog

Like Consul, or build houses like a beaver;

You figure in no R.A. catalogue;
You were not thought of when the portrait fever

Lured stout Peruvians to invest their boodle
In deadly likenesses of self and poodle.

You have the most ingratiating ways,
Although you cannot claim to be heroic

Like Gelert, or to lead laborious days,
Or show the qualities of saint or Stoic;

In fact most of your instincts and your traits
Might be described as quite palæozoic;

And still, though all unversed in art and letters,

You are a model to your human betters.

Your fare is frugal; alcohol you bar;
Expensive liquors you have never guzzled;

Your comments never on the Censor jar,
Although you are allowed to go unmuzzled;

Your faith in man no cataclysm can mar;

By philosophic doubt you are not puzzled;

Nor do you find in hate a valid reason
For charging fallen Ministers with treason.

You know a lot about the O.T.C.;
And as your kennel flanks the office entry

You reinforce the bar of lock and key
By acting as an unofficial sentry,

Regarding passers-by, unless they be
Arrayed in khaki, as suspicious gentry,

But greeting with contortions of affection
The Major when he comes in your direction.

There seems a world of wisdom in your eyes,
And yet your general conduct makes me wonder

Whether you even dimly recognize
The meaning of the cannons' muttered thunder,

Or read the menace of the moonless skies,
Or guess how narrow are the seas that sunder

This land of peaceful water-meadows from
The shell-scarred wastes of Flanders and the Somme.

You are not stirred by passionate regret;
You live and have your being in the present;

The greatest tragedy you've known as yet
Is failure to retrieve a fallen pheasant;

You seldom need a visit from the vet.,
The world to you is just as bright and pleasant

As when the Major first from Pangbourne brought you,
Where in the bulrush beds he saw and bought you.

Sometimes I wish, in hours of stress and strain,
Your lucky limitations I could borrow,

And careless watch the seasons wax and wane,
Unmoved by apprehensions for the morrow;

Then in a flash I see that life were vain
Without the saving grace of human sorrow—

Which you can never know—the pain and pride
Caused us by those who greatly dared and died.

Journalistic Candour.

"Without understanding it we feel that Russian is just the language for song; and the words 'Io n'innamorero' linger in the memory."—*Times*.

"In the material sense Bucharest is pre-eminently a city of light. 'You need never go to bed,' roystering travellers have boasted, and it is true that from dawn to dusk the cafés are ablaze."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Why not save the illuminations for night-time? They always show up much better in the dark.

From *Forty Years at the Bar*, by J. H. BALFOUR BROWNE, K.C.:—

"I have seen a learned gentleman rise to cross-examine with a bun in his hand, and another gobble down two custard puddings with his left hand . . . on the sudden eve of rising to make his speech."

A very useful trick when you don't want to speak with your mouth full.

WARS OF THE PAST.

(As recorded in the Press of the period.)

IV.

From "*The Athens Advertiser and Piræus Post*," "*Megara Mail*," "*Chalcis Chronicle*" and other papers:—

SHIELD-GLINTS ON SALAMIS.

By Rudyard Kipling.

(Copyright in Peloponnesus.)

OUT of the many-oared heart of things certain plain details emerge. . . .

It appears that one of our triremes—whom we will call *Streptos*—had a spare moment or so wherein to give herself a shake and a lick-over and to make quite, quite sure that the benches being awash was a slight inconvenience in no-wise impairing her fighting efficiency, and therefore not to be worried about. Wherefore she bethought herself and argued thus:—

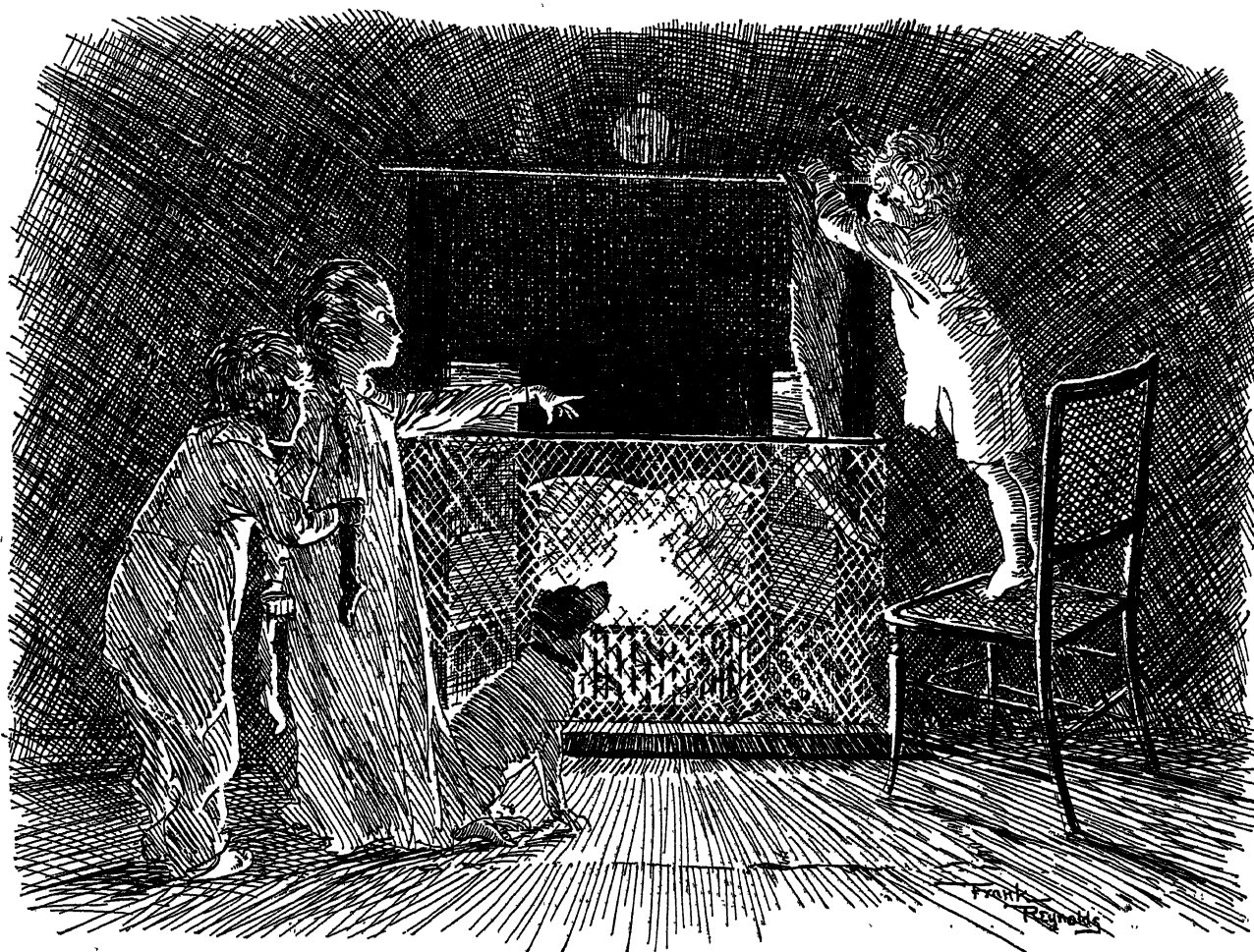
"Biffing straight ahead, as per and in accordance with the text-book," said *Streptos*, "doesn't always pay—not by a long javelin-cast. For why? Because a nose-to-nose encounter, with laudable intent to shear neatly through three banks of, say, port-side oars with one fine keen-coppered fighting beak, too often means that *your* three banks of port-side oars are likewise and in the same rasping, splintering fraction of a minute sheared through with equal efficiency by the fighting beak of the enemy. Which was not included in the original scheme of action. But," murmured *Streptos*, turning tentatively on her tail, "supposin' I approach this happy Barbarian bilge-gargler and take my chance of either getting him amidships at a fair-an'-healthy right-angle or of being side-stepped and flank-smitten myself in passing, as it were?"

Now "approach" implied a heart-tearing half-minute bucket at sixty or so, and "bilge-gargler" one of His Median-and-Persian Majesty's ships of the line, no less. But in that tight squelching mass of grape-skins in a wine-press which was Salamis even so sniffable a chance as this rarely offered itself, and—*Streptos* took it. (They make up their minds quickly in the Oar-and-Cushion Service.)

"And what," I asked, throwing my arm affectionately round the neck of the bright beardless Hupo, who was my informant, "what—precisely—happened—then?"

"Oh," he replied, as he disengaged himself (quite carelessly), "we went over them all right, you know."

And that was all. The Oar-and-Cushion Service does not embroider. Of the instant, unbribable menace of the



Sister Anne (sternly). "DOUGLAS, HOW COULD YOU—IN WAR-TIME?"

razoring beak, the hideous broadside heave and heel of the aforesaid bilge-gargler, the perfectly effective smashing, smothering, crunching and creaming of everything and all things as *Strepitos* bumped generously over what may have been the Barbarian's garboard strake, and the exact word which the enemy's third bank 'midships starboard benches said when they suddenly feathered-under and the wet sea walked in at them—of all this they tell you nothing. They leave you to paint your perfectly futile word picture of it in your own particular way. And one does.

The deeper one chisels into the various inscriptions and records, the more one finds one's own pet theories proven before one's eyes. As thus:—

Strapha—let us call her *Strapha*—she was a highly obsolete old pentecoster who had no business in the show at all, only—well, when the odds are three to one against you, you are apt to scrape together everything that floats, with a prayer to Poss that when it punctually ceases so to do it will at least sink handsomely in the fairway and take the keel out of something big on

the other side. Now there is one and the same boon and blessing in burning your boats and in swallowing the fact that your boat is about to be quite inevitably put down under you. You know just exactly how you stand and where you have no intention of standing. So this is that which is inscribed concerning *Strapha*:—

"I hung about looking for a suitable trireme to which I might transfer. Having noted one, I at once attacked, and, as my ship went down in accordance with expectations, boarded and captured the enemy, and was thus in a condition to join the general attack."

I have mentioned Poss. Now Poss (who may be merely Poseidon to people attending comfortable temples ashore) is the great god to whom the triremes pray. He is not mentioned in the original edition of naval orders, but the recipients of these add him thereto personally and unofficially, saying, "I am to go such-and-such and do thus-and-thus—if Poss."

Throughout this perfectly plain exposition of certain of the less obvious phases of the Big Scrap, I have en-

deavoured to strike one particular note, inimitable, peculiar, clear as caste. We are so compassed about in these days with special articles and impressions that it is well to emphasize this.

Another Impending Apology.

"In view of rumours, published and unpublished, associating his name with the Government now in process of formation by Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Northcliffe was last night asked if he would make a statement on the subject."—*Worcester Daily Times*.

"CANADIAN MILITARY HOSPITAL AT ORPINGTON."

Morning Post.

Mr. Punch had always supposed this excellent establishment was intended for the Buffs.

From the rules of football as published by an Indian firm:—

"If a goalkeeper has been hanged without the referee being notified, and the new goalkeeper handles the ball within the penalty area, a penalty kick must be awarded."

Even so the new goal-keeper gets off more lightly than his predecessor.



Countryman (to policeman regulating traffic). "COOM 'OUT O' T' WAY, LAD. THOU'LT BE RUN OVER!"

CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME.

TIME was I bade the youngsters gather round me,
 When Christmas' snows lay thick on bough and bole,
 And infants, who at other seasons found me
 Rather a bore, now voted me top-hole;
 The willing slave of Childhood's sweet dominion
 I called a truce to all the cares that vex,
 Till even babies gurgled their opinion
 That there were points to Uncle Pontifex.
 Largely I flung the doors of friendship open;
 "Enter, my buds," I cried, "the place is yours."
 They did; and when they broke my priceless Copen-
 hagen and brought their guinea-pigs indoors
 And tore the drawing-room carpet to a tatter
 And scratched the grand piano's rosewood lid,
 I simply said, "My dears, it doesn't matter,"
 And, strange enough to say, it never did.
 I spread my board with every toothsome viand,
 "Wade in," I cried, "and may the best child win!"
 It was a joy to see the good things fly and
 Observe the tensile strength of infant skin;
 Gad! how they ate! It made my heartstrings mellow
 To see them fall away, too full to taste,
 Or raise the PLIMSOLL line of some brave fellow
 By letting out his garments at the waist.
 And there were parlour games—the usual ruction;
 A Christmas-tree round which we used to sing,
 While Cyril Richard (still confined to suction)
 *Sat in a corner chewing purple string;

And there were parties where the girls danced lancers
 And boys spread ices on their best white shirts,
 With Punch and Judy shows and necromancers,
 Crackers and caps and scent in baleful squirts.

And there were pantomimes where Childhood drank his
 First cup of wonder from Pierian springs;
 With Sinbads, Whittingtons and Widow Twankies,
 And pumpkin chariots and demon kings,
 And artful Joeys in convulsing wrangles
 With funny "Fathers," rubicund of nose,
 Who pushed absurd policemen into mangles
 And dropped hot pokers on each other's toes.

But not this year! Economy's in order,
 And they must do their bit, the girls and boys,
 To fill the stocking of the old Sea-Warder
 With shells for oranges and guns for toys;
 But joy will not be less than in the old years
 Because the shillings that we used to blow
 Are buying Christmas puddings for the soldiers
 And bombs in various sizes for the foe. ALGOL.

"It was known in political circles that Mr. Lloyd George would serve in a Government with Mr. Lloyd George as Pre-Premier."
Evening Herald (Dublin).

At any rate it was strongly suspected.

"The public are warned that the . . . railway companies cannot undertake to convey passengers to any particular destination."
The Times.

If that doesn't stop Christmas travelling, nothing will.



THE RETURN OF THE MOCK TURTLE-DOVE.

KAISER
BETHMANN-HOLLWEG } (breathlessly). "WELL?"

THE BIRD. "WOULDN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, December 12th. — With Tories and Radicals, Pacifists and Patriots, mixed up in inextricable confusion all over the House, the Brothers WASON, each of whom requires two seats to accommodate his gigantic bulk, provided a typical contrast. While Brother CATHCART (Orkney and Shetland) occupied his usual acreage on the Ministerial side, Brother EUGENE (Clackmannan and Kinross) had pegged out a claim on the opposite benches. Finding, however, that the adjacent plots were still in the possession of his hereditary political foes he suddenly decided that he would be happier in his old home, and re-migrated amid hearty cheers.

There being 326 Questions on the Paper and very few Ministers to answer them, the SPEAKER wisely decided to postpone the whole lot. Mr. BONAR LAW, the new Leader of the House, proposed an adjournment till Thursday, when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would be able to state the policy he intended to pursue.

Mr. McKENNA hoped "my right hon. friend, if he will allow me to call him so," would consent to put off the statement until Tuesday, in order that his other right hon. friend, "the Leader of the Liberal Party," now down with influenza, might be in his place.

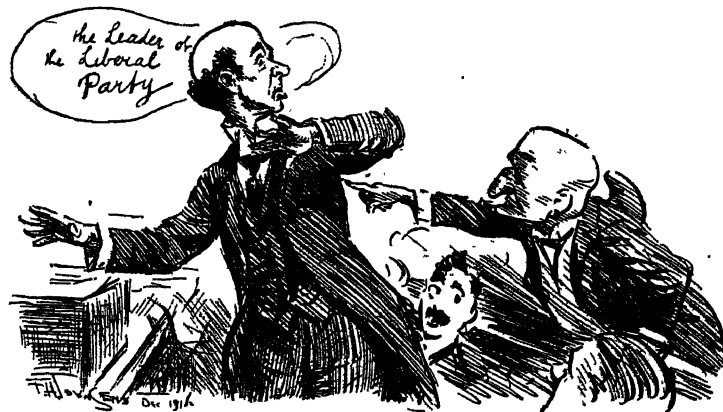
The House was quick to note the challenge conveyed in these carefully chosen phrases. "But, oh, beware my country when my country grows polite." The attitude of "the Liberal Party" towards the new Administration may be one of benevolent neutrality, but that is an expression which at Westminster, as at Athens, is capable of more than a single interpretation.

The only section in the House that preserves its ancient landmarks is the Nationalist. But even the Irishmen have been thrown a little off their balance by recent events. Mr. DILLON, appearing in the unexpected rôle of guardian of the British Constitution, demanded an explanation of the "wholly revolutionary system" set up by the new PRIME MINISTER, under which Ireland had for the first time no representative in the Cabinet.

For this he was sternly rebuked by Mr. GINNELL, who vehemently asserted that Ireland never had and did not want a representative in the British Government. What she did want was a Home

Secretary without the "metallic stony-heartedness" of Mr. SAMUEL, who should be nice to Mr. GINNELL's compatriots now languishing at Frongoch, and incidentally, I suppose, allow the hon. Member himself to go and cheer them up.

Although the new PRIME MINISTER has not seen his way to include Mr. HANDEL BOOTH in the new Administration, Mr. BOOTH bears him no malice



Mr. Punch (interrupting Mr. McKenna). "A LITTLE LESS TALK OF 'PARTY,' MY FRIEND, AND A LITTLE MORE OF THE STATE."

on that account. On the contrary he was kind enough to give Mr. BONAR LAW some good advice on the elimination of enemy influence from our midst. Thereby he earned a trouncing from Mr. PRINGLE, whose claims have also been overlooked, but who bears disappointment less equably. His sarcasms at the expense of the new Ministry were listened to with some impatience, but the House was delighted with his unpremeditated description of it as "an automatic Government," a phrase conjuring up visions of a



"The only section in the House that preserves its ancient landmarks is the Nationalist!"

troupe of Ministerial Marionettes, all the strings pulled from No. 10, Downing Street.

Parties in the Lords were almost as much commingled as in the Commons. Lord CREWE, whose funereal mien suggested that he was Undertaker-in-Chief to the Coalition, kept company on the Front Opposition Bench with Lords SALISBURY and MIDLETON. Lord LANS-
DOWNE, for the first time, I suppose,

since the day when he left Mr. GLADSTONE's Government in 1881, sat below the Gangway on the Ministerial side. On the Woolsack was Sir ROBERT FINLAY, not yet ennobled, but a dignified figure none the less. He had the unique experience of shaking hands with no fewer than four of his predecessors. It is reported that Lord HALSBURY would have been quite willing, despite his ninety-one years, to bury the hatchet of 1909 and join Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in his old capacity, but decided on

reflection to "give young FINLAY a chance."

Thursday, December 14th. — Again the House had to meet without the presence of either the new or the late PRIME MINISTER. There is nothing "diplomatic" about the illness which has laid them aside. It has, indeed, a military flavour, being a variety of "trench fever."

In moving a Vote of Credit for four hundred millions Mr. BONAR LAW made a successful *début* as Chancellor of the Exchequer. In concision and clearness and courage his speech rivalled those delivered by Mr. ASQUITH on similar occasions. Though the figures of the War-expenditure are increasingly gigantic — £5,700,000 a day — and will by the end of March have reached a total of four thousand millions, he described them as "colossal but not appalling," and was confident that, financially, this country could last the course.

The barest allusion was made to the German peace-proposals. As they had not yet reached the British Government, Mr. LAW thought the less said about them the better. Still he permitted himself to quote the recent statement of the late PRIME MINISTER, that the Allies would require "adequate reparation for the past and adequate security for the future." That, he added amid loud cheers, was still the determination of His Majesty's Government.

This tactful allusion completely molli-

fied Mr. McKenna. He had nothing but praise for his successor's speech, though he hoped that his picture of the financial position was a little darker than was necessary. His own estimate of the present cost of the War was five and a-half millions a day.

The ensuing debate was notable for a strangely popular speech by Mr. OUTHWAITE, who briefly announced that he would postpone his remarks on the peace-negotiations till next week. Mr. LYNCH would have done well to follow his example, and refrain from making an attack upon the British Commander-in-Chief in France. His ineffectual fires were extinguished, appropriately, by Captain SHAW, who declared that the outstanding feature at the Front was mud, and implied that, to throw more of it at Sir DOUGLAS HAIG, who was trusted by every soldier in France, from the highest to the lowest, was both impertinent and superfluous.

Mr. KENNEDY JONES, the elect of Hornsey, took his seat to-day. So much has been said in certain journals regarding the importance of his return that it was half expected that he would make a triumphal entry on Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING's broken-kneed charger. But modesty prevailed, and he walked up the floor just like any other new Member.

This afternoon Lord DEVONPORT delivered his first speech in the capacity of Food Controller; and while he refrained from making any definite statement of policy he indicated that he was prepared to take very drastic steps indeed to limit consumption. The "flaunting" of sugar on cakes and confectionery particularly aroused his anger; and though nothing was actually said about meatless days there is reason to believe that the flesh of several of the better-nourished peers is already creeping at the prospect.

Friday, December 15th.—A short sitting was made memorable by the stirring speech of Major WILLIAM REDMOND, who, fresh from the invigorating atmosphere of the Front, declared that the one thing needful for Ireland and the Empire was an understanding between the men of the North and the men of the South. Unfortunately Sir EDWARD CARSON was not in his place, as the Bill releasing Ministers from the necessity of re-election was only passed to-day. Had he been there I am sure the new FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY would have warmly endorsed Major REDMOND's sentiments, and would have encouraged him to make his dream come true by inducing as many Irishmen as possible to follow his example and get themselves into khaki.



"BOBBY, YOU'VE NOT WASHED YOUR HANDS."

"OH! HAVEN'T I JUST, MISS SMITH? YOU GO AND LOOK AT THE TOWEL AND YOU'LL JOLLY SOON SEE."

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

I would not wear the red tabs,
Though to the casual glance
They have a smack of martial state
And warlike circumstance;
I'm bound to own that, up to date,
I haven't had the chance.

I would not wear the blue tabs;
I have found none to tell
Precisely what they're all about,
Nor do I own their spell;
And, as I have to go without,
Maybe it's just as well.

But I would wear the green tabs;
Not for their high degree,
Not for their noble eminence,
Majestic though it be;
'Tis green that marks Intelligence,
That is the thing for me.

O gift most rare and radiant,
O power that all men prize,

That lifts one to a mental plane
Above the merely wise,
And which to me—I speak with
pain—

The world at large denies,
Intelligence! Fair mistress!
Now that the gods provide
A new and plausible veneer
That inner lack to hide,
By which the dullest may appear
Intelligent—outside,

Oh, let me wear the green tabs,
That all who pass may note
Thy cincture on my perfect brow,
Thy favours on my coat;
And for the red and blue, I vow
I would not give a groat.

DUM-DUM.

"HOUSE-PARLOURMAID Wanted (young),
from Noted Feeders in the District."
Cambridge Daily News.
Not much sign of war-economy here.

GENERAL DESTRUCTION.

[“SOME GENERAL ADVICE FOR THE GENERAL SAFETY IN CROSSING A ROAD.

CROSS BY A REFUGE.
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.
ALWAYS LOOK BOTH WAYS.
SEE AND BE SEEN.

A REFUGE IS HALF-WAY TO SAFETY.
WHO HESITATES IN THE ROAD IS LOST.
IS IT SAFE?

ALWAYS PLAY FOR SAFETY.

The General Omnibus Company.”]

I HAD just been reading the above advice and found myself standing near the Marble Arch waiting to cross. You may have noticed the buses at the Marble Arch. They have a way of hovering as if they were waiting to dash at unwary passers-by. I was reflecting that I had never seen them look so vicious before, when I noticed the little man at my elbow.

“Waiting to cross, Sir?” he said amiably. “I do it myself four times a day—great sport! I see you are looking at my eyes.”

I was indeed—I never saw a man's eyes so turned out.

“Don't apologise, my dear Sir. I'm proud of them. They're General eyes—for crossing streets, you know. You get them with looking both ways as the bus people tell you to. This is the way you do it,” and his left eye gazed towards Notting Hill whilst his right eye seemed to peer earnestly into the recesses of Holborn.

“Oh, do look at that man! What a fool!” he cried suddenly, pointing to somebody who was beginning to cross from the other side.

“I see nothing wrong,” I said.

“He's crossing at the wrong angle. Got him!”

There was a shout of delight from a bus-driver: “How's that, copper?”

“Fair run over,” said the policeman quietly, and the bus dashed on.

“How's that?” came sharply from another part of the road.

“Did you see that?” said my friend excitedly. “He didn't use the refuge. And there's another not looking both ways. Got him too, by Jove!”

“Fair run over—fair run over,” said the policeman briefly.

“But this is terrible,” I cried.

“It's the new omnibus laws,” chuckled my friend. “The Company put them out as advice. Then the police took them up. Now they are police regulations, and if you break them you are fair game.”

“Disgraceful, disgraceful!” he went on, raising his voice to a shout. “Two buses running at one man. It isn't sporting.”

The buses stopped bonnet to bonnet. There were shouts and recriminations. At a word from the policeman they ceased.

“He didn't look before he leaped,” said one driver.

“He didn't see and be seen,” said the other.

“Fair run over,” said the policeman. “You score,” and he nodded to one of the drivers.

I was watching another man leaping wildly in the air. “Why does he do that?” I asked.

“It's all right,” said the little man. “He looked before he leaped, you know.

or you'll be run down.” Then he added with sudden solemnity, “Is it safe?”

“It's simply murder!” I exclaimed.

“Don't be silly. You say that before you start. It's the law.”

He started briskly across the road. I saw the driver who had fouled bearing down on him. “Look out!” I shouted. He glanced back and then ran for it. There was a demoniacal chuckle from the driver and a yell, “E's not looking both ways!”

“I'm on a refuge,” shouted the little man.

“Only 'arfway to safety,” roared the driver.

My friend waited on the refuge for a break in the traffic and then dashed on. At the same instant another bus

swung up and went for him.

“It's the wrong hangle,” bawled the driver. “Got 'im! Got 'im! Got——”

Just in time the little man jumped nimbly aside.

“He didn't look before he leaped,” shouted two drivers as they dashed at him.

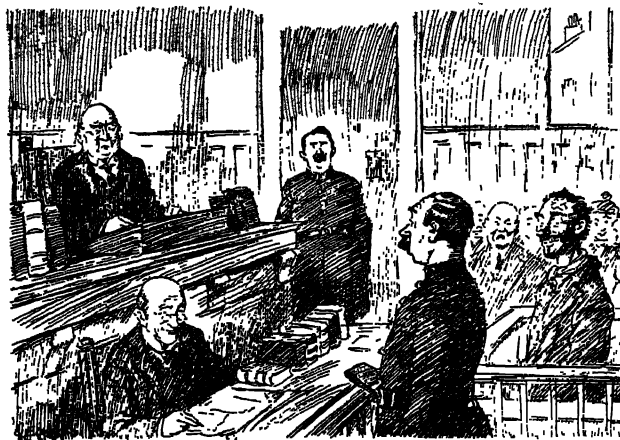
There was a crash and the three buses were in a tangled mass. My friend quietly walked to the opposite pavement. Then he turned and waved his hat to me.

“That's how you do it,” he shouted gaily. “Are you coming over?”

“Thanks,” I shouted back. “I shall take a taxi across—or a tank.”

A Sibylline Invitation.

From the subscription-form accompanying the prospectus of a new weekly



Magistrate (trying an obvious case of "drunk and disorderly").
“AND WHAT REASON DID THE PRISONER GIVE FOR HIS EXTRA-ORDINARY BEHAVIOUR?”

Nervous Constable. “YOUR WORSHIP, 'E STATED THAT SINCE THE LAST ZEPPELIN RAID 'E'D BEEN SHUFFERING FROM SELL SHOCK.” (*Laughter in Court.*)

Magistrate (severely). “THERE IS NO NECESSITY FOR YOU TO GIVE A MIMETIC REPRODUCTION OF THE PRISONER'S REMARKS.”

Ah, he's an old hand. See him look both ways—a beautiful sight.”

He began the transit steadily under the hungry eyes of drivers waiting for an error. Then for one fatal second he paused.

“Mine, I think!” yelled a driver and ran him down.

“Foul! Oh, foul!” shouted the little man.

“Foul yourself!” came a hoarse voice. “'E 'esertated—I seen 'im do it.”

“None of that,” said the policeman sternly. “He only played for safety. That's the third foul to-day. There'll be a fine for this in the morning.”

“'E 'esertated—I seen him do it,” growled the driver. “You wait,” and he threw a baleful glare at my friend.

“I suppose I must cross somehow or other,” I said.

“Better let me show you the way

journal:—

“I wish to become a subscriber to the — and enclose the sum of

s. d.	
2 0	as subscription (post free) for 1 month.
7 0	“ “ “ “ “ “ 3 months.
15 0	“ “ “ “ “ “ 6 months.”

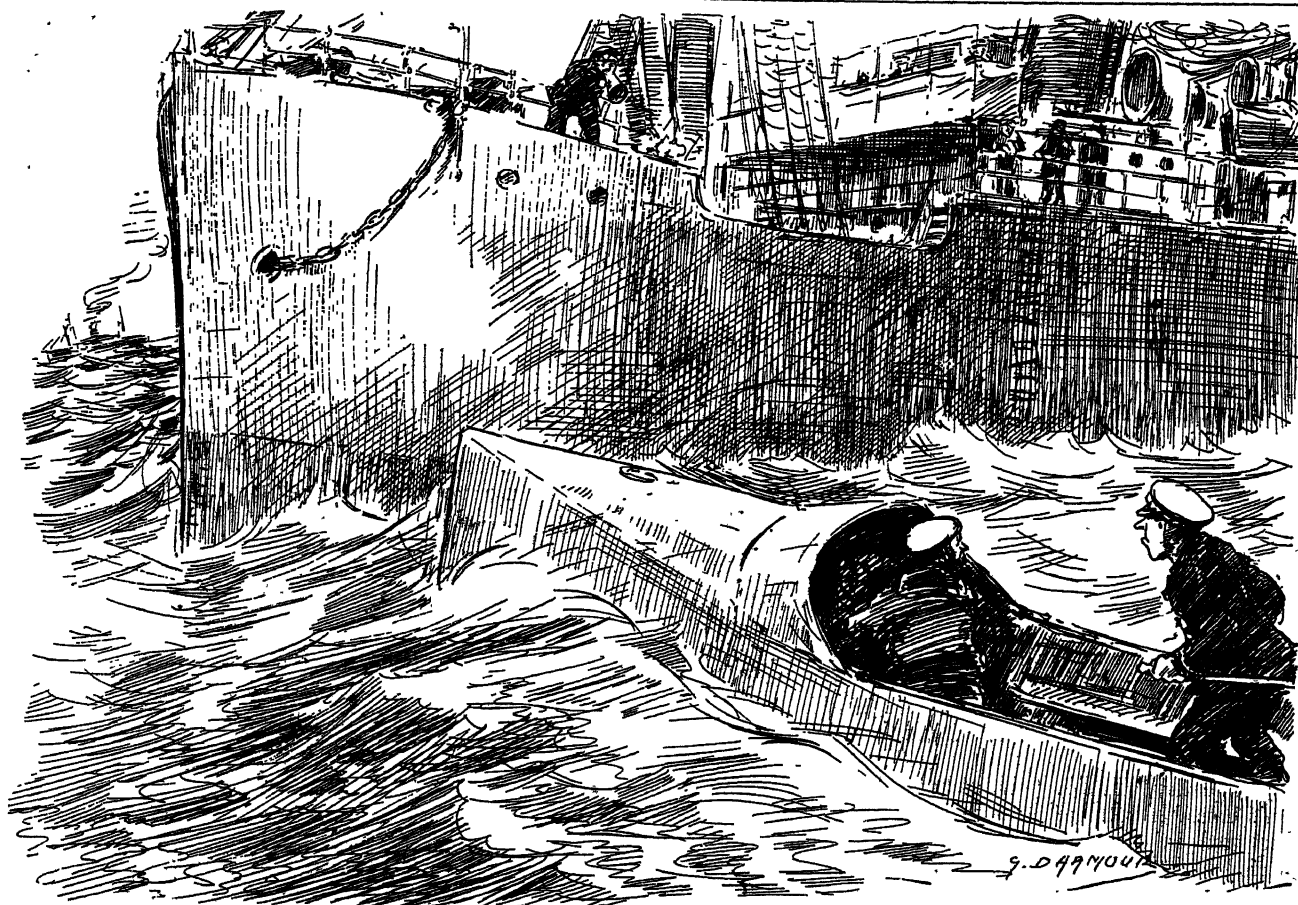
We trust the publishers' evident confidence in the increasing value of their periodical will be realised.

A correspondent writes that the German peace overtures remind him of the American advertisement:—

“If John Robinson, with whose wife I eloped six months ago, will take her back, all will be forgiven.”

“Asked by the Court if he knew anything of the parties, Sergeant Connell replied: ‘Yes, your worships. He is a baker and a loafer.’”
Glommel Chronicle.

What SHAKESPEARE calls, “a rogue in grain.”



Mate of Transport (to B.N.V.R. officer, who has made several ineffectual attempts to come alongside). "HADN'T YOU BETTER DROP YOUR ANCHOR AND LET US COME ALONGSIDE YOU?"

A RECORD OF EMOTIONS.

A CHRISTMAS IDYLL.

HE closed the door. They were alone. She drifted languorously across the little *intime* room and wilted into a chair. He bent towards her, proudly, eagerly, fingering the instrument with his slim dexterous hands.

"What would you like most?" he murmured. "Something of KREISLER's?"

And almost before she could speak he had begun, and she was listening in a rapture of attention—listening with her soul, with her eyes, with her heart, with her muff, with everything. Then abruptly she stopped him.

"No," she cried hoarsely, "not that. It is too much."

In a moment he was all sympathy and the intricate harmonies jerked into silence. Silence. The room ached with it. She could hear his wrist-watch ticking and the soles of her American shoes warping in the tense atmosphere. Then with a low moan the music began again. "Pale Hands I Loved beside the Shalimar," it sobbed as he bent passionately to his instrument. Vaguely in a dream she drew off her gloves and clasped her hands before her, work-

ing back the cuticles in a transport of ecstasy . . .

It was over. But swiftly, imperiously, she spoke of another melody and in a moment the room was ringing with it. Here was one born to command, and gladly he obeyed, standing beside her chair, tall and impending, while she drooped and listened.

At last the instrument ceased to speak. Her brain was a chaos of familiar airs, tingling with associations. She swam to the door; he side-stroked after her. He was there, opening it for her, standing aside; he was wonderful.

Together they passed out into a world of buying and selling, of Christmas bargains and economies. People looked at them, and some smiled, but she saw nothing, only it seemed that in a trance she was murmuring the names of melodies—"Pale Hands," "Parted," "The Bing Boys."

She languished towards him: "You may send me those; and a box of needles for the records."

He bent his head till the brilliantine rushed to his brows, and touched the bell for the lift.

She was whirled out of his life. The store was empty of her.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

(SECOND SERIES.)

VIII.

NAG'S HEAD.

"You hold the Nag's head.
While I go in;
If you hold the Nag's head
I'll get a pot o' gin."
"Nay, you hold the Nag's head
Till I come out;
If you hold the Nag's head
I'll get a mug o' stout."
"You want stout,
I want gin—
Let the Nag have her head,
We'll both go in!"

IX.

HABERDASHERS ROW.

Nine-and-ninety Haberdashers all in a row!
Where did the hundredth Haberdasher go?
He ran to fetch a pin for the Wife of the Beadle,
And he couldn't find her anything but Cleopatra's Needle.
All over London he's dashing to and fro,
And there's none to fill his gap in the Haberdashers' row.

RUFUS AND RUMMIE.

"WELL," said Francesca, "we've discussed everything."

"Yes," I said, "we've set everybody right. We've won the War. We've planned out at least two alternative Governments—one to suit *The Times* and the other to be smiled upon by *The Morning Post*; and now there's nothing more left to do except to go to bed."

"Have we really got as far as that?" said Francesca. "What's the time by the clock?"

"Clocks," I said, "don't matter in the country—at least not so far as bed-going is concerned. One goes to bed when one feels inclined to without looking at the clock."

"Well then," she said, "I don't feel inclined to for a minute or two. I've got a notion there was something I wanted to say to you and that I haven't managed to say it yet."

"You don't often feel like that, do you? I mean, you generally manage, don't you?"

"You needn't," she said, "be anxious about it. It won't sap my health. Still, I should like to remember it."

"How can you expect to remember if you don't do the things that abolish forgetfulness? Come, come! Lean your chin on your left hand; wrinkle up your forehead as hard as you can and tap it three or four times with the forefinger of your right hand. Bravo! or rather Brava! That's the way. I bet you've remembered now."

"Yes," she said, "I have. I wanted to ask you about our dogs."

"Ask away," I said. "What have they done now? You don't mean to tell me they've got covered with mud and then gone to sleep on the sofa. I shall be seriously displeased with *Rufus* and *Rummie* if they've forgotten themselves so far as to do that."

The two dogs, who were lying on the floor, hearing their names, wagged each a friendly tail.

"Oh, yes," said Francesca, "they've got covered with mud all right, and they've been on the sofa."

"Then," I said, "I've done with them. I shall get rid of them."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," she said. "Why, you generally encourage them to lie on the sofas and chairs."

"I only said it to please you."

"And," she said, "you've failed again."

"Sorry," I said. "You were going to ask me something."

"Yes," she said. "Have you read a letter in this morning's *Twinkler* calling on the HOME SECRETARY to issue an immediate decree for the destruction of all dogs? It is signed *Common Sense*."

"Yes, I read it," I said. "He says dogs are useless mouths at a time like this."

"And he says they're a public danger too; for he saw a Major-General tripped up by a Pekinese in the Vauxhall Bridge Road."

"It's a long road," I said, "and mostly a very uninteresting one. It must have been quite a pleasant excitement to see the Major-General upset."

"But," she said, "do you think they'll do it?"

"What," I said—"issue the decree? They may. There's no knowing."

"If they do," she said, "I shall take to the woods with *Rummie*."

"And I shall follow you," I said, "with *Rufus*; and we must carry with us a sofa, or else they won't feel at home, poor dears, after they've splashed about in the mud."

"I call it giving the show away to the Germans," she said.

"Well, they haven't done it yet. If I were you I shouldn't worry about it just at present. For to-night, at any rate, *Rufus* and *Rummie* are quite safe."

"Right," she said; "I'll be off to bed," and away she went, taking *Rummie* with her.

After she had left I don't quite know what happened. I seemed to be in the Bakerloo Tube with *Rufus*, who growled because the conductor said "Peddington! Peddington!" in a loud voice with a Russian accent. The Conductor then became a bull and snorted at *Rufus*. "Dogs," he said, "are six a penny, but there's a discount on taking only one." *Rufus* bit him in the nose, and the carriage became a cattle-market full of rams' horns, but with no signs of any cattle. I was aware of terrific but undefined dangers, through which *Rufus* led me safely, wagging his tail. Next I knocked at a black door studded with iron nails. It was opened by my Cambridge bedmaker, whom—though I knew her to have been dead nearly twenty years—I had expected to see. "Tell the Dog-Controller," I said, "that I'm waiting." The door rolled back and I found myself with *Rufus* in the Tower of London. The headsman was ready, but he could not decapitate me because *Rufus* would insist on getting in the way. At last he gave it up and threw away the axe and asked me to take it out in cigarettes. *Rufus* then led me home, barking loudly in triumph. "No Major-Generals for us," I said, and awoke in my armchair. R. C. L.

A TRAGIC COMEDIAN.

DEAR LIZ,—I 'ope this finds you in the pink,

As it leaves me at present—lots to eat

And, if you like it muddy, lots to drink;

This war's a treat!

You say you've sold our Jess to Farmer Loam;

Lizzie, you didn't ought; I don't know 'ow

You could 'a' done it; 'ome won't seem like 'ome

Without the cow.

The other night we did a crawlin' stunt,

Ginger and Bill and I, and 'ad some fun;

'Alfway across we spotted, just in-front,

A blinkin' 'Un.

Down went our 'eads, an' through the grass we slid

Like worms, an' would 'ave copped 'im sure as sin,

But Bill got windy, chucked a bomb, an' did

The blighter in.

'Ard luck? I give my word. Well, Liz, they say

We've got to stand to for a gas alarm;

They're always fussy with the wind this way;

We'll take no 'arm.

But I must stop. I've not slept what you'd call

A proper sleep, not for these four days back,

What with the worry of the cow an' all.

Your loving JACK.

Burning Eloquence.

"While preaching at a National Mission service in Christ Church, Richmond, the vicar, the Rev. W. Bleiben, found his surplus on fire." *Newcastle Evening Mail*.

That is the worst of these Treasury Notes.

"Brown gelding horse for sale, 15 hands; sold owing to scarcity of eggs."—*Glasgow Citizen*.

We can fully understand the owner's disappointment if he was looking for a mare's-nest.

"M. Marcel Hutin in the *Écho de Paris* discusses the air raid on Munch: What a fright Captain De Beauchamps has done." *Provincial Paper*.

We have now raided Munch and Essen. Let us go for their beer next and do a fright on Trinken.



Lady (after hearing thrilling stories of the inner workings of the Secret Service, to wife of War Office official). "HOW VERY INTERESTING! BUT I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE TO BE MOST CAREFUL HOW MUCH YOU TELL?"

Wife of War Office official. "OH YES. BUT OF COURSE I'M ALLOWED TO USE MY IMAGINATION AS MUCH AS I LIKE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON is a good Tory, and follows Dr. JOHNSON's practice in never letting the Whig dogs have the best of it; but for all that his *Parliamentary Reminiscences and Reflections* (MURRAY) will be enjoyed even by wicked Radicals. Some of the best of his stories are about DISRAELI, who from the time that the author, a very youthful subaltern in the Guards, won the Middlesex election in 1868 against the combined forces of LABOUCHERE and BRADLAUGH, took a special interest in him, gave him office, praised his speeches and, when it was necessary, snubbed him. The author's admiration for his "political godfather" is unbounded. He recounts with equal satisfaction how adroitly DIZZY retrieved his false teeth in the midst of an important speech, and how tactfully he transformed an Irish Member from opponent into supporter by remarking on his likeness to TOMMY MOORE. His great rival, GLADSTONE, comes in for much severe criticism. The author recalls with keen delight a debate in which, by a timely allusion, he prevented the "sophistical rhetorician" from making a speech. But he is hardly prouder of that exploit than he is of having talked down DELANE of *The Times*. His praises are mainly reserved for the men of his own party, such as the late Lord SALISBURY, whom he describes as "the greatest master of crisp, compact and epigrammatic English of his generation," and W. H. SMITH, the best leader of the House of Commons

he ever knew, whose untimely death, it is odd to note, was indirectly due to the present GERMAN EMPEROR. But of nearly every man of importance who has figured on the political stage during the last half-century he has something interesting and often something fresh to tell. As the present volume only takes us up to 1885 we may expect a successor equally entertaining. But I hope, in that event, that Lord GEORGE will be a little more careful about his dates. The ascription of GLADSTONE's famous Irish Land Bill to 1887 is one among several errors of this kind.

Do you remember (or perhaps I should rather ask, have you yet succeeded in forgetting?) that gruesome, but in its own unpleasant way enthralling, study of Welsh peasant life that Mr. CARADOC EVANS lately published under the sardonic title of *My People*? Anyhow, he has now mixed a second dose of the same bitter tonic, called this time *Capel Sion* (MELROSE). I see, from a *résumé* of what the startled critics had to say about the former book, that my own verdict was "remarkable." Certainly, *Capel Sion* supplies no reason for changing my opinion of the author's work, except perhaps into something stronger. One rather needs over-proof adjectives to deal with work of such brutal yet grimly captivating power. I must also repeat, and underline, my warning that Mr. EVANS is no author for the young person, if she anywhere survives. But that he is a writer of quite unusual courage and artistry is beyond question. Let him guard himself strictly against the temptation to follow ugly

ness for its own sake, which has been the ruin of so many realists (now and again in these later pieces I have fancied him in a little danger from this), and he might well attain a position among the big people. I look forward now to snatching a fearful joy from a long novel by his vitriolic but stimulating pen. That should be a literary event; and I feel sure that such a heroine as, for example, the lady in the present volume, who "had much earth in the crevices of her face," is capable of inspiring me with more than a fragmentary interest.

Let me commend to you very warmly *Germanism from Within* (CONSTABLE), by A. D. McLAREN, an Australian resident in the enemy country for some years before the declaration of war, followed by three months of precarious liberty in Berlin and some weary months at Ruhleben. It is the work of an intelligent and open-minded observer who is able to give the enemy full credit for what is good in his system and his achievement. It differs much from those many books written on Germany from without or by the sprightly traveller and the learned don. The author has studied the phenomena of *Deutschtum* not only through the standard and current literature of the country, with which his book shows wide acquaintance, but in the streets, the universities, the churches. It is not a tidy book, and perhaps Mr. McLAREN too easily falls into phrases like "All history teaches that." But the hasty condition of its compilation (it contains much pre-War writing which is of the greatest value) and composition account for the untidiness; and his obvious candour and freedom from venom (with absence of method) give his essentially unsparing indictment of the Prussian system a force which a more correctly academic treatise might well miss. As an Australian he has some criticisms to offer on our national life—amateurishness, self-deception, lack of a serious end in education, indolent business direction, self-sufficiency—which we cannot resent because we are making them upon ourselves in the bitterness of our hearts. An honest, manly, temperate and informing book.

Mr. HUGH F. SPENDER has now followed the example of his elder brother, HAROLD, and added the writing of fiction to his other literary accomplishments. In fact he has done what he can never do again: he has written his first novel. Its title is *The Machine* (NASH), and it is of the usual length and of more than usual promise, so that I can honestly congratulate Mr. SPENDER on his success. At first I thought that his hero, *Rupert*, was to be submitted to the minute and exhaustive treatment in favour with Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE, but Mr. SPENDER soon breaks away from this method. *Rupert* is plunged into the machine of party politics and party journalism, only to discover, as others have discovered before him, that a conscience is esteemed a nuisance and that high principles are sometimes incompatible with worldly success. *Rupert* goes through many vicissitudes, including an ante-war visit to Germany, during

which his wife—he has, of course, married the wrong woman—becomes involved in the toils of the German espionage system. A lurid English peer, *Lord Vanderton*, is the chief figure in this painful episode. But I must not give away Mr. SPENDER's story, which is written in a brisk and workmanlike style and should be widely read.

Have you ever, in the course of your studies in romantic fiction, been tempted to regret the handicap so often imposed upon the hero by his obligation to do nothing in the slightest degree unbecoming? If so, you will share my cheerful sense of emancipation over *The Gamesters* (METHUEN), of which both hero and heroine are refreshingly free from this impediment. They are brother and sister, quaintly named *Adam* and *Eve de Ros*, architects of their own fortunes in the troubled Europe of the early eighteenth century, professional gamblers and adventurers. A pretty pair, daring, fantastically humorous, and wholly without scruple, one follows them delightedly through every kind of hazard, till their lack of virtue is finally rewarded by a

double wedding and presumable happiness ever after. Incidentally, the fact that most of their escapades take place in Prussia gives us an interesting glimpse into the past of a detestable country, which subsequent events have lifted temporarily into undeserved prominence. We see it first under the agreeable sway of old FREDERIC WILLIAM, engaged as usual in a brawl with his Crown Prince, that "monkey possessed by a fiend." One observes in passing that history has a trick of repeating herself. Apart however from his shrewd study of HOHENZOLLERN notoriety, Mr. H. C. BAILEY has told his tale of adventures with a



"WHILE SUGAR IS SO SCARCE I THINK IT MORE PATRIOTIC TO LET THE LITTLE DARLING DO HIS TRICKS WITH CARAMELS."

sparkle and a gaiety that are most exhilarating. As an antidote to depression you can hardly do better than take a hand or two with his delightful *Gamesters*. The stake, I may mention, is five shillings net.

To Dr. BOYD CARPENTER's many friends I have no doubt that *Further Pages of My Life* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE) will be welcome, but as I only count myself among his unknown admirers I will say frankly that this further instalment of "reflections mingled with reminiscences" contains too much that is trivial. No doubt something may be found here to suit everyone's taste, for the reminiscences range from a cat to the KAISER, and the reflections also cover as wide a field. The real trouble is that Dr. BOYD CARPENTER has jotted down anything and everything that happened to occur to him. He himself seems to suspect that something is wrong with the book. "These little sketches," he says, "will seem dull and uninteresting to my readers; but, dear readers, forgive me." It is not for me either to differ from him or to refuse his affectionate and disarming request for pardon.

"The moral of all this seems to be that the end of the War will not come to an end before the end of next summer."—*Everyman*. Well, anyhow, it's a long end that has no ending.

CHARIVARIA.

AN American inventor has offered to the British Government a new form of energy several hundred times more powerful than anything now known. The British Government is said to have declined the offer on the ground that it had just acquired something of the same kind from a Welsh source.

* *

Attention has been called to the strange case of a man who, after being discharged from the Small Arms Factory at Enfield, was immediately given a job at higher wages in another factory working on Government contracts. It is pointed out that hitherto this kind of thing has never happened to anyone below the rank of a Cabinet Minister or a Brigadier.

* *

It is reported that, in the absence of some satisfactory control of food stuffs, immature pigs have been changing hands at sixpence a head. At this rate no one need want for a household pet, and it will not be long before the "Poor Man's Pekinese" is to be found basking before the meanest hearth.

* *

Much apprehension has been caused by the announcement that the hat trade is among those which the Board of Trade talks of closing down as being of "no national importance." Our whole success in the War, it is pointed out, practically depends upon the manufacture of Brass Hats.

* *

A man whose earnings were admitted to be seven pounds a week recently told the St. Pancras Tribunal that he had never heard of income-tax. We ourselves have often felt that the income tax would be more liberally subscribed to by all classes of the community if its usefulness were more attractively advertised.

* *

An official appeal has been made for quieter weddings. It is pointed out that while wedding breakfasts have been almost entirely abandoned as the result of the scarcity of eggs, many ancient and costly customs, such as pelting the bride with toast racks and bathing the bridegroom in champagne, still continue unabated.

* *

It is declared to be an offence punishable by fine or imprisonment to attempt to signal a taxicab by means of an electric torch. The present practice of pursuing the taxi until the fare in occupation has reached his or her destination is still considered by the police to be the safest and most convenient during war-time.



"EXCUSE ME; WHAT ARE THOSE STRIPES ON YOUR ARM FOR?"

"ONE FOR EACH TIME I WAS WOUNDED, MUM."

"DEAR ME! HOW EXTRAORDINARY THAT YOU SHOULD BE WOUNDED THREE TIMES IN THE SAME PLACE."

The introduction of "gags" into theatrical performances has been forbidden by the Censor. It will be a heavy blow to the reputation of some of our playwrights.

* *

"The new season's crackers from Messrs. —," says a contemporary, "bear the mark of the War—not in quality, be it noted, but in appropriateness of contents." Is this quite the

best way to recommend Messrs. —'s crackers to nervous parents?

* *

A complaint has been put forward concerning the waste involved in the manufacture of high-legged boots for women. It is felt to be just as desirable to suppress boots whose size is in excess of the needs of the wearers as it has been to eliminate certain persons who were getting too big for their boots.

LETTERS FROM MACEDONIA.

I.

MY DEAR JERRY.—It has come to pass. I am a D.A.B.H. (no, I have not got a cold in my head). I am a Deputy Assistant Brass Hat. Colonels who formerly told me to go to Malta now ask me obsequiously if I like their little dug-outs. When I come into view, Senior Majors slide softly down communication trenches or make a frenzied bolt for the Bulgar lines. I am a nut, I am. And yet their alarm is causeless, for it is not with them that my dealings lie. It is with Giorgios. In short, I am the D.A.D.D.R.W.G., the Deputy Assistant Director of Diplomatic Relations With Giorgios.

How well I remember his entrance the first night we bivouacked in his fields. A tall, venerable, thin man with a long grey beard, excited yet dignified, he raised his voice in protest.

"You pay me for my land? Yes—no? Very good! Good mornings."

He retired six steps in good order, then turned again and inquired, "You pay me for my land? You understand? No—yes? Very good! Good mornings."

After which cryptic utterances he stalked away in dignified silence.

He repeated this performance in detail the next day and for several days after; but he began to gain confidence in me, as I knew a few words of ancient and modern Greek. Hence it came to pass that I was created D.A.D.D.R.W.G. and Giorgios was unanimously elected by the villagers D.A.D.D.R.W.M. We met every day for consultation and, as our esteem for each other increased, for mutual edification. Our conversation rarely flags and has a sort of go about it—you know what I mean. Here is an example; and really, Jerry, it is only one of many.

"Mera, Giorgios."

"Mornings, very good, Sir."

(Nothing will ever make Giorgios believe that "very good, Sir," is not a title of address.)

"*Poluphloisboio thalasses*," waving my hand carelessly towards my water-bucket.

"Ah. Yes—no. Very good."

"HOMER, you know, Giorgios."

"Ah, 'OMER, yes—no. Very good chap! Nice feller!"

Then we part in mutual goodwill and admiration.

Giorgios has learned at least one word from me—"nice." He is very proud of it and trots it out as often as possible. A few days ago an enormous shell fell into a neighbouring garden while we were furthering diplomatic relations, and the effects of its explosion provided thrills unapproached in the

most exciting of the accustomed village shows. Trembling with fear and rage Giorgios clutched me and clung to me, shouting vehemently, "Very nice shell! Very nice shell indeed!"

Yesterday we sat outside a little *café* in the village drinking vile Turkish coffee and smoking worse Turkish cigarettes. To my surprise the entire male adult population, instead of doing its usual work of sitting in the cornfields, was engaged in the same occupation as Giorgios and I, save that bad wine was their poison. Presently a low chant reached our ears and round the corner came a procession. At the head marched the village priest, holding aloft a crucifix, while behind him came the village women and children, dressed in their best clothes and every now and then making supplicatory gestures.

"They are blessing the harvest," explained Giorgios in Greek.

"But the men," I asked—"why are they not in the procession?"

"They are drinking to the harvest," he told me. "Of course that is much more efficacious, but it is well to let the women and children do what they can. Besides," he added after a moment, a kindly gleam lighting up his eye, "it is, after all, good that they should get some enjoyment now and then."

I looked at the men, and saw that they were doing their unpleasant duty sternly, unflinchingly. At last I had a glimpse of the true nobility of soul of the Greek gentleman.

Before I left I sought from Giorgios the explanation of a fact which had puzzled me. I wanted to know why the average Greek, when saying "*Nai*" (Yes), invariably shakes his head, while "*Ochi*" (No) is accompanied by an emphatic nod.

He had an explanation ready. The Greeks, he said, are people of the past, and forlorn pessimism is their only enjoyment. Things that are not are for them the beautiful things. The past is golden, the present is grey, the future is black; the Greeks, in short, are hopeless. I am inclined to agree with Giorgios.

Before leaving I asked my ancient friend if he would have a cigarette.

"*Nai, charisto*," he responded dully, shaking his head. At the same time he took three out of my case, and then bade me "Mornings."

It's a good trick, Jerry. Try it the next time anyone offers you a drink— But I touch on a sore spot, I fear.

Yours ever, PETER.

The Allies' peace-terms: Unconditional surrender, not Hun-conditional.

"ENGLAND HATH TAKEN ME."

THE Pessimist had been in full blast for about half-an-hour before the Australian got into the compartment.

He had given us enlivening discourses under various headings, rather like the titles of the "star" articles by ex-Cabinet Ministers in the Sunday Press, as, for instance, "What is our Army doing?" "Ditto Navy?" "Wanted—a Statesman," "What is Agriculture coming to?" "What are we all coming to?"

He had just reached his "thirdly" in the last-named subject when the Australian arrived.

He was a large Australian—large for an Australian. He had a gold stripe on his sleeve and the memory of battle still brooded in his eyes. He settled down in the corner and looked out at the misty grey and brown landscape, the curving river, the smoke drifting from a fire of weeds, the rushy common, the thatched villages and nestling churches—all the little familiar things that make up our England.

What was he thinking about it all? I wondered. Was he thinking that the climate was raw, the fields small and cramped, the hedges neglected, the—

"My word!" said the Australian suddenly, drawing a deep breath, "it—it's *fine*, isn't it?"

I rather think we blushed a little, as Britons mostly do when anybody praises that which is theirs.

"This is Home to me," the Australian continued—"always has been. It's funny, isn't it? I've always called England Home ever since I was born. And yet I'd never seen it in my life before the War. . . . Yes," he went on, speaking as if to himself, his eyes turned again to the gentle gracious landscape, drinking in its beauty like wine, "I've written over to my folk in Australia and told 'em how it is. It isn't that I don't love Australia; but England—well, England's *got* me. It all seemed to come over me the very first time I saw her—sailing up the Solent in the hospital ship, it was—and I said to myself, "This'll do for me for ever and ever."

Somebody said "Thank you" (speaking for England, as it were) in rather a shaky voice. There didn't seem to be very much else to say. Besides, it isn't very easy to speak with a lump in your throat.

As for the Pessimist, he too was looking out of the window. Perhaps he was feeling a little ashamed of himself. Perhaps, on the contrary, he was merely wondering what the fellow could see in it all.



THE ENTENTE IN THE KITCHEN.

MARIANNE (to Britannia). "SO YOU'RE GOING TO START A MEATLESS DAY, MY DEAR? WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SHOW YOU HOW TO COOK A CABBAGE?"

WHAT'S WHAT ON THE MENU.

OF SOUPS.

SOUP under the new regulations is half a course. In the past, little difficulty has been experienced in staying the whole course, though instances are recorded from the City of competitors in the Deep Tureen contests having to swim ashore or tread soup until help arrived.

The difficulty of distinguishing a meaty soup from a light stew has already caused several West End establishments famous throughout the gastronomic world for their stews to serve *consommés* exclusively rather than risk an encounter with the Food Police. (Indeed the head-waiter at —'s drew such a painful picture of their fat chef undergoing a week's field punishment on the Piccadilly Circus refuge that our special representative almost wept into his *Fantaisie de Casquettes Rouges, Sauce Militaire*.)

Such drastic action is quite unnecessary if the following simple test is applied:—

I. INGREDIENTS.—Though not conclusive proof of the legal nature of the dish in question, these furnish evidence which may shift the burden of proof from the *maitre d'hôtel* to the police, and *vice-versa*. If the presence of vermicelli, peas not more than three in number, hair (human, one), or caudal vertebrae not exceeding one and one-eighth-inches in diameter be detected, the diner is in all human probability in the presence of soup. The substantial fabric of a stew, on the other hand, will be built up of game, fowl, beef, mutton or (for slenderer purses) such efficient food substitutes as sole leather and uppers, whip-cord, box-cloth and rubberhosings, the whole being rendered more palatable by the addition of mushrooms, oysters, truffles, bone buttons and the spare parts of lawnmowers and sewing-machines.

Not long since an enterprising Compton Street caterer introduced to the palates of his clients a Futurist stew the dominating note of which was an umbrella frame; but the experiment did not meet with the success it deserved at the teeth of a public too conservative in its Bohemianism.

II. THE PRICE CHARGED.—In the case of stew the amount charged usually bears a definite relation to the amount of nourishment provided. In some of the old-established stew repositories it is still the custom to charge a flat rate

of, say, a shilling a head for admission to the stew, through which the diner may then roam at will, a charge of twopence per pair being made for the use of rubber boots, which are provided by the management. In the case of soup, on the other hand, at least as far as the finer imported vintages are concerned, the price is in inverse ratio to the amount of gross nutriment supplied. From *Consommé printanière*, for example, the fruits of horticulture will, as regards their bodily substance, be conspicuously absent. But the spiritual essence of the kitchen garden is pre-

is also of importance. For we all know how, in the more fashionable restaurants at least, the Sunday joint suffers during the ensuing six days a sort of metamorphosis *diminuendo*, becoming consecutively *ragout*, Irish stew, scouse, broth, potage and *consommé*, to disappear down the sink on the following Sunday, after imparting a brief ablution to Saturday night's plates.

V. THE MANNER OF SERVICE.—This is also evidentiary if allowance be made for the changed conditions of wartime. In pre-war days the practice of serving soup in cups was confined to a few aristocratic establishments, but as the result of increased prosperity among the lower classes these now demand what were formerly the exclusive privileges of the elect. So it is no longer unusual to see a sturdy son of toil drinking stewed eels out of a Sèvres cup to the haunting strains of a Swiss band. In cases of this kind the Police must rely on the evidence of his ears rather than of his eyes.

Before leaving the engrossing subject of soup we may add that vastly increased popularity is expected for this kind of fare, as the result of its being reckoned as only half a course. That enterprising firm of costumiers, Swillfridges, are already showing some extremely natty little one-piece souping suits in fast colours at extremely low prices.

ALGOL.



Lady. "AND YOU CAN SEND ME A DOZEN EGGS AS WELL."
(Shopman hesitates.)

Urchin. "YOU KNOW, SIR; THEM THINGS ~~THE~~ "ENS USED TO LAY."

served in its entirety to the palate of the gourmet. This is an art much appreciated by the connoisseurs, and in at least one Bohemian restaurant in Soho it is no uncommon thing to find a passage from the *Georgies* or an apposite couplet from *The Gardeners' Chronicle* scratched on the bottom of a soup-plate by some grateful diner.

III. BEHAVIOUR OF GUESTS.—This will of course be scrutinised with the utmost keenness by the Restaurant Police. If a man is observed furtively rubbing the back of his ears with a sponge it is almost certain that he has been engaged with stew. If, on the other hand, he merely rubs his waistcoat with the corner of the table-cloth, the evidence points to soup.

IV. THE DAY OF THE WEEK.—This

room, reception hall, drawing, dining rooms, usual offices; electric light."—*Times*.

A happy idea. Turn your old carriage drives into really luxurious dug-outs.

"LADY HELP WANTED to undertake downstairs work and cooking of non-basement house and two children."—*Morning Paper*.

"Wanted, young lady for dissecting."
Morning Paper.

We hope the Germans won't get to know of these two cases.

"No discretion has been exercised in Birkenhead—the authorities were told to darken the place, and, like the man who played Hamlet, they darkened themselves all over."

Letter in "The Liverpool Echo."

The reference, no doubt, is to SHAKESPEARE's play "Hamlet, the Moor of Burgess."

"LOST, POCKET BOOKCASE; reward."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

Just the thing for a "walking encyclopædia."

"BARGAIN PRICE, or Let £120 per annum.—Amidst Pines, Aldershot District, carriage drive, containing 11 bed and dressing rooms, bath



Tommy. "NOW THEN, HANDS UP, OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN."

POETRY AS USUAL.

(*Vide Literary Gossip passim.*)

THE statement made in the literary column of a contemporary about the remarkable volume of poems, entitled *Laughs and Whiffs of Song*, has evoked an interesting letter from Mr. Ivor Stoot. *Laughs and Whiffs*, according to the statement referred to, failed to secure any critical recognition, with a few notable exceptions, in this country, but has had such a success in America that the author, Mr. THEODORE MAYNARD, has been invited to go out on a twenty-six weeks' reading and lecturing tour throughout the States.

Mr. Stoot writes to point out that this achievement, though remarkable, is not by any means unparalleled or unprecedented. "When I published my volume, *The Dunch of Doom and other Marmoreal Chunks of Rhyme*, it was greeted with a conspiracy of silence. Not even Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS pronounced it a masterpiece. All the same it did lead to a pressing invitation—anonymous, it is true, but none the less cordially worded—that I should go out to the Solomon Islands, not for twenty-six weeks, but as a permanent resident. On consulting the officials of the Col-

onial Office I was recommended to be careful not to travel too far into the interior, owing to the prevalence of cannibalism in certain districts, but, as it turned out, other engagements prevented my acting on the suggestion."

With regard to the word "Whiffs" Mr. Stoot observes that, as the New English Dictionary has not reached W, it is impossible to say what literary authority Mr. MAYNARD has for this engaging word. "I am inclined to think," he adds, "that it is merely an example of the portmanteau formation affected by LEWIS CARROLL. I may point out that I have already developed this form of word-coining in the titles of some of my books, e.g. *Meandulations*, a beautiful combination of 'meanderings' and 'perambulations.' We are naturally much gratified at being selected as the medium through which Mr. Stoot has made this momentous pronouncement.

Profound satisfaction will be felt in literary circles at the announcement that Sir Chutney Ramchunder is about to publish a new volume of prose-poems entitled *The Harvest of Peace*. The contents, as we gather from an authoritative source, are marked by the serene

wisdom which has characterised his earlier utterances, and are written for the most part in a severely simple style, though the ideas are of the most transcendental sublimity. Nothing more conclusively proves the greatness of the author than his entire detachment from mundane convulsions, as compared with WORDSWORTH'S petty pre-occupation with wars and revolutions.

Professional Candour.

Extract from a correspondence now proceeding in *The British Medical Journal* on surgical fees:—

"The surgeons wisely do not charge by results, and thus they back a dead certainty."

"First, there was the to be smashed. There was a cause not only morally and historically great in itself, but of an admirable simplicity intelligible to all men and women."

The Observer.

Nevertheless we fail to understand why Mr. GARVIN of all people should entertain this hostility to the definite article.

"A dense dog in London and the suburbs caused great dislocation of traffic."

Evening Argus (Hastings).

Probably of the same breed as the one that frequents the course at Epsom on Derby Day.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The German KAISER and Herr VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG.)

Bethmann-Hollweg. Your Majesty has returned sooner than was anticipated.

Kaiser. Yes, I have torn myself away from Verdun, where our brave fellows are sustaining the most terrible attacks with incredible fortitude and some measure of success.

B.-H. Some measure? We here in Berlin have been led to believe that we have gained a series of unparalleled victories and have scattered the French wherever they have dared to meet us.

Kaiser (joyfully). Is that really believed here?

B.-H. Yes, indeed, Your Majesty. What else could we believe in face of the official statements that were issued from Headquarters? It is true that they admitted retirement by our troops in one small sector, but that was said to be a movement executed according to plan, so as to lay a trap for the French, who fell into it, with sanguinary losses.

Kaiser. Oh, they believe all that, do they? That is perfectly splendid, and I must telegraph my congratulations to the General Staff.

B.-H. Am I to understand, then, Your Majesty, that it is not true, and that when we hung out our flags and marched in procession through the streets it was all for nothing, or rather for what was worse than nothing, seeing that we had suffered a defeat? Is that right, Your Majesty?

Kaiser. Right? Of course it is right. Does it not maintain the moral of the people to hear of brilliant victories? If we told them of defeats how should we be able to stir them up to ever-renewed efforts? How would they consent to provide ever more and more men if they felt they were fighting in vain? And how, finally, should we induce them to entertain the idea of peace negotiations if it were not for perpetually repeated smashings of all who are opposed to us.

B.-H. Your Majesty will permit me to observe that these—what shall I call them?—these inaccuracies are intended to serve too many objects. They are at the same time to keep the people inclined for war and to move their minds in the direction of peace. They are—

Kaiser. There, there—that will do. I didn't come back to Berlin in order to have my words twisted and their plain meaning confused.

B.-H. Of course not, Your Majesty, of course not. But will Your Majesty graciously deign to inform me what was the special object of your august return?

Kaiser. I am anxious to know if the joy-bells are ready.

B.-H. Joy-bells again? Is there more news from Verdun that Your Majesty has not yet mentioned?

Kaiser. Not those joy-bells, but much bigger ones.

B.-H. Are the English then at last ground to powder?

Kaiser. Bigger than that even. Really, BETHMANN, you are rather dense to-day. Can't you see that I am speaking of our Peace proposals?

B.-H. Oh, those. Your Majesty will forgive me for having allowed them to slip out of my mind for a moment.

Kaiser. Yes, but what is the latest news? How have the enemy Powers received and answered them? Do they admit our magnanimity in making the offer when we are everywhere triumphant—

B.-H. As at Verdun and on the Somme and off Jutland and—

Kaiser. Silence! Do not interrupt. Do they admit it, I say?

B.-H. They admit nothing, and so far as I can gather they do not think much of our proposals. Does Your Majesty now mean that the proposals were serious?

Kaiser. Nothing in the world was ever more serious.

B.-H. In that case your Majesty should have told me

so, and not ordered me to wrap up the suggestion in all that high talk about our successes and our greatness. Our enemies say there is not even one halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack.

Kaiser. But this sort of war cannot go on for ever. Humanity cannot endure it.

B.-H. Your Majesty should have thought of that before.

Kaiser. But if I want peace?

B.-H. Then Your Majesty must try other methods. God knows we all want it in Germany.

THE NAKED LIGHT.

THE Scrimshaws' house stands well up on the cliff, and the big bay-window of the library looks out towards the sea—the North Sea. A bright light in the library window therefore would be visible to mariners for some miles.

At about 9.30 P.M. on a certain evening in November, old Scrimshaw came across the word "hegemony" in the evening paper, and he did not know what "hegemony" meant.

Now ninety-nine readers out of a hundred would have skipped lightly over it and passed on. But old Scrimshaw was of the conscientious kind, and he asked first his wife and then his son if they knew the meaning of the word.

Mrs. Scrimshaw said she thought it meant something to do with having one wife; but she spoke without conviction, and in any case, whatever she had said, old Scrimshaw would have been distrustful. Young Scrimshaw said frankly that he did not know, and his father suggested that he should go to the library and consult the dictionary.

Note now the combination of circumstances. That evening the maid, in a moment of abstraction, had omitted to pull the curtains over the large bay-window in the library. Young Scrimshaw entered, switched on, with the extravagance of youth, all the lights in the room, drew the dictionary from the bookcase, and, subsiding into a chair, began the search for "hegemony."

At that moment Sergeant Hopweed of the County Police turned the corner of the road and came in view of the Scrimshaws' house.

He saw the blaze of light pouring forth and moved towards it. Then it went out, young Scrimshaw having run "hegemony" to earth. Then it flashed on again as young Scrimshaw came back for his cigarette-case. Then out again. Then on again, because he had left his matches behind. Then finally out again.

Hopweed arrived at the gate, strode up the short drive, and rang the bell.

A maid—in fact the very maid who had forgotten about the curtains—opened the door.

"It's the Police Sergeant, Miss," said Hopweed. "I should like to see Mr. Scrimshaw."

Old Scrimshaw came out into the hall.

"Yes, Sergeant?"

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Sir, but I thought you'd like to know that your dog's been found over at Ramstairs."

Now here is the mystery. Not a word was said of that unshielded light flashing out across the water. Not the faintest allusion was made to the Defence of the Realm.

But indeed why should there have been? For all this happened, as perhaps I should have mentioned before, in November, 1913.

"Good Home offered young, strong, refined baby."

Bournemouth Daily Echo.

The advertiser will have a difficulty in getting suited. Most of the babies we know are jolly little chaps, but their table-manners are positively Hunnish.



The Major. "You seem to have been having a rough time of it, Simkins, in the witness-box over at Rooksbridge the other day."

Simkins. "Well, you see, sir, when the case come on, all the witnesses was ordered out o' court, and o' course that give me a very great disadvantage."

THE HAIRPINS ACT.

THERE was a hair-raising rumour last week in the ladies' clubs and other capillary circles that the sale of hairpins was going to be stopped for the purpose of winning the War. The report, however, of so drastic a measure proved to be unfounded, and it would seem that the utmost that the matinee-girl or the munitionette may have to fear is the establishment, by Act of Parliament, under the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, 1914, of a

CENTRAL CONTROL BOARD
(HAIRPIN TRAFFIC):

The new Act would not operate automatically for the whole Kingdom, or indeed any part of it, until an Order in Council had been made with regard to that part. The functions of the Board with regard to any prescribed or "scheduled" area would be to enforce regulations with the following objects in view:—

(i.) To limit the hours during which hairpins or similar contrivances may be sold or supplied in clubs or shops.

(ii.) To control the introduction of hairpins into, and their transport within, the area.

(iii.) To prohibit treating, or free bestowal of hairpins.

(iv.) To establish canteens for the supply of Government hairpins of the approved pattern and alloy.

(v.) To authorise inspectors to enter hairdressers' and wigmakers' establishments, if need be, by force.

The suggested Act may be taken as Britain's reply to the German Peace-kite.

"Interviewed at Washington, Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, said he hoped the proposals would lead to peace. If not, the world would know that after a victorious campaign Germany was desirous of peace."

Dundee Evening Telegraph.

And quite a lot of other eatables.

"His friends dubbed him the 'Tylerstown Terror.' But there is a brutal sound about that that hardly suits the personality of a dapper little fellow who in mufti gives the impression of being afraid to say 'Bob' to a goose."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

A risky thing to say even to a goose in these times of high prices.

"The army of Verdun has replied, as is suitable, with the voice of the gnus, to the hypocritical proposal for a suspicious peace which Germany has just presented to the Allies."

Evening Standard.

The "Gnus" is the pet name which the French give to their African troops. Cf. our "Springboks" for the South Africans.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN. (SECOND SERIES.)

X.

ST. MARY AXE.

"Saint Mary, ax, Saint Mary, ax,
Saint Mary ax your fill;
Saint Mary, ax whatever you lacks
And you shall have your will."

"O bring me a Rose, a Christmas
Rose

To climb my window-sill."

"You shall have your Rose when
heaven snows;
Saint Mary, sleep until."

XI.

LONDON FIELDS.

PRETTY, go walk in London Fields
With lad's-love in your shoe,
And the first you meet in London
Fields
Will be the lad for you.

Perhaps he'll bear a gilded mace,
Perhaps he'll wear a sword,
Perhaps he'll be a lamplighter,
Perhaps he'll be a lord.

Oh, if among the throng to-day
You'd meet your love so true,
Pretty, go walk in London Fields
With lad's-love in your shoe.



A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

Ballet Master. "NOW THEN—DAINTILY, DAINTILY. REMEMBER, FAIRIES ENTERING A GROTTTO, NOT BREAD RIOTS IN BERLIN."

PRIGMATISM.

THE child is father to the man,
And "educationists" agree
In cracking up the modern plan
Of setting little children free
From all that cramps the budding infant
mind
And keeps it straitly in its crib confined.
Of course you must prepare the food
When it is tough or rich or strong;
To serve it to the infant crude
Would be indubitably wrong;
But when they're duly pulped or
sterilized
No authors need be wholly ostracized.
GIBBON'S great masterpiece on Rome
In monosyllables, I'm sure,
Would prove in many a British home
A perfect and perpetual cure
For all the enervating old-wives' tales
Whose influence in our nurseries still
prevails.
Instead of wasting time on bricks,
Tin soldiers and such futile toys,
Our modern and enlightened chicks—
Not merely girls but even boys—
Would soon consolidate their mental
fibre
By lessons borrowed from the Nile or
Tiber.

"Thucydides for Tiny Tots,"
Is being edited, I hear,
By Doctor Theophrastus Botts,
And very shortly will appear,
With "Readings from Confucius for the
Kiddies"
And "Khammurabi for the Chicka-
biddies."

"Bacon for Babies," a wholesome guide,
And "Little Arthur's Aristotle"
It is our duty to provide
Along with every feeding-bottle;
And little people can't begin too young
To master ROUSSEAU in his native
tongue.

Nor must the moderns be ignored;
E.g. JOHN MILL and HERBERT
SPENCER;

For they undoubtedly afford,
When treated by a skilled condenser,
An antidote to superstitious lore
And to the levity we all deplore.

Theology of course is barred,
As tending to enfeeble reason,
A thing enlightened folk regard
As intellectual high treason;
But infants should be steeped in Social
Ethics
As preached by WELLS or BENNETT or
the PETHICKS.

Biography and satire—each
A helpful handmaid of the truth—
Must lend their potent aid to teach
Candour to our ingenuous youth:
We need a JUVENAL for juveniles
And B. CELLINI treated *à la* SMILES.

In fine, by hopeful omens taught,
We confidently wait the day
When the Prigmatic school of thought
Shall exercise a world-wide sway,
And every cradle that is set a-rocking
Shall hold a female or a male blue-
stocking.

A Job Lot.

"COOK-GENERAL wanted: good wages;
Christian £4 5s.; Feather Beds, 39s. 6d.;
Polished Wood Manager."—*Local Paper.*

"Deceased, who had reached the age of 89,
was a striking personality. It is doubtful if
Mr. — had been seen out of doors wearing
anything but a top hat since his youthful
days."—*Hull Daily Mail.*

In the circumstances the opening state-
ment seems superfluous.

From a "Wanted" column.

"One or two exp'd Women Gassers.—Apply
at once."—*Provincial Paper.*
Some people never know when they are
well off.



THE TWO VOICES.

HOLY WILLIE. "STOP THAT CURSED SCREAMING! I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF SING."



Assistant Provost-Marshal. "WHERE'S YOUR CANE?"

A.P.M. "HOW IS IT YOU'VE NO LANYARD?"

A.P.M. "WELL, I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE. SEE TO IT."

Sergeant. "I'M ONLY JUST GOING TO THE ORDERLY HUT, SIR."

Sergeant. "OLD ONE WORN OUT, SIR. NEW ONE NOT ISSUED YET."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 18th.—If I were CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER I should never venture to introduce a Financial Resolution to the House of Commons without first obtaining the *imprimatur* of the Junior Member for the City of London. Anything the least irregular in this class of business makes BANBURY CROSS.

Anxious to complete the new Administration at the earliest possible moment Mr. BONAR LAW had tabled a motion to expedite the passage of the Financial Resolution to the New Ministers and Secretaries Bill. But when Sir FREDERICK BANBURY grimly warned him that he would save no time by this procedure he incontinently withdrew his motion.

At Question-time the Member for Haggerston had ascertained that seats would be found for those Ministers who are not already Members, with the exception of the CONTROLLER OF SHIPPING, who thinks he can be more useful outside. This gave great offence to Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL and Mr. HOUSTON. The former objects on constitutional grounds; the latter, I suspect, for personal reasons. The feelings of a New

Yorker for a dweller in Chicago do not compare in intensity with the ardent affection of the average Liverpool ship-owner for his Glasgow brother; and ever since the appointment of Sir JOSEPH MACLAY was announced Mr. HOUSTON has been anxiously awaiting the moment when he could express his appreciation across the floor of the House.

In introducing the New Ministers Bill Sir GEORGE CAVE, expressed his congratulations to his Under-Secretary, who has just been made a Privy Councillor. With his round face, set off by a pair of gigantic moustaches, Mr. BRACE always reminds me of a benevolent cat, and when Sir F. E. SMITH, who was sitting next him, stroked his knee to emphasize Sir GEORGE'S encomiums, I could almost have sworn I heard him purring.

Among the multitude of new officials that the Government are taking powers to appoint is to be an Under-Secretary for the Air Board. Hitherto the Cinderella of the Ministry, overshadowed by her two elder sisters, the Board is now to be advanced to a more dignified status. The HOME SECRETARY specifically stated that its services would in

future be utilized to the full by "the two fighting departments," which means, I hope, that in the purchase of aeroplanes the R.N.A.S. and the R.F.C. will no longer be flying in each other's faces.

I listened with some impatience to Mr. DILLON (who might devote his talents to framing a workable constitution for his own country rather than to condemning the efforts of British statesmen) and to the acidulated criticism of Mr. PRINGLE, Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD and others. But on the whole the House was disposed to accept the Bill as a part of the new Government's intention to throw into the War, "without stint and without delay," all the strength and all the resources of the country.

Tuesday, December 19th.—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has frequently been compared of late to the elder PITT, who wrested the conduct of a great war out of the hands of the *fainéant* Duke of NEWCASTLE. And it is said of PITT that he was a brilliant extemporiser, but that his prepared speeches were a lamentable failure.

The PRIME MINISTER'S speech to-day was not a failure; it contained too



IN THE OLD TIMES.

Conductor (to opposition conductor who has just stolen a fare).
 "I WONDER PEOPLE AIN'T AFRAID THE BUS 'LL CATCH FIRE
 WITH YOU ON IT, OLD RUBY BOKO, OLD BEETROOT TRUMPET,
 OLD, ETC., ETC."



TO-DAY.

Fair Conductress (to opposition conductress under similar circumstances). "YOUR HAT'S ON CROOKED, DEAR."

many interesting features for that. The House listened with close attention as he dealt with the shadowy Peace proposals of the German CHANCELLOR, and unfolded the great schemes by which he intends to mobilise and organise all the resources of the nation. Yet the speech would have been twice as effective if it had occupied one hour instead of two, and if, instead of reading the bulk of it in the manner of a scholar reciting his prize-essay, he had, as usual, relied upon the inspiration of the moment to bring the appropriate words to his lips. Mr. BONAR LAW would have done his chief no small service if he had quietly abstracted that embarrassing MS.

While for the most part studiously avoiding provocative references to the late Cabinet, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE allowed himself one or two piquant allusions to its alleged dilatoriness: These were just enough to furnish Mr. ASQUITH with a peg on which to hang a vigorous defence of himself and his colleagues against the charge of slackness. He is excusably anxious to convince the world that, if the coping-stone to the Temple of Victory is, as we all hope, to be affixed by the new PRIME MINISTER, it will be because the foundations were well and truly laid by the old one. He certainly showed once more that he is a master of the lapidary art. I was quite sorry that Lord NORTHCLIFFE, who had sat through Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S speech, was compelled to leave the Peers' Gallery before Mr. ASQUITH had completed his remarks on the critics of his Administration.

ON CHRISTMAS LEAVE.

WHEN I got into Chainey's bus
 Down at the station it began;
 I didn't seem a fighting-man
 No more: the old hills made no fuss
 At seeing me; the winding road
 That troops an' transports never
 knewed,
 And the old station nag's click-clack
 Just took me back.
 The Twelve Apostles' boughs were bare,
 Just as they was last time I came.
 Mother was looking just the same
 And Father hadn't turned a hair.
 I washed as usual at the pump;
 My bed had got the same old lump;
 Dick lived next door—I near forgot.
 I seen him shot.

Church wasn't changed on Christmas
 Day—
 Old Westmacott took round the plate;
 The old Major stood up stiff and
 straight,
 And it seemed somehow just like play
 Saluting him, retired an' all.
 Home—no, the War, I think—seems
 small . . .

This evening I go back to France
 And take my chance.

"It is officially announced that Sir Joseph Compton Ricketts has been appointed Pap-master General."—*Cheshire Observer*.

Hurrah! No more rickety infants now.

"The suggested basis of settlement is so fragrantly absurd that many people doubt if the enemy is sincere in his advances."
Sunday Paper.

Or, as SHAKESPEARE says, his "offence is rank, it smells to Heaven."

"A MULTAN WEDDING.

"... Lieutenant-Colonel — gave away the bride."—*The Pioneer*.

Enough to make HORATIUS COCLÉS turn in his grave.

The musical expert of *The Bioscope* writes:—

"The first question which an employer asked me a few days ago was:

'Owing to the weekly, almost daily, calling up of men to the Colours, do you think there is still enough competent musicians about to supply the demand?'

I must confess to a certain amount of fear on this point, especially in regard to the word *competent*."

For our part we must confess to a certain amount of fear in regard to the word *is*.

The Cinema in Madras.

"THE GAIETY THEATRE.

RODOLFI CONVINCES FATHER
 or
 DARK DOINGS OF
 WHITE HAND

Sensational Drama in 8 Parts, 5,000 feet.

In which the most extraordinary devices and the most miraculous situations intertwine, pervaded by a wave of gaiety and skill: by a sound critical sense of the Horror Films, Narcotics, man-traps, magic rooms, fearful frauds, scientific stratagems and original tricks; emotional pursuits, desperate struggles—in one word the whole armoury of adventure is collected here.

And in the whirling tumult...love which knows no obstacles...tends to the eternal end.

L-KO COMIC, AND WAR TOPICALS."

Indian Paper.

Most of this sounds just like the home product; but the "wave of gaiety and skill" would seem to be a purely exotic feature.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerics.)

LET Folly tremble, for Mr. E. F. BENSON is at it again. Nay more, he is at it this time less as the story-teller than as the admitted satirist. There could be few better qualified. Perhaps you may have noticed how often when you looked back upon his tales the characters that stood out most clearly in your memory were those whose petty foibles he had delighted himself and you by clothing with a half-ironical sympathy. Well, in *The Freaks of Mayfair* (FOULS) you get, as its name implies, this irony in a concentrated form, and the result is a thing of delight; all the absurdities and little weaknesses of other people are caught here for your edification—snobs, dupes, slanderers, climbers, to each a brilliant chapter. You could spend an amusing evening in the selection of persons, on your own visiting list, who might stand as the originals of these witty pages. Now and again, perhaps, a darker suspicion will obtrude; in the passage, for example, about the silver-backed brushes and the rubber hot-water bottle of the "Spinster Uncle." Does your own dressing-table glitter? . . . Let us hasten on to something more comfortably remote. In fine, an original and characteristic, if disconcerting, volume, the value of which has been enhanced by some remarkable and wittily decorative drawings by Mr. GEORGE PLANK, an artist whose name is at present unfamiliar to me, but will hardly, I think, remain so.

War Phases according to Maria (LANE), by Mrs. JOHN LANE, is certainly an odd sign of the times. I wonder if any other of the warring peoples could have produced, not *Maria* herself, whose like probably exists everywhere, but a book holding so faithful a mirror up to her. Of course there is, at this time of day, no need to introduce you to the lady. War, it may be observed, does nothing whatever to change *Maria*. It merely accentuates her, rendering her more futile, egotistical and entertainingly cattish than ever. Certainly no man would have dared so merciless a piece of sex-satire. *Maria* at war-work, or commenting upon submarines, Zeppelins and hospital nursing (always and exclusively as each affects her individual self), is a figure of the rarest delight. And it was a shrewd and subtle stroke to endow her with rather more than tolerance for the "poor old Kaiser." In short, *Maria* is all too convincingly alive; and however, on larger issues, you may deplore the fact, here in this merry little volume she has at least earned her right to existence. I must not forget to mention that she is illustrated with nine of those fascinating pictures by A. H. FISH, whom you know in another place (if the law will allow me to mention it) in association with the comments of *Eve*. No better interpretation of *Maria's* personality than these clever angularities could have been devised.

I have not read *A Dominic's Log*, but, to judge from its sequel, *A Dominic Dismissed* (JENKINS), some very original ideas on education must there, as here, have been given a thorough airing. Mr. A. S. NEILL is an entirely new type—a propagandist (and in some ways a faddist) with a sense

of humour. I shrewdly doubt whether his views on teaching are practical, but I wish sincerely that someone had tried them as an experiment upon me. No punishment, no set lessons (or, at the worst, very few), and a chance to develop individual bents if one happened to have any. It all sounds too good to be true in these "get-on-or-get-out" days. We want results from our children much as we expect eggs from hens, and there are the same loud complaints if we don't get them. The trouble is that we look for almost precisely identical results from every pattern of child. To all this and a good deal more Mr. NEILL draws our attention, and in the process he shows a real sympathetic love for children. The greater the pity that, in asserting some of his views, he writes bitterly about those who happen to differ from him fundamentally, though they are just as sincere as he is.

I have found the story of *Boundary House* (HUTCHINSON) fully equal to the promise of its name. The house in question was one that stood upon the confines of two parishes, and used at due seasons to be beaten by "several gentlemen and a crowd of boys," who were watched by *Richenda*, the heroine of the tale, from the window over her father's shop. The plot opens intriguingly with the arrival, as tenant of the house, of *Old Fob*, a mysterious and slightly sinister individual, whom you may find as hard to understand as did *Richenda* and her parents. From his habit of digging late at night in his backyard and various other signs I had myself formed theories about his past (soaring even as high as wife-murder), which, if they were not altogether justified, at least came nearer the truth than those which saw in him simply an amiable old fogey. Miss PEGGY WEBLING has created



Girl. "I'LL TELL YOUR FARTHER—SMOKIN'!"
Boy. "GARN! FARTHER SMOKES 'ISSELF!"

a character that for its general creepiness is not unworthy of the master by whom she herself is very obviously inspired. Indeed there is a pronounced flavour of DICKENS about the whole story, in the toy-making scenes, and no less in the delightful picture of *Miss Gladiolus Burns*, a modern edition of the *Infant Phenomenon*, who had in her home life a contempt for toys, but "kept a large doll to be carried on all professional occasions." In short, for an entertaining plot, a pleasantly acid humour and a touch of the macabre, here is a novel to be noted.

"Will Person seen taking PURSE from Lady's Coat, Ante Room, Appletree, Cockermouth, Saturday Night, return to Mr. — to have further trouble."—*West Cumberland Times*.
We doubt it.

"The printed programme last night stood as follows:—Overture, 'The Battled Bride,' Smetana."—*Birmingham Daily Mail*.
When we last heard of her she had merely been "bartered"; but, as so often happens in these cases, the husband must have turned out a brute.

"TANNER.—Immediately, for Boys' Industrial School, temporarily (and possibly permanently), an all-round Tanner; wages £19 per month and six months' work guaranteed.—Apply, with testimonials, to the Superintendent, Boys' Industrial School, Potchefstroom."—*Johannesburg Star*.
It looks like an immediate temporary (and possibly permanent) soreness for some of the youngsters.



MR. PUNCH IN A BRITISH PRISONERS' CAMP.

I CAN'T imagine how he ever got there, but he says he did. I had been reading in his pages quite recently of the breathless adventures of somebody who had spent only "Ten Minutes in Germany." What must it have meant to penetrate into the heart of a prisoners' camp?

When I asked my friend for details he just smiled like the Secret Service and left me wondering. Of course I had ideas. At first I pictured him disguised as Father Christmas; but there was the difficulty of his hump. How conceal so obtrusive a feature? Ah! an inspiration. Perhaps he had taken advantage of the enemy's overtures to represent himself as an emissary of Peace. The wings that go with the uniform could be so arranged as to conceal his protuberance. But no sooner had I conceived this thought than I dismissed it as offensive to his patriotism; for I knew how strongly he felt about any suggestion of a premature and shameful peace, and that he would be the last person in the world even to masquerade as a Pacifist.

How then did he get there? Well, I don't mind telling you that it is my belief that he never did get there, *except in spirit*. For he is like that. There is fairy blood in him; and when he wants particularly to be in a place and there are insuperable difficulties about taking his body with him he just goes without it. And that, I think, must be how he got to the British Prisoners' Camp at ———.

In any case the process is not my affair. I am just to tell you what he told me of his talk with our men and how he tried to hearten their courage.

He had a great welcome; for he is on the Black List and it was months—and years with some—since they had seen his weekly missive to the trenches. And then he looked into their tired patient faces and asked about their prison life: had they enough food and warm clothing? did their parcels come punctually from home? were they overworked? did the time hang very heavy on their hands?

But he soon saw that they didn't want to talk about themselves; they wanted to ask questions about home and how the War was going. And he told them that London was not in ashes, nor England starving, nor the Fleet at the bottom of the sea, nor our Armies everywhere in full retreat. And they laughed and said that all those funny stories had been served out to them rather more regularly than their meals, but that they had known better than to swallow any one of them.

And then they asked a little wistfully when the War was going to end. Reports of Germany's overtures had been carefully spread in the camp. Would anything come of this? Was there really a chance of Peace?

I think my friend must have hesitated a little before he spoke. He thought of all that these prisoners of war had suffered and were yet to suffer. But he looked again into their eyes and knew that he had to do with brave men. So he spoke frankly and trusted them to understand.

"Months ago," he said, "the enemy knew that they were beaten. The map still flattered them, but they knew that they were beaten. Their man-power had been heavily drained; the strain of our blockade was beginning to tell; and already in certain quarters their people were hinting that peace would be a great convenience. But just then, with their armies beaten back day by day on the Somme, to suggest peace might seem a confession of defeat. Some big success was wanted, on the strength of which they might propose an end of killing, with the air of victors who could afford to be generous.

"Roumania gave them their chance for a cheap and spectacular triumph. Here was a comparatively small nation, whom they could crush under their heel as they had crushed Belgium and Serbia. So on Roumania they concentrated all the men they could spare from other fronts and put them under their best generals.

"Their first plans failed, but eventually the big guns had their way and Bukarest fell.

"Out came the bunting and bang went the joy-bells. Now was the moment to make a noble offer of peace. As for Berlin, shouting itself hoarse on an empty stomach—and empty stomachs, they supposed, were after all just one of the hardships that had to be borne in all wars, even when you were winning—Berlin never doubted but that the KAISER had only to lift a little finger of his mailed fist and we should all open our mouths and shut our eyes and wait to see what he had to offer us. And they sat up all night in the snow to get first news of our answer. And none came, except a distant rumble of laughter."

I need not repeat all the reasons that my friend gave for this rumble of laughter; I will just give the one with which he ended. "You see," he said, "we knew their way with scraps of paper. The lasting peace which they proposed for humanity's sake (they hadn't worried much about humanity up to now) might well turn out to be no better than a few years' armistice to allow them to pull themselves together and start again. Our only chance of an enduring peace was to reduce them to such impotence that they wouldn't have strength enough to tear up the treaty, or, anyhow, that it wouldn't make any difference whether they did or not.

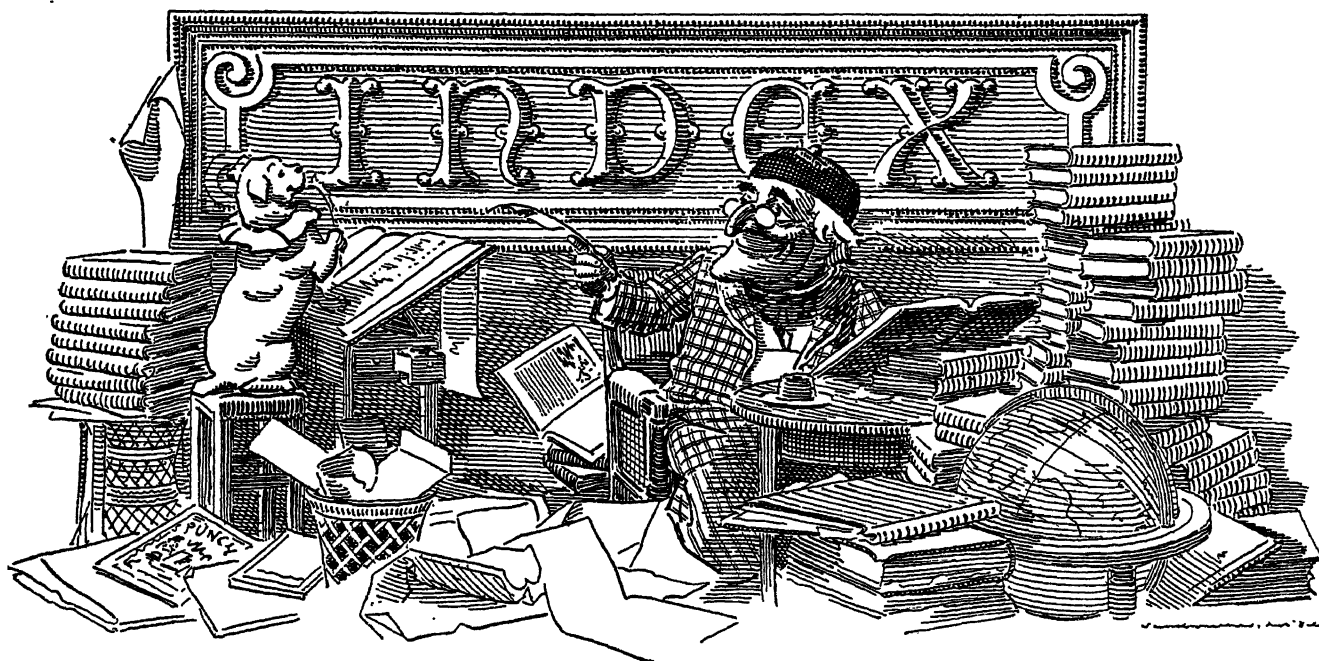
"And so," he concluded, "*we must go on until we have made sure of this*. If anything could make us stop, it would be the thought of you here, for you are always in our thoughts and hearts. But I know you would never want us to break our word and to shame our dead."

At the end he read their answer in eyes that were bright with confidence and resolution.

"And now," added Mr. Punch on a more personal note, "I see that the sentry suspects me of having been here long enough. I have only one more thing to say. It has been my dearest pride to think that I may perhaps have brought some little cheer to our brave fellows in the trenches. The same poor gifts—I wish they could have been worthier—that I have sent them week by week are here bound together, and I beg you to do me the honour to accept, with my sincere and affectionate devotion, this copy of my

One Hundred and Fifty-First Volume."





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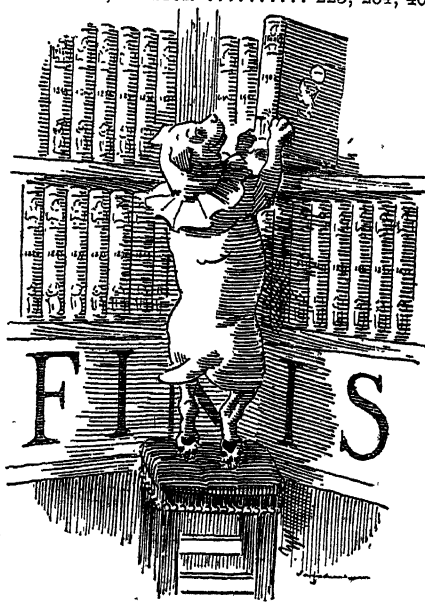
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